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The Rambler.

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To Correspondents.

A Respectful Inquirer.—The important subject involved in our correspondent's question cannot, of course, be properly discussed in a line or two. The key to explain all such difficulties as "A Respectful Inquirer" feels will be found in these two principles: first, that the whole system of devotional practices and phraseology sanctioned by the Catholic Church is designed for the edification *of her children*, and is not framed with a view to conciliate Protestants; and secondly, that she claims the right of interpreting her own language in her own sense. Such terms as "worship" and "adoration" are theological expressions, or (if we may so say) *technical*. When the Church speaks of the *adoration* of the Cross on Good Friday, she addresses her children, whom she never ceases to teach that *divine* honours are to be paid to God alone, and that when the word "adoration" is used towards that which is not God, it *necessarily* is to be taken as expressing an honour, real indeed, but in no degree divine. The same explanation would be given by the author of the Spanish devotion to which our correspondent specifically refers. Protestants can no more object to our using the terms "adoration" and "worship" in the sense *we* affix to them, than we can charge them with idolatry because they call a magistrate "worshipful," and address him as "your worship."

We shall be glad to learn that this explanation is satisfactory to our correspondent.

The Title and Index of Vol. VIII. are unavoidably postponed till our next Number.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Lambert.

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GALILEO AND HIS CONDEMNATION.

THE condemnation of Galileo has now for more than two centuries furnished a fruitful theme for declamation against the Catholic Church; and Protestants say that from whatever point of view we regard it, whether we look at it as a personal matter, involving harsh and cruel conduct towards an old man who had done only that which he had a right to do, or whether we treat it as a question of doctrine, apparently compromising the infallibility of the Church which condemned, or allowed her regular tribunals to condemn, as false, a system which is now a demonstrated truth in nature, we are involved in many difficulties, and have to confront an argument which may to many minds be urged with fatal effect in preventing them from submitting to the teaching of the Church. Of course, the wrongs of Galileo have been ridiculously caricatured by Protestants and Infidels, and on the defensive side we can always count upon shewing up a farrago of falsehood and nonsense. But still, after all that can be said, two great facts remain, that the Congregations of the Index and Inquisition pronounced the earth's rotation and the sun's fixity to be erroneous and contrary to Scripture; and that the latter congregation imprisoned and punished Galileo for holding and teaching the theory, and at last made him renounce it. We may easily make a very good apology, or plea, in extenuation for the two congregations; but how shall we ever be able to refer with satisfaction to this page in the history of a Church which imposes upon us the duty of unhesitating and unquestioning obedience on the ground of her infallibility? Such is the Protestant charge.

On the personal aspect of the case, so far as it relates to the process against Galileo, his imprisonment and alleged torture, and his subsequent penance and confinement, perhaps all has been said that there is to say; we may refer our readers to

an article in the *Dublin Review* for November 1842, and to a book recently published by the Propaganda in Rome, entitled *Galileo e l'Inquisizione, Memorie storicho-critiche*, by Mgr. Marino Marini, Prefect of the Secret Archives of the Holy See. Galileo was not tortured, but was treated with remarkable kindness. His imprisonment and confinement were of the mildest possible character, for he was never in a dungeon, but was allowed to live as a guest (under surveillance), first of the Tuscan Ambassador at Rome, then of the Archbishop at Sienna, and at last he was permitted to retire to his own villa at Arcetri, near Florence. We have no intention of entering now upon the general question of religious persecution; but this we will say, that those who believe the Old Testament to be the word of God cannot deny that He has sanctioned the crushing of falsehood by material means. To make a great outcry about a Christian having put into practice the same principles which were enjoined by God as rules of action upon Moses, Josue, and Samuel,—which were applauded in David, and which S. Peter was inspired to put into practice, may be good policy in one who wishes simply to protest against Rome, caring little what becomes of Christianity, but is suicidal in the Protestant who wishes at the same time to uphold "the whole Bible" as the pure and exclusive revelation of God. The Church has persecuted, and on principle—there is no denying the fact;—but the principle is one of policy and prudence, not of dogma, and, in the present state of the world, she rarely acts upon it; not that in itself the principle is indefensible even on modern grounds, for the punishment of a religious offence by imprisonment and death is in itself no more incompatible with reason, or with the Christian spirit, than the infliction of the same punishments on the thief and the murderer. Though the Church, however, falls in with the modern feeling on this subject, and gladly gives up persecution, yet it would be very difficult to shew that the present spirit which leaves unnoticed all public insults to God and to religion, while it punishes most severely every offence against the material good of society, is more religious than the spirit of the ages of faith, which shewed itself quite as jealous of the honour of God as of the comfort of society and security of property. The language of true faith and charity is that of David, "Nonne qui oderunt te, Domine, oderam? et super inimicos tuos tabescebam? Perfecto odio oderam illos, et inimici facti sunt mihi." With those who grant this principle we can have no difficulty; we are quite ready to own that it may have been applied erroneously in particular cases; and this concession does not in any way compromise our reverence for the decisions of the Catholic Church,

which has never claimed the gift of infallibility for her decisions about all matters of fact. Her infallible authority is limited to the sphere of revealed doctrine, and facts therewith connected.

We will then at once pass on to the consideration of the doctrinal aspect of the question, and inquire how far the Church is committed by the decisions of the Roman Inquisition and the Congregation of the Index to an assertion of the truth of the geocentric system, or of the falsehood of the Copernican theory, and whether she in any way compromised her infallible authority by treating these theories as within the sphere of revealed dogma, when the above-named tribunals pronounced on theological grounds concerning their truth or falsehood. In order to treat this part of our subject more satisfactorily, we will give a slight sketch of the rise and progress of the Copernican theory.

The Pythagoreans, according to Philolaus of Croton, taught the progressive movement of the non-rotating earth, revolving round the focus of the world. Aristarchus of Samos, and Seleucus of Babylon, came to know that the earth both rotated on its axis and also moved round the sun, which they recognised as the centre of the whole planetary system. A German Cardinal, Nicolas de Cuss, or Cusa, was the first in Christian times again to ascribe to our planet, almost a century before Copernicus, both rotation on its axis and translation in space, in direct contradiction to the received doctrines of the schools. The theory was, however, only maintained by him on metaphysical grounds; and in consequence of recent discoveries of his writings, it has become doubtful whether he did not simply imagine, not that the earth moved round the sun, but that they moved together round the constantly changing pole of the universe. The next to revive this theory, no longer on metaphysical but on physical and mathematical grounds, was another ecclesiastic, Nicholas Copernicus, a priest, and canon of Frauenburg; a man well known in Rome, where "he was held in such estimation (says Galileo) that Leo X. summoned him to the Lateran Council, which was then employed on the correction of the calendar; here he was ordered to study the motions of the planets with reference to this object, and in obedience to the command he gradually developed his theory, which he reduced to writing, and published at the urgent request of the Cardinal of Capua (Schomberg) and the Bishop of Culm. And as it was by order of Leo X. that he had undertaken the work, he dedicated it to the reigning Pope, Paul III." Such is the exclusively ecclesiastical origin of this theory. And though in obedience to the generally recognised principle, that it is inexpedient to disturb received opinions, when connected with

religion, by putting forth contrary theories in a dogmatic form, unless they were based on absolute demonstration, he allowed an anonymous preface (generally ascribed to one Ossiander, a mathematician of Nuremburg, who superintended the printing of the work) to be prefixed to his book *De Revolutionibus*, stating "that he only advanced his views as mere hypotheses, which fulfilled the object of submitting the orbits of the heavenly bodies more conveniently to calculation, but which need not necessarily be true, or even probable," he does not scruple in his dedication to the Pope to term the general opinion of theologians "an absurd acroama," and to attack the stupidity of those who adhere to so false a theory. "If perchance," he says, "there shall be any vain babblers, who, though ignorant of all mathematical science, yet assume a right to pronounce upon it, and, on the strength of some text of Scripture distorted to support their views, blame and abuse my work, I let them do so; but I also will take leave to despise their judgment as rash. . . . . Mathematics are written for mathematicians, who will, I think, agree that my labours are of some use to the ecclesiastical republic of which your Holiness is now the head." The theory was thus propounded by ecclesiastics, who were in a peculiar manner subject to the supreme authority of the Church, and propounded in a way most calculated to arouse the prejudices of the Peripatetics, who then filled the most important stations at Rome. Yet the book which contained this audacious challenge to the followers of the scholastic system was published in 1543, and was left without censure or prohibition for nearly three quarters of a century, namely till the year 1616;—a plain proof, one would think, that the Church had no direct conviction on the subject, and that she did not trouble herself with physical theories as such, unless they were brought into collision with her doctrines.

At the last-mentioned period, however, another policy prevailed. After two unsuccessful denunciations of Galileo, who was then the representative and acknowledged defender of the theory of Copernicus, to the Holy Office in April 1611 on account of his *Nuntius Sidereus*, and in February 1615 on account of a letter on the interpretation of Scripture, his case was again brought before the same tribunal in the next year, and a decree was published, dated February 25, 1616, in which the two propositions, of the stability of the sun and of the motion of the earth, were, by the command of the Pope and the Inquisitors, stigmatised by the theological qualifiers of the Holy Office as follows: "The proposition that the sun is the centre of the world, and immovable from its place, is absurd, philosophically false, and formally heretical, because it is expressly

contrary to holy Scripture. And the proposition that the earth is not the centre of the world, nor immovable, but that it moves, and also with a diurnal motion, is absurd, philosophically false, and, theologically considered, at least erroneous in faith." On the following day this decision was read to Galileo in the presence of Cardinal Bellarmine; and the philosopher, after a mild admonition from his Eminence, was commanded by the acting commissary of the Holy Office, before a notary and witnesses, to relinquish altogether the said false opinion, and in future neither to defend nor teach it; then, upon promising obedience, he was dismissed. But as something more than a decision of the Holy Office is required in order to condemn a proposition, the Congregation of the Index published after eight days, *i.e.* on the 5th of March, the following censure on the Copernican theory: "Since it has come to the knowledge of this holy Congregation, that the false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether opposed to the divine Scripture, of the mobility of the earth and immobility of the sun, as taught by Copernicus in his book *De Revolutionibus*, and by Diego à Stunica in his commentary on Job, is being promulgated and accepted by many, as may be seen by a printed letter of F. Foscarini, in which he attempts to prove that the said doctrine is consonant to truth, and not opposed to holy Scripture;—therefore, lest this opinion insinuate itself farther, to the damage of Catholic truth, this Congregation has decreed that the said books of Copernicus and à Stunica be suspended till they are corrected, and that the book of Foscarini, and all others teaching the same thing, be prohibited."

In spite, however, of the propositions having been thus stigmatised by a competent tribunal, Galileo was not required to renounce them, but simply to promise not to teach them, as may be seen from the following certificate, which he obtained from Cardinal Bellarmine on the 27th of May, in the same year. "We, R. Card. Bellarmine, having understood that Galileo is calumniously reported to have abjured in our presence, and to have been subjected to penance—being asked the truth of this matter, affirm that the aforesaid Galileo never abjured before us, nor before others, here in Rome, nor any where else that we know of, any opinion or doctrine of his, and that he had no penance imposed on him; but simply that the declaration made by our Lord the Pope, and published by the holy Congregation of the Index, was announced to him." And not only was he thus by implication permitted to hold this "false and unscriptural doctrine," but he appears to have left Rome with the conviction, that though he had been compelled to promise not to teach it *quovis modo*, his teaching it

ex suppositione, as a mere hypothesis, would be connived at. This he had a good right to think, as even the work of Copernicus was not absolutely condemned, but only suspended till it should be corrected. Cardinal Gaetani was employed to do this service, and he carefully changed every dogmatic assertion of the two propositions, or any conclusion from them, into a merely hypothetical statement, after which the work was allowed. With this well-founded conviction in his mind, it is not to be wondered at that Galileo soon began again to write on the forbidden subject. In 1618 Father Grassi published a discourse on three comets, some statements in which called forth, in 1619, a reply from Mario Guiducci, a pupil of Galileo. Grassi answered in a book called the *Astronomical Balance*, and this work was refuted by Galileo himself, in a book called the *Saggiatore*, published by the Linceans at Rome in 1623, and dedicated to the new Pope, Urban VIII. Galileo ran great danger of being summoned before the Inquisition in consequence, but he was saved by the interposition of Cardinal Barberini. In 1624 he went again to Rome, and had a long audience of the Pope, when he seems to have had some hopes of obtaining a commutation of the censure of 1616. In an account of the conversation, he said that the Pope had declared to Cardinal Hohenzoller, that the Church had never condemned the Copernican theory as heretical, but only as rash. Whatever doubts Mgr. Marini may throw on the truth of this assertion, it is clear that Galileo returned to Florence with the conviction that his bringing the subject again under discussion would be connived at; he therefore, in 1632, published his celebrated dialogue on the great astronomical systems, the chief arguments of which had been already circulated in the shape of letters, and covered his palpable desire to persuade his hearers of the truth of the system by the following declaration,* which he prefixed to his work: "A few years ago a prudent edict was published at Rome, by which, in order to counteract the dangerous scandals of the present day, the Pythagorean opinion of the mobility of the earth was silenced. Some persons said that the decree was inconsiderate and rash, the result of passion, not of judgment; and it was whispered that theologians, altogether ignorant of astronomy, ought not by this unexpected edict to clip the wings of persons investigating that science. . . . . I was myself then at Rome. The Cardinals of that court not only listened to me, but applauded

* This preface has been treated by most writers as a gratuitous piece of impertinence. It appears from Monsignor Marini (p. 110), that it was written entirely at the suggestion, and almost from the dictation, of P. Riccardi, the Master of the Sacred Palace, who had examined and approved the *Dialogue*.

me; and it was not without some previous information on my part that the decree was published. . . . . In this Dialogue I have assumed the character of a Copernican, proceeding on pure mathematical hypothesis, and I have endeavoured by all rules of art to shew the superiority of this theory over the other, which makes the earth immovable; not, however, as an absolute matter of fact, but as a logical conclusion, relatively to the arguments used against it." In this Dialogue the defence of the Ptolemaic system was put into the mouth of a person aptly named Simplicio, and the enemies of Galileo persuaded the Pope that he was represented under this name. The Pope, in his conversation with Galileo, had defended the Ptolemaic system, doubtless with the usual arguments; and it would have been uncommonly difficult for Galileo to have avoided putting into the mouth of Simplicio the very words used by the Pope. There is no proof whatever that any insult was intended; but the Pope was made angry, as he considered it to be a studied impertinence, and sent the case to the Inquisition. Galileo had employed great cunning in getting the *imprimatur*, first of the Master of the Sacred Palace to his Dialogue, and, when this was withdrawn, in obtaining that of the Censor of Florence. But the real gravamen of the charge was, that, after having promised, in 1616, never again to teach this theory, he now openly recommended it. He professed to teach the question only as an hypothesis;* but Father Inchofer, the Consultor of the Holy Office, reported that "the intention of Galileo evidently was to teach and establish the system; to defend it so as to preserve it in its integrity; and, though promising to proceed by pure hypothesis, to entangle his readers in necessary conclusions. He refers to the motion of the earth as the one genuine and proper cause of several manifest natural effects. . . . . A man may be said to defend an opinion which he only maintains without confuting the opposite theory, much more than one who defends it in such a way as utterly to destroy the contrary hypothesis. Copernicus contented himself with propounding a simple theory, and merely claimed to give an easier solution to the celestial phenomena by his hypothesis. But Galileo, though he promises to proceed by mathematical hypothesis, conducts his argument to physical and necessary conclusions." And again, "the defence of the true doctrine is put into the mouth of a blockhead." "He departs from hypothesis sometimes by asserting absolutely the motion of the earth and stability of the sun, sometimes by qualifying the arguments on which it is founded as demonstrative and necessary, or by treating the

* Marini, p. 108.

negative side as impossible. He talks of the Copernican theory as if it had never been condemned, nay, as if he expected a decision upon it. He misuses the authors who oppose it, particularly those which are used by the Church." Galileo, in his defence, urged that he left the question undecided, and that he expressly called his conclusion *probable* only. But he was told that this was "equally a very grave error, since an opinion can in no way be probable which has been already declared and finally determined to be contrary to the divine Scriptures;" and his offence was thus summed up at the end of the final decree of the Inquisition, dated June 30, 1633: "You have rendered yourself vehemently suspected by this Holy Office of heresy; that is to say, that you believe and hold the false doctrine, and contrary to the holy Scriptures, that the sun is the centre of the world, &c.; also that an opinion can be held and supported as probable after it has been declared and finally decreed to be contrary to the holy Scripture, and consequently that you have incurred all the censures and penalties enjoined and promulgated in the sacred canons. . . . . From which it is our pleasure that you be absolved, provided that, first, with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith, in our presence you abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, and every other error and heresy contrary to the Catholic and Apostolic Church of Rome."

Now it must be at once seen that, though these are not formal definitions of the Pope or of the Church, they are decisions of councils of Cardinals delegated by the Supreme Pontiff for the express purpose of making such decisions; that they are throughout referred to as decrees of Popes, as the voice of the Church, as the final, and therefore unchangeable declaration of the falsehood and unscripturalness of a doctrine. We may add, that for long afterwards they were considered to be Papal decrees, as may be seen from the declaration prefixed to the third book of Newton's *Principia* by the Minim (commonly called Jesuit) editors Jaquier and Le Seur, dated at Rome and published at Geneva in 1741. "Newton," they say, "in this book assumes the hypothesis of the motion of the earth; and the author's propositions could not be explained except upon the same hypothesis. Hence we have been compelled to act a part; but we declare that we obey the decrees that have been made by the Supreme Pontiffs against the motion of the earth." And even out of Italy, where theologians weighed with less bias the precise value of the decrees, it seemed a doubtful point whether the holding Copernican views had not been made a formal heresy. Fromond of Louvain, a contemporary of Galileo, himself a great opponent of the new theory, in a chapter of his

Ant-Aristarchus, entitled "Whether the opinion of Copernicus is now to be esteemed heretical," after citing authorities on the affirmative side, says: "But it seems that several learned Catholics in Italy, France, Germany, and Belgium care very little for these authorities, grounding themselves on the persuasion that the authority of the Cardinals in defining matters of faith is not the highest, nor co-extensive with that of the Pope. Moreover, they have a very plausible way of explaining the passages of Scripture which make against them. But these arguments do not make them sufficiently secure, because the Congregation acts with full Papal authority; and, as may be seen by the bull of erection in 1588, the Congregation of the Index always submits its decisions to the Pope, by whom they are examined and ratified, from whom they receive their authority. According to this rule, the decree in question must have been examined and confirmed by the Pope, by whom, therefore, the theory is denounced as false, repugnant to Scripture, and heretical. Thus a severe man would judge. But," proceeds Fromond, "when I consider how circumspect and slow Popes usually are in defining matters of faith *ex cathedra*, and that they always issue these decrees in their own, not in other persons' names, I think that the censure must be somewhat softened, and the authority of the Congregation of the Index must be supposed not equal, but next to that of the Pope. So I would not yet dare to condemn the Copernicans of open heresy, unless I were to see another more express decree emanate from the Head of the Church himself. Nevertheless, the Copernican opinion is at least rash, and has one foot within the limits of heresy, unless the Holy See determine otherwise."

But even though it had been a Papal decree, it would be a farther question, *how* it binds the consciences of Catholics. "Not reverence only and simple subjection are to be shewn to Papal decrees," says Zollinger,* "but they must also be rightly interpreted, and their matter must be attentively considered, as well as the manner in which that matter is handled; for Papal constitutions have force only in that sense, and within those limits within which the Pope intended them to be confined. Ballerinus well says, 'Not a few persons have an absurd prejudice that all the dicta and rescripts of Popes are equivalent to definitions of faith; nor do they perceive that by so doing, while they wish to assist, they do the greatest injury to the Papal cause, and supply many objections to the adversaries of his infallibility.' To make a definition of faith two things are required: 1. that the matter which is defined should be ex-

* Isagoge, cap. vi. § 95.

pressly mentioned as appertaining to faith or to divine law; 2. that something should be ordered to be believed, or held as pertaining to faith or to divine law, or to be reprobated as an error repugnant to the same."

Now, the direct object of the decrees in question was, in the case of the Inquisition, the person of Galileo; in that of the Index, the books of Copernicus, à Stunica, and Foscarini: they are not formally directed to propositions at all, but the propositions are referred to *obiter*, as if they had been already condemned as false and unscriptural. In the case of the censure of the Index, this is perfectly clear; but in the case of the decree of the Inquisition, we do find a direct condemnation of two propositions. We must therefore examine what is the authority of this censure. Now, it is remarkable that all theologians who refer to the condemnation of the Copernican theory refer not to the decree of the Inquisition, but to that of the Congregation of the Index; for this latter Congregation alone has the power of censuring books and propositions as such; the Holy Office has authority to censure *persons* exclusively. "When any one," says Suarez, "is openly accused as a heretic, because he has asserted such a proposition, first an examination is made whether such a proposition in itself is heretical or not, and afterwards an inquiry is made into the *animus* with which it was affirmed by the accused. The first part is determined by theologians, on the principles of the faith, not on testimony or witnesses of the fact. The second part is inquired into by inquisitors and criminal judges, by proofs and witnesses of the fact."* The theologians are the Congregation of the Index; the inquisitors or criminal judges are the Holy Office. The former is the only tribunal which can censure propositions; the latter does not even pretend to do so, but employs theologians, under the title of qualifiers, to prepare the cases and qualify the propositions asserted by the accused person, in such a way as to render him liable to the authority of the Holy Office. But as this Congregation was instituted for the suppression of heresy, no proposition could form matter of accusation in its court unless they were qualified as heretical. In our own Court of Queen's Bench, peaceful persons are adjudged to have done many things by force and arms, because the court was constituted for affairs of the king's peace, and had no other way of widening its jurisdiction except by interpreting one class of injuries after another as acts of violence. The Inquisition was as much compelled by its forms to consider every point with nominal reference to heresy and orthodoxy, as the Court of Queen's Bench to decide actions for breach of con-

* De Fid. dis. xix. sec. 2, no. 3.

tract upon a supposition of money detained by force. The persons employed to prepare cases so as to bring them within the jurisdiction of the Holy Office were called *qualifiers*, subordinate officers delegated by the Inquisition, which has no right to delegate to its servants powers which itself does not possess. If the Inquisition has no right to determine the truth or falsehood of a proposition, much less have its inferior officers. The qualifiers have no right to censure a proposition ; they only prepare the process, bring it within the forms required by the inquisitorial law, give opinions and propositions their legal not their theological or philosophical appreciation. This was a perfectly notorious practice of that court. Martin Luther, speaking of the refusal of the prefect of a town in the Roman states to pay his accustomed tribute to the Pope, and of the measures taken against him, says, " such impertinence must always in his spiritual law be called heresy."*

Neither can it be said that this qualification of the two propositions as foolish, false, and heretical, was founded on the censure of the Congregation of the Index ; the dates disprove this, for the decree of the Inquisition was published in February, and that of the Index in March, 1616. The qualifiers of the Inquisition, subordinate officers of a tribunal which had no jurisdiction over propositions, but only over persons, had to qualify propositions, without having any previous decree to refer to, which had been promulgated by a legitimate authority. After the publication of the inquisitorial decree, Galileo impatiently waited for the censure of the Index ; and when, after eight days, it made its appearance, he considered it a matter of triumph that it had not confirmed the qualification of the Inquisition by calling the doctrine heretical ; but that it simply alluded to it as a " false Pythagorean doctrine, altogether adverse (*omnino adversans*) to holy Scripture." On the day after the promulgation of this censure, Galileo, quite in triumph, wrote to his friend Picchena, " the result has not been favourable to my enemies ; the doctrine of Copernicus not having been declared heretical, but only as not consonant to the holy Scriptures ; whence the sole prohibition is of those works in which that consonance is maintained." Galileo was wrong here ; because the censure implied the prohibition of all books wherein the absolute truth of the Copernican theory was maintained ; and also, as he found to his cost in 1633, of all those in which it was maintained as (physically) *probable*. The prohibition was really of all books in which the new doctrine was maintained in any other form than that of mathematical hypothesis. What practical liberty physical philosophers had

* Adv. Papat. circ. init.

under this prohibition, we shall be able to see more clearly after we have considered the terms of the censure of the Index. The Copernican theory is in this censure stigmatised as being 1. a false Pythagorean doctrine; and 2. altogether adverse to holy Scripture. The first clause is equivalent to that of the qualification of the Inquisition, where the doctrine is said to be "philosophically false" and "absurd." Whatever be thought as to whether the Congregation of the Index exceeded their functions in giving this opinion, it is a principle laid down by S. Thomas,* and insisted upon by canonists,† that in matters of philosophy and not of faith, the dicta of the holy fathers are of no more authority than the dicta of the philosophers whom they follow.‡ As philosophers and men of science, strict followers of Aristotle, "Pretti Peripatetici," as Prince Cesi calls them, the Cardinals of the Congregation of the Index had individually full right to say that, from their point of view, the new theory was false and absurd; but no authority which belonged to them could give greater weight to this opinion of theirs than belonged to the ground on which their opinion rested; those who condemn Pythagoras on the authority of Aristotle have as much weight as Aristotle, but no more; they have not the slightest claim on our conscience. But it is different when an authoritative tribunal like that of the Index declares that a doctrine is "altogether adverse to holy Scripture;" it then becomes the duty of every obedient child of the Church to examine what the Holy See intends by this declaration, and how far it is obligatory on the conscience. We have already seen that Cardinal Bellarmine, who was notoriously the prime mover of the censure of 1616, and may therefore be considered a legitimate interpreter of it, gave a certificate to Galileo, that though this censure had been read over to him, he had not been required to renounce his doctrine.§

* In ii. Sent. dis. 4, art. 2. in corp. et in resp. ad 1.

† *e. g.* Fagnanus, de const. "ne imitaris," no. 9.

‡ That S. Thomas, in common with the school theologians, considered astronomical theories in particular to be mere questions of philosophy and not of theology, appears from the following quotations. Peter Lombard, Sent. ii. dist. 14. "There is also a question of what figure the heaven is; but the Holy Spirit, though our authors (the prophets and apostles) might have known, would not say any thing by them except that which is profitable to salvation. Again, it is a question whether the heaven is at rest or in motion. If in motion, why is it called *firmament?* If at rest, how do the fixed stars revolve in it?" On this S. Thomas remarks (Expos. Textus), "Some saints assert, and philosophers prove, that the heaven is of a spherical figure, as is also demonstrated by natural and mathematical proofs. There are two opinions about the motion of the heaven. Aristotle says that the spheres only are moved, and that the stars have no proper motion. But Ptolemy will have it that the stars have their own motion, besides the motion of the sphere." Here we have it distinctly asserted that the Ptolemaic system is a question of philosophy and not of theology.

§ See F. Favre in Tractatu Thesaurus Theol. vol. 4. Venice, 1772.

It was therefore contrary to Scripture, not absolutely so as to make it impossible that a persuasion of the truth of the Copernican system should co-exist in the same mind with faith in the divine inspiration of Scripture; but contrary to Scripture, as being inconsistent with the then generally received and authoritative explanation of the divine word. That this was the meaning attached to the words "contrary to Scripture," is shewn by some words of Bellarmine, which are recorded by F. Grassi, (Galileo's opponent in 1625,) in which he declares that "when a demonstration shall be found to establish the earth s motion, it will be proper to interpret the holy Scriptures otherwise than they have hitherto been in those passages where mention is made of the movement of the heavens and the stability of the earth." This passage will explain the meaning of the censure on Galileo, in 1633, for maintaining that the theory was *probable;* it evidently did not mean that he was not allowed to suppose it capable of proof, for, as we saw just now, he was not compelled to abjure it when he notoriously held it to be true; there was nothing to forbid a philosopher from accumulating as many facts as he had an opportunity of knowing, for a proof of the system; and of course no one would collect facts to prove a thing which he held to be incapable of proof; to allow a philosopher to look for a demonstration of a theory is to allow him to hold it to be probable. What was objected to Galileo in 1633 was this, that from phenomena which received a full interpretation by means of the Ptolemaic system, he pretended to deduce a proof of the new system, shewing thereby that he looked on both systems as equally probable in themselves, though one accorded with, and the other was opposed to, the words of Scripture as usually and literally interpreted; and this he must have done on the false principle, professed now by so many geologists and other scientific men, that Scripture does not even pretend to speak on matters of natural history, and that it contains no revelation of any truth not directly religious. Against this erroneous principle we argued in a series of papers entitled "Religion and Modern Philosophy," which appeared in the *Rambler* for September 1850; and it appears to us that it is against this doctrine that the part of the censure of 1633 is directed, where Galileo is condemned for having maintained the "false doctrine," that "an opinion can be held and supported as probable, after it has been declared and finally decreed to be contrary to the holy Scripture."

Hence we may gather the meaning of the words "repugnant to Scripture," as used by the Congregation of the Index; the doctrine is contrary to Scripture only in such a sense as

does not exclude the possibility of its being one day found to be in accordance with Scripture; that is, it is contrary to the present and common interpretation of Scripture, without entering into the question whether this interpretation is absolutely the correct and true one. It is contrary to Scripture, not absolutely, but as commonly received and interpreted; it attacks the Scripture, not in itself, but in the estimation with which it is regarded. It is contrary, not perhaps to the real meaning of the words of Scripture, but to the honour in which it should be held, to the authority which men ought to attribute to it. The same authority which bids us believe in the inspiration of Scripture, clearly forbids us to hold or maintain any physical theory which contradicts Scripture either really or in our own opinion; or to maintain any which, in the opinion of Christians generally, is contrary to the divine word, and subversive of its truth, even in its accidental statements. For our religion equally forbids us to doubt ourselves, or to occasion doubts to arise in the minds of our fellow Christians; hence it may evidently be an offence against religion to maintain even a truth of physical science under certain circumstances: if Scripture, for instance, has always been explained on a contrary theory, and if the faith of Christians would receive a rude shock from its sudden overthrow; if the new doctrine be a mere view, only plausible, and not scientifically demonstrated; if it is put forward with dogmatism and a supreme carelessness of what may become of the authority of Scripture in the minds of those who become converts to the new opinion,—in such circumstances the tribunals of the Church are quite justified in branding it as an offence against religion, whether it be called by the generic name of heresy, or whether it be specified as contrary to Scripture, that is, tending to undermine the authority of the inspired writings.

We may even go further, and say, that under such circumstances the Church is plainly bound, in her care for the faith of the multitude, to interpose, and without pronouncing dogmatically as to whether the view may or may not afterwards come out as a physical and scientific truth, (which would exceed the limits of her authority,) to declare that it is at present rash, dangerous, false, and heretical theologically, as tending to subvert the authority of Scripture in the minds of men; to forbid its being taught as a demonstrated fact, and to reduce it to what it really is at the time, a mere hypothesis, useful to explain phenomena, but not certain as a real fact in nature; and lastly, to prevent any such a public discussion of the new views, even as a mere hypothesis, as may tend to produce a mistrust of the truth of Scripture; but at the same time to

give individuals liberty to hold it, provided they can reconcile it in their own minds with the supreme authority of Scripture, and provided they will abstain from teaching it in the manner forbidden by the Church.

And this was precisely the position in which the Copernican theory stood in the time of Galileo. Up to that period, besides the apparent authority of Scripture, which had always been understood as teaching plainly the geocentric system, all observation and experiment had coincided with the theory of Ptolemy. All the evidence which men could obtain from their senses entirely contradicted the Copernican hypothesis; all their perceptions were opposed to it: they felt the earth to be immovable; they saw the sun and stars in motion; and they saw that the ball dropped from the summit of the tower fell straight to the base, instead of being left behind. Moreover, the Ptolemaic theory had sufficed for centuries to explain and to account for all the observed motions of the planets as logically and as precisely as the Copernican theory does now; and it was during all this time found capable of taking in and preserving all the exact knowledge of the world. Such being the state of the case,—religion, experience, the prejudices of education, and philosophy, being strongly attached to the old theory,—a new system suddenly makes its appearance and claims to supersede the old; and on what grounds? Because it accounted for phenomena in a more simple way than the old theory. But then the old theory *did* account for phenomena, however complex it might have been; and simplicity is not always an infallible test of truth. Again, it was in analogy with the newly-discovered system of Jupiter's satellites, and accounted for the moonlike phases of Venus which the telescope revealed. And these three points constituted about the whole proof which Galileo could bring forward. His other arguments, from the tides and magnetism of the earth, are all moonshine. The Newtonian theory of gravitation was then unknown; and the periods of the revolutions of the planets appeared quite as disconnected and random as did the cycles and epicycles of the old theory. Newton first explained the one law on which the revolutions depended; before his time there was nothing to make the Copernican system more plausible and reasonable than the Ptolemaic theory. The modern demonstrations of the annual motion of the earth,—namely, the micrometrical observations on the discs of the bodies of the solar system, and especially the great discovery of the aberration of light, by which that motion is made evident to the senses,—were then unknown; and as to the diurnal motion, it was unproved till Richer's voyage to Cayenne, where he was

obliged to shorten his pendulum. And it is only within the last few months that an experiment has been devised by which this motion may be exhibited to the senses, namely, by the apparent revolution of the plane of the vibration of a pendulum over a fixed horizontal table. Before these demonstrations, there was no solid reason to induce men to disbelieve the evidence of their senses. The most decided Copernicans were reduced to mere probabilities, and were obliged to confine themselves to preaching up the simplicity of the Copernican system, as compared with the absurd complexity of that of Ptolemy.* It is now generally taken for granted that the Copernican theory is self-evident. So far from that being the case, we may safely affirm, that up to Galileo's time the balance of proof was in favour of the old system; that is, the old system was at that time *the* probable one, and Copernicus' theory the improbable one. Now add to this the reputed unscripturalness of the latter system; and we have abundant reason for all that the Roman courts did or intended to do. They would not allow it to be taught as true, or even as probable; but they would allow it to be explained and elucidated as a mere hypothesis, and they placed no bar against any scientific man who chose to accumulate observations with a view to testing its truth. More especially they forbad, in the then state of the case, any attempt to disturb the received explanation of Scripture. For as it was not clear that the Copernican theory would eventually stand, it was simply undermining the authority of the divine word to change its interpretation in favour of a floating hypothesis, with no security that in a few years the old interpretation would not require to be restored, with much damage to the authority of Scripture. Hence Foscarini's book, and all that treated the same subject, namely, harmonising the expressions of Scripture with the Copernican theory, were not only suspended, but absolutely forbidden and condemned.

It is generally said that Galileo mixed up theology with science, and insisted on theology being forced to submit to his science; and so was condemned not for being a good philosopher, but for being a bad theologian. But it must be owned that he appears to have been almost forced to take this line by the numerous attacks made on him by theologians, on the simple ground of the meaning of Scripture: he was held up to the hatred of the vulgar as a heretic, and no wonder that he insisted on being cleared from this charge. But, as we have shewn, it was impossible that he should then be cleared; his theory was not demonstrated, and it was opposed to the common interpre-

* Delambre, Astron. Mod. Discours prél.

tation of Scripture. The Church, not having information on these subjects, could not possibly foresee that his doctrine would turn out to be the right one, and therefore could not suffer the sense of Scripture to be modified; Galileo's only chance was to rest patiently, and to smile at the condemnation of the populace, while he was not condemned by the Holy See. But this he could not brook; he would not live in a state of perpetual compromise, being continually denounced to the Inquisition, and always getting off on some legal quibble. Therefore, to use the words of Guicciardini (the Tuscan ambassador),* "Galileo demanded that the Pope and the Holy Office should declare the Copernican system to be founded on the Bible; he wrote memorial after memorial. Paul V., wearied with his importunities, decreed that the controversy should be determined in a Congregation; and having sent for Cardinal Bellarmine, ordered him to bring it immediately before the Holy Office." Though the Bishop of Fermo† had tried to persuade Galileo "not to raise the question," and many other Cardinals and prelates had advised the same thing,‡ he got his friend Cardinal Orsini to force it on to the notice of the Pope in season and out of season (*arrepta potius quam capta occasione*), and at last provoked the Pope to order it to be proceeded with immediately. The decision was, of course, unfavourable; and it is difficult to see how it could have been otherwise. But though unfavourable, it was as mild as it could possibly be. The propositions were not formally qualified, but merely mentioned *obiter* as false in philosophy and contrary to Scripture; not in themselves,—for Galileo was reckoned a good Catholic, though he refused to give them up,—but in their relation to the then prevalent acceptance of Scripture.

So much for the decrees of 1616. The affair of 1633 was merely personal; it was a simple question of whether Galileo had or had not disobeyed the orders given him in 1616. No new condemnation of the theory took place; indeed, it was not again brought before the Congregation of the Index. In the judgment, the two decrees of 1616 were recited, and Galileo was condemned of having infringed them, and sentenced not now merely to receive a simple admonition, but to subscribe *ex animo* to the condemnation of the doctrine, and in the presence of the Inquisitors, "with a sincere heart and unfeigned faith to abjure, curse, and detest the said errors and heresies, together with all other heresies contrary to the Catholic Church." Galileo did so; and has been accused by

* Despatch of 4th May, 1616; Marino Marini, p. 94.
† Letter of April 28, 1615, in Venturi.
‡ Guicciardini; Despatch of March 4, 1616.

many of dishonest conduct, especially as he is reported to have said, when he signed his declaration, "*e pur si muove*," "it moves for all that." But a little consideration will shew that he may have acted quite conscientiously. The Inquisition in 1633 could not compel him to condemn the Copernican propositions in any wider sense than that in which the Index condemned them in 1616; that is, simply as being accidentally contrary to the dignity and estimation of Scripture, and as being false in the sense of unproved. He could, then, with the greatest propriety express his contrition* that he had made the arguments from the solar spots and from the tides appear conclusive and necessary, when in truth they were eminently inconclusive and capable of refutation; he could also declare that he did not, and never had, held the condemned opinion to be true (*i. e.* demonstratively proved); and he could beg permission to be allowed to write another book to refute his Dialogue, and to prove how inconclusive his arguments were: all this he did, and could do sincerely, without in the least giving up his conviction, that after all the new doctrine would prove true, and that in after ages the interpretation of the Scriptures would have to be altered so as to coincide with it. He abjured the doctrine as an absolutely demonstrated truth, which it was not at that time; and cursed it as false and heretical, which it was in relation to the then state of biblical interpretation. Galileo's great mistake was this: he attempted to get a theory approved as true, before he could demonstrate it to be so; and he tried to get the old theory, which was mixed up in men's minds with the truth of Scripture, denounced as false, before he could prove that such was the case. The Copernican theory was then *false*, if it came before the judge with the claim of being a demonstrated truth; and it was *foolish*, if it was presented to theologians to be recommended as a theological truth, before it could be shewn to be a physical fact.

The Church only claims to have authority in subjects of faith or morals. On subjects of philosophy her decisions are of no more dogmatic value than the opinions of the philosophers whom she follows. But here a difficulty occurs; because, as these decisions prove, the Church may sometimes act as though she did not know the limits of her infallibility, and is subject to the apparent mistake of issuing decrees in a dogmatic form on matters over which she has no control, so as to necessitate an inquiry, after a decision has been promulgated, whether the matter is such as to fall within the control of the infallible authority. Hence there would arise the right of appeal in every case to another tribunal, to decide whether the question

* Marino Marini, p. 129. † Ib. p. 130.

came within the jurisdiction of the Church; and in that court of appeal would practically reside a great share of the real supremacy. This is a very real and practical difficulty, and it was felt in a late correspondence of the Catholic Poor-School Committee with the Committee of Council on Education, when the right was claimed for the Catholic Bishops, not only of deciding all questions of faith and morals, but also of pronouncing what are questions of faith and morals; to which it was objected, that there was no security against every conceivable question concerning any subject of knowledge being treated as a question of faith or of morals, and so being brought within the immediate jurisdiction of the Catholic Episcopate.

After all, the difficulty is not so great in reality: it is generally very easy to decide whether a question is one of theology, politics, or natural science; or in mixed questions, it is not difficult to separate the religious element. When, therefore, the Church calls a philosophical system true or false, she never supposes her decisions to be of infallible authority as to their scientific truth, but as to their religious tendency in given circumstances. It is well known that particular philosophical or political opinions are almost invariably professed by members of certain religious sects. Though it may be difficult to say why such a system is necessarily bound up with such a religious creed, yet the fact is so. In such cases, the promulgation of the theory would be perhaps a promulgation of religious error, in consequence of the accidental connexion. The Church, therefore, condemns the theory as false and heretical, not because she knows it to be so in reality, but because she knows that in fact it is intimately connected, whether essentially or accidentally, with errors in faith or morals. She has the profoundest certainty that her doctrines and discipline are true, and she condemns whatever is brought into formal opposition to them, and calls it false, because it is opposed to the truth. Whether this opposition is essential or accidental, she need not decide farther than this: that in one case the form of her decision would probably be a dogmatic decree, emanating from the Pope himself; in the latter case it would be merely a temporary suspension, prohibition, or silencing of a theory, by authority of the Congregation of the Index, and of the Holy Office, as the decree against the Copernican theory.

This decree does not pretend to settle a point of faith, but only to silence a theory which at a certain time was found dangerous. Thus it was understood; as may be seen by Galileo's preface to his Dialogue, written by the direction of the Master of the Sacred Palace. And the grounds of this decision may be very well conceived. Protestantism and Infi-

delity were at that time as unscrupulous as they are now in their choice of weapons to be used against the Catholic Church; and a new theory like that of Copernicus might easily, as Galileo confesses, be made the vehicle of insinuations against the authority of the Church, or be used in confirmation of pernicious doctrines, as in the 18th century it was used by Wolf to illustrate and recommend the Leibnitzian theory of predetermined harmonies.*

And in this sense and scope the condemnation of the theory of Copernicus was no isolated act on the part of the Church; it is only one among a multitude of similar events. The Church in the middle ages condemned "the sinful reading of works on physics;"† even the works of Aristotle were prohibited: this is a precisely similar case. She did not pronounce upon the science in question, but on the danger of the study, and the moral effect which usually followed. Alchemy was suspected and prohibited, because it was employed for magical purposes. The Copernican theory was treated in the same way, because it was studied in order to prove the Church to be fallible. For the same kind of reason theologians had always "repressed empirical inquiry in the departments of physics, organic morphology, and astronomy, which was for the most part closely allied to astrology."‡

And though this discouragement did not prevent ecclesiastics from taking the lead in the physical sciences, as the names of Albertus Magnus, Roger Bacon, and Nicholas Copernicus, all of them in holy orders, will prove; yet ecclesiastical history teems with instances of men who fell under the suspicion of heresy for the same reasons as caused Galileo to be persecuted. To give an example which the Copernicans of the 17th century used to bring forward: There lived in Bavaria, during the eighth century, a bishop, now a canonised saint, named Virgilius, who was much superior to his contemporaries in physical science and profane learning. He had come to a conclusion contrary to the opinion of his age and to the teaching of St. Augustine, that men were to be found over the whole spherical surface of the globe, and that the inhabitants of opposite hemispheres stood foot to foot as antipodes. The meaning of Virgilius was misunderstood, and he was supposed to assert the existence of another world beneath the surface of the earth, with its own men, and its own sun and moon. St. Boniface, the apostle and legate of Germany, denounced these opinions as impious and repugnant to religion, and both privately and publicly urged Virgilius to recant,

* See Faure, in Thesaurus Theol. ubi sup.
† See Humboldt, Cosmos, p. 396. ‡ Ib. p. 617.

commanding him no longer to defile the simplicity of Christianity with such puerilities. Upon this, Virgilius appealed to the Duke of Bavaria; and, on the other hand, Boniface wrote to Pope Zacharias, who thereupon sent letters to the duke, ordering that Virgilius the philosopher should be excommunicated and degraded from the priesthood in full council, if he maintained this false doctrine. He commanded also that Virgilius should be sent to Rome to be examined, in order that, if he were found to be in error, he might be condemned by a canonical decree. Here it is evident that the truth or falsehood of the doctrine formed no part of the question, but only its effect on the minds of the common people, the simplicity of whose faith was scandalised by their confused apprehension of the consequences of the philosopher's doctrine. And one must own that any Christian, and particularly a Bishop, is more bound to respect the faith of the people than the promulgation of any physical theory, however true, or however useful for effecting material improvements. Such theories must "bide their time;" and their discoverers must patiently accept the common lot of men of real genius, to be misunderstood and condemned by their own generation. Virgilius was prohibited from propounding his views, not because they were false or wrong in themselves, but because the common people misconceived them and were scandalised. Galileo was condemned because his doctrines were new, and because he strove to reconcile them with Scripture. When Niccolini, on behalf of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, in 1633, begged the Pope to excuse Galileo from appearing at Rome, his Holiness said, "God forgive him for entering upon this matter; it is a question of new doctrines and of holy Scripture: the best way of all is to go with the common opinion." It is precisely this common opinion of which the Inquisition is the guardian; and while religion and life go hand in hand, that is, while there is such a thing as a Catholic Church, she cannot be without her inquisition—her tribunal to protect and set forth the public opinion of the age on the religious truth or expediency of all new theories of morals, politics, or physical science. And the decisions of such a tribunal will be wise and prudent while religion and life are truly united. The Christian community will always instinctively feel what influence new theories are calculated to have on its faith. And when it values its religion above all things, it will of course pronounce all novelties to be true or false, edifying or scandalous, according to the bearing which they may have, whether essentially or accidentally, upon religion. It is a necessity to which scientific men must submit with a good grace; for when public

opinion is not represented by an inquisitorial tribunal, it will often exercise its own wild lynch-law on the offender, without the safeguard of legal forms. It is not to be supposed that Galileo would have so rashly forced on his cause unless he had found the mob-opposition to which he was subject much more intolerable than any adverse sentence of a tribunal could ever be. But it must not be forgotten that this office of the Church, as the vindicator of the outraged religious feelings of the public, is never to be confounded with her perfectly distinct office of teacher and infallible expounder of doctrines of faith and morals. While in this latter office she is above public opinion, in the former she is its nurse, or, we may almost say, its slave. The Pope, in this respect, is truly the "servus servorum Dei." He, with his Congregations, has to watch the throes of diseased humanity, and, like a mother with a sick child, to humour its weaknesses and caprices; to forbid it to eat that which might be allowed to healthy stomachs; to tell the invalid that the most nutritious food is poison; and to prevent the stronger children of the Church from carelessly putting such things into the way of their weak brother. So the Inquisition calls true theories of physical philosophy false, heretical, and absurd, if they do not agree with the digestive powers of the Catholic community. Not that the Church pretends to any power of deciding whether these theories are true or false in themselves, but because, in her vocabulary, that is false which is found by experience to be inconsistent with the faith of her children; that is heretical which is popularly considered favourable to the arguments of heretics; and that is absurd which, while it rests on an uncertain basis, is used as a lever to overturn the certainty of her truth. But these decrees of the Inquisition, as the organ of ecclesiastical opinion, must never be confounded with the infallible decisions of the Church in council, or of the Pope speaking *ex cathedra;* for while the latter are immutable, the former are merely variable functions of variable public opinion.

This is evident from the fact that, both before and since the condemnation of Galileo, decisions of the Inquisition have been reformed and rejected by the higher tribunals of the Church—as Carranza's condemnation, which was reversed by the Council of Trent. We have already quoted the words of Fromond of Louvain, in which he says that he thinks the Copernicans very nearly heretics, "unless the Holy See shall determine otherwise," evidently contemplating the possible reversal of the sentence. And the sentence has been reversed. Pope Benedict XIV. suspended the decrees; and in 1818 Pope Pius VII. repealed them in full consistory.

Such being the nature of these decisions, it is very easy to comprehend the principles on which they were made. Our religion commands us to pluck out even our right eye, our dearest sense, our clearest knowledge, our most engrossing study, and cast it from us, if it be an occasion of sin to us. And it commands us to be even more tender of the conscience of our brethren; it says that it were better to be thrown into the sea, with a millstone tied round our neck, than to scandalise a little one of Christ even by our lawful recreations. And no doubt, even the most certain and clear branches of knowledge abound with occasions of scandal. No one can read the history of the fall of man without seeing that the Christian religion does not encourage the pursuit of knowledge under all circumstances. And common sense assures us, that if it is right to require us to sacrifice wife and children, houses and lands, in order to save our souls, it would be a great folly to make an exception in favour of such scientific pursuits as are found by experience to be obstacles to faith.

It is important to observe what carefulness is recommended to us in imparting knowledge. In educating children, nature itself teaches us to use judgment and reserve; there are some truths too difficult for them, and others which it would be improper for them to know. It is the same in religion. Our Lord, after being three years with his apostles, had yet many things to say to them which they could not even then bear; and St. Paul tells his converts that he cannot speak to them on certain deep subjects, because they were not strong enough for meat, but could only bear milk. It has even been reduced to a law in ecclesiastical history, that heresies often arise from a desire to force the Church prematurely into a path which she is afterwards destined to tread. This is illustrated by the instance of Montanism:* "Not in one principle or doctrine only, but in its whole system this heresy was a remarkable anticipation or presage of developments which soon began to shew themselves in the Church, but were not perfected for centuries after. . . . The doctrinal determinations and the ecclesiastical usages of the middle ages are the true fulfilment of its self-willed and abortive attempts at precipitating the growth of the Church." If in pure matters of religion mere prematureness and unseasonableness in the things propounded is enough to mark the proposers of them with the note of heresy, the same thing may take place in a lower degree with regard to scientific theories, which have only a remote connexion with faith and morals. In Galileo's time it was obviously premature and unnecessary to alter the received inter-

* Newman, Development, p. 349.

pretation of Scripture in favour of the yet uncertain Copernican theory: yet the philosopher insisted on this being done; he determined to force the march of thought, to push the Church into a path that she was not prepared to enter upon; and he was therefore marked with the suspicion of heresy. Now, however, we may hope that the time is come when, as the Copernican theory has been demonstrated to our senses, the received interpretation of Scripture may be altered, according to the sentence of Bellarmine, in order to meet the acknowledged facts, and when the intelligent explanations of Galileo and Foscarini may be received and thankfully used by the good Catholic.

From this point of view the censures on Galileo appear no longer as isolated acts of jealousy or anger, but they are seen to be quite in accordance with the system and principles of the Church, and to be founded on profound wisdom and an anxious care for the faith of her simpler children. It is not each individual act of the Church that is to be examined and criticised; for she never claims to be guaranteed from error on all matters of fact; it is sufficient to find that she is acting on general principles of prudence, which are rendered necessary by the weakness of human nature, though perhaps they would not be required in a church composed entirely of learned men and philosophers. But as the mixed mass of the Church is composed chiefly of rude and uneducated persons, liable to be scandalised by any sudden changes in subjects in any way connected with doctrine, the learned have to give up something of their rights at the demand of charity.

At the same time, it must be granted that the application of this theory bears very hard on the philosophers. To anticipate by the force of their intellect the march of demonstration, to generalise from a few instances, and those rather assumed than observed, and to form a theory upon obscure indications and guesses, is their ambition and their glory; and to be obliged to treat a favourite theory as a mere uncertain hypothesis is a great annoyance to them. And though usually they are not thus restricted, yet if the religious prejudices of Christians are once excited, they are obliged to yield something to them. Nor is it only a religious society which makes these demands. A republic which boasts of having attained the perfection of freedom will often visit with more severity the promulgation of obnoxious theories than ever the Inquisition employed. And, after all, the Church can no more humour the world in the utter freedom which it claims for the intellect, than she can allow it all the liberty which it requires for the indulgence of its natural inclinations. The Church and the world are in

opposition not only in theories of political and social progress, but also in the march of intellectual development. Not that her way of forbidding her children to put forward new theories simply *as* theories and hypotheses is at all unfavourable to the true advancement of learning; it is only opposed to that reckless philosophical scepticism and shallowness which is the great characteristic of the present day; and therefore perhaps more proper for the steady development of knowledge than the modern way of propounding new systems.

THE OLD PRIEST'S PARLOUR.

No. II.

SCENE:—*The* Rev. AUSTIN LYLE *rising from his seat makes a low and somewhat stately bow to a short, stout, bustling personage, just introduced to him by his friend* EDWARD YORK *as* Mr. HORATIO WITHERSPOON. *He then hands him a chair, and the three sit down.* WITHERSPOON *hems twice, and then begins to speak:*

WITHERSPOON. I have requested my friend Mr. York, as I trust he will allow me to call him, to do me the honour to introduce me to you, Mr. Lyle, as I wish to have some conversation with you on a subject in which I am profoundly interested. (*The old priest bows.*) I am a Protestant, Mr. Lyle, a liberal Protestant—(*the old priest smiles*)—a truly liberal Protestant, I trust—(*the old priest bows again*)—as I am sure you will do me the justice to admit, when you have heard my plan. (*The priest bows a third time.*) I have been greatly distressed, Mr. Lyle,—deeply distressed, I may say,—at witnessing the lamentable displays of bigotry and uncharitableness recently manifested against your persuasion. (*The old priest's lips twitch, with a manifest tendency to smile again.*) Believe me, I share none of these feelings; I have the highest respect for the Pope; I have no doubt that he is a most amiable and respectable gentleman—(*the old priest with difficulty keeps his countenance*)—injudicious, you know, Mr. Lyle,—perhaps a thought injudicious,—as no doubt you yourself consider; but yet amiable, and in the highest degree well-intentioned: and, as I said to Mrs. Witherspoon the other day, "My dear, depend upon it, if the Pope had had the slightest idea of the

displeasure he would have roused in the great English nation by establishing a hierarchy, he would not have thought for a moment of setting it up." (*The old priest pokes the fire, and fidgets about in a torture of suppressed laughter.*) By the way, Mr. Lyle, is not this contempt of the law shewn by Dr. Cullen and the Defence Association rather an injudicious move on the part of your friends? And is it really true that Dr. Cullen believes the sun is only six yards across?

LYLE. It's all humbug, sir. Why, if the newspapers were to say that Dr. Cullen believed the moon was made of green cheese, and taught the benighted Irish that Queen Victoria had cloven hoofs and horns on her head, your Protestant public would take it for gospel truth.

WITHERSPOON. I'm delighted to hear it, Mr. Lyle, indeed I am; and I have no doubt you will agree with me in thinking that it is high time for the friends of enlightened Christianity to take some steps for the inculcation of mutual forbearance and universal charity among all denominations of Christians. I have heard a great deal of you, Mr. Lyle, a great deal, I assure you; and you would have been delighted if you had heard how flatteringly your name was mentioned the other day at a meeting of the Town-council by the Unitarian minister. (*The old priest looks blue.*) The Quakers also are your warm admirers; and, in short, all enlightened Christians are of opinion that the fullest toleration should be conceded to your persuasion, and they have the sincerest respect for yourself as a minister of the gospel of peace.

LYLE. Sir, I am infinitely obliged to them.

YORK. Well, Mr. Lyle, my plan is this: Let us form a sort of universal league or brotherhood for the promotion of Christian charity among all denominations of Christians, pledging all the members of the association to abstain from controversy on the mere peculiarities of religious opinion, and to agree in circulating a series of books and tracts inculcating the principles of the league. (*The old priest is seized with a violent fit of coughing, into which he relapses again and again. When he is at length calm, Mr. Witherspoon continues:*)

WITHERSPOON. A happy idea, I am sure you think it, Mr. Lyle.

LYLE. Do you not foresee any difficulties in executing your scheme, sir? However, I will not anticipate. Pray go on and tell me how you will proceed with your regulations and laws.

WITHERSPOON. Why, Mr. Lyle, I would begin at the beginning. I would go to the root of the matter. I would tolerate no half-measures. I would have all the members begin by

denouncing the principle of religious persecution. Of course, Mr. Lyle, you think it not merely cruel, but actually immoral to persecute Catholics?

LYLE. Undoubtedly.

WITHERSPOON. And of course, also, you think it immoral to persecute Protestants?

LYLE. Undoubtedly not.

WITHERSPOON (*starting from his chair in amazement*). Good heavens! Mr. Lyle, what do you mean? Wrong to persecute Catholics, and right to persecute Protestants!

LYLE. I did not say it is right to persecute Protestants, but only that it is not wrong.

WITHERSPOON. But what is the difference, Mr. Lyle?

LYLE. I mean that it is always wrong to persecute Catholics, and not always wrong, that is, that it is sometimes right, to persecute Protestants.

WITHERSPOON. Mr. Lyle, you astound me! You, a liberal Catholic!

LYLE. Sir, I am not a liberal Catholic.

WITHERSPOON. But you always vote for the liberal candidates at elections.

LYLE. Certainly; because they promise not to persecute the Catholic Church, and their opponents make no such promise.

WITHERSPOON. But, gracious goodness! Mr. Lyle, why should we be persecuted and not you?

LYLE. Because we belong to the true Church, and you do not.

WITHERSPOON. And do you really mean to say that all your fellow-Catholics think like this? A pretty piece of viper-nourishing have we liberal Protestants been led into, if you Catholics are only waiting for the power to burn us heretics in Smithfield again!

LYLE. I have nothing to do with what other Catholics may chance to say to you in the matter, Mr. Witherspoon; but if they tell me or you, that they would not persecute you under *any* circumstances, I don't believe a word they say, any more than I believe you Protestants when you profess what you call the principles of toleration. *All* men who are in earnest would persecute the opponents of their particular creed *if they thought it desirable to do so.* I don't blame them for it; I only blame them for holding a false creed instead of the true one. When a man's conscience is perverted, still, he must act on it. His sin lies in his suffering his conscience to become perverted.

As to what you ask me about some of my fellow-Catholics,

I can only tell you that they will be puzzled to find any respectable authority for the opinion that it is *wrong* to punish a man for his religious opinions; and if you want a specimen of the Catholic authorities who uphold the putting heretics to death when just and expedient, (however rarely it may *be* just and expedient,) be so good as to hand me over that great volume you have your elbow on;—I dare say you had no idea what a mine of gunpowder lay under you;—thank you. This is the work of one of the greatest intellects and greatest theologians who ever lived—the *Summa Theologiæ* of St. Thomas Aquinas. Ah! you've heard of him no doubt, and count him an old woman, or a "schoolman," which is much the same. Well, old woman or no, *we* think him a great man, a very great man indeed. Hear, then, what he thinks about *you*. "Heretics," he says, "by their sin deserve not only to be separated from the Church by excommunication, but to be expelled from the world by death. For it is a much worse thing to corrupt the faith, by which life is given to the soul," (observe here, that there is nothing about the temporal evils of heresy; it is heresy as destroying *the soul* which he speaks of,) "than to falsify money, which is an assistance to the temporal life. Wherefore, if falsifiers of money, or other criminals, are at once justly put to death by secular princes, much more may heretics, as soon as they are convicted of heresy, not only be excommunicated, but also justly be put to death."*

Witherspoon (*starting from his seat and walking fiercely up to the old priest, who sits composed*). And you dare to subscribe, sir, to this damnable doctrine?

Lyle. I do.

Witherspoon. And you would actually burn me, and Mrs. Witherspoon, and my darling little ones alive, sir; alive?

Lyle. I would not.

Witherspoon. Then you would hang us, or shoot us, or kill us in some way or other?

Lyle. I would not.

Witherspoon. But you would put us in gaol, or flog us, or send us to the treadmill?

Lyle. I would not.

Witherspoon. Nor fine me heavily?

Lyle. No.

Witherspoon. Then what *would* you do to us?

Lyle. Nothing.

Witherspoon. Nothing! Sir, are you laughing at me? are you insulting me?

Lyle. Far from it, my dear sir: I would grant you and

* Summa Theologiæ, Secunda Secundæ, xi. 3.

every other heretic in the country, and in most other countries too, — indeed, I think in nearly all countries, — the most unbounded toleration.

WITHERSPOON. Then what do you mean by saying you think it right to kill me?

LYLE. I never said it was right to kill *you*. There are circumstances in which it would be lawful and expedient to kill you, or any other unbeliever; but those circumstances are of the rarest possible occurrence. There is an immense deal to be said in exculpation of you and others brought up in heresy, even as a matter of justice; and when it comes to the question of mercy and policy, then, in my view, the cases in which the persecution of heretics is to be practised are rare indeed. I do honestly believe that *in practice* I should prove to be one of the most vehement advocates for toleration in existence. If there is to be any persecution, in the name of God let *us* be persecuted. If I were in power, I would treat you heretics with unbounded lenity; and if you had any sense, you would treat us Catholics with the same; for be assured your very worst policy is to bully us. Cardinal Wiseman and the Catholic Church have now attained a position and a power in this country which we could not have gained for ourselves, perhaps, in twenty years; and here you blundering Protestants have conferred it on us in less than as many weeks. Believe me, my dear sir, you will never stop these conversions by bullying; it can't be done.

WITHERSPOON. Well, sir, you will excuse my saying it, but I am grievously disappointed in you.

LYLE. A year hence, my dear sir, you will respect me more than ever.

WITHERSPOON. Impossible! I wish you a very good morning. (*He leaves the room abruptly.*)

YORK (*with a countenance of excessive solemnity*). You will pardon me, Father Lyle, if I ask you whether you think it quite prudent to say all these things to our Protestant brethren.

LYLE. Protestant fiddlesticks, my dear Edward! Depend upon it, we shall get on a mighty deal better with these precious "brethren" of yours, when we drop cant and humbug, and don't tell lies about ourselves.

YORK. Lies, Father Lyle?

LYLE. Well, whatever you like to call them. I don't mean intentional falsehoods, of course; I mean that cowardly disowning of the practices of foreign Catholics and of English Catholics of former days, which we sometimes practise for the sake of throwing dust in the eyes of your Protestant "bre-

thren." You can't get over the fact that Catholics sometimes *still* persecute, though moderately; and depend upon it, it is waste of time and labour, and breath and temper, to try to convince Protestants that *you yourself* are not a persecutor. They don't believe you. They only think you're a sneaking coward, or a hypocrite, or a simpleton who doesn't know his own mind. They persecute *you*, whenever they think it expedient; and they never will give you credit for abstaining from what they know they do themselves. Common sense tells them, as well as us, that it is perfectly right and proper to use *all* the influence and power which God puts in our hands to prevent the spread of moral as well as social evil. And as for tricking out the Catholic Church in the plumes of heretical sects, as I said before, it's utterly useless. All mankind are intolerant, but the Church alone has the right to be intolerant. But in practice, in the 19th century, as I also said, I am for nearly universal toleration. I am against persecution now; and why? because *c'est plus qu'un crime, c'est une faute.*

York. Well, sir, I think you'll astonish your friends in America, if you go there and preach these doctrines, with all your love for the model republic, as you call it.

Lyle. *I* call it a model republic, Edward? Never! I call its present laws in respect to "Church and State," as things are, a model in comparison with our uncomfortable position here at home; but as to its being a model republic, that's quite another question.

York. Then, after all, you are *not* a republican, Father Lyle?

Lyle. Yes, I am; that is, I should be in America, and wherever else a republic would be practicable. I love republicanism with all my heart. But as for turning all the nations on earth into republics, I will believe it possible when you succeed in washing a blackamore white. Real, genuine, true republicanism,—ay, and what you call constitutionalism too,—I look upon as mere moonshine in hot countries.

York. In hot countries! Well, Father Lyle, that *is* a theory. Why, in the world, should the British Constitution be impossible where the weather is not cold or temperate? I certainly never heard of a thermometrical theory of government in my life before.

Lyle. Then, my dear fellow, you hear of it now; and I pray you to ask yourself whether that peculiar national activity, and devotion to business, and regularity of action, without which what they call a constitutional government (by which I mean a representative one) is a ridiculous farce,—is possible

except in a temperate climate. Just compare the daily habits and the ineradicable feelings and tastes of the extreme south of Europe, of almost all Asia, of Africa, and of a great deal of America, with the demands of the representative system, even as partially developed in the parliamentary and municipal system of Great Britain. Only conceive the House-of-Commons work going on under the sun of Calabria or Sicily. Don't you see that the inhabitant of the south is positively in many respects a different being from the Englishman, the Frenchman, and the German? Just put away all popular phrases out of your brain, and look at the Southern and Oriental character as it is. Does it not universally present a union of languor and excitability, totally incompatible with that everlasting bustling, busy, energetic mode of thought and action which is necessary to make a representative government an honest reality. Look at the South-American republics. What are they but dictatorships? Oriental despotisms, with a few of the phrases and forms of European constitutionalism.

After all, there's an intimate connexion between fog and franchise. Who'd pester himself with politics under the glorious sun of the South, with a teeming soil, and weeks in succession without a cloud to hide the sky? You can't have a steady application to politics with the thermometer at 90° in the shade. People want to be governed, when it's terribly hot for months and months together. Of course they want to be governed well; but if that can't be, they won't take the trouble to govern themselves, except by violent fits and starts. Revolutions, if you please, are easy enough under a broiling sun; but a House-of-Commons Committee is as incompatible as ice itself with a melting atmosphere. Representative governments go with the green grass; where the heat is so intense that the turf is periodically burnt up for more than half the year, there men won't take the trouble to govern themselves, and they must be governed with a strong, though paternal arm.

All this is very sad, no doubt, in many people's eyes. In my own, I confess, it is not gratifying, for I own to an intense dislike of despotism of every species. But one can't get over facts, you know: if the weather will make people idle in habits and vehement in passion, I see no help for it but to take them as they are, and reconcile ourselves to the fact that republicanism and the ten-pound franchise are no part of the Christian revelation, and that it is possible for a man to be good and happy who never even heard of a representative government, and the blessedness of Whiggism and Radicalism.

York. This is all very well, Mr. Lyle; but I don't see how what you say is to be reconciled with what I sometimes hear

from other Catholics about "liberty" and its vast advantages *What* is the liberty they mean?

Lyle. Really, Edward, I can't explain other people's words. *I* very often don't know what they mean by liberty, and I suspect very often they don't know themselves. In my younger days, I used to be taught by a shrewd old fellow who had the drilling of me, that when a man began to talk about "principles" or about "development," you might be sure he was going to humbug you. Now, of course there are such things as "principles," and such a process as "development;" but nevertheless there was a mighty deal of truth in what my old friend said. And so I say about "liberty:" there is such a thing as "liberty," and "rational liberty" too, and a very good thing it is in its way; but save me from the task of affixing a meaning to nine-tenths of the trash that is talked about liberty in general, both civil and religious. I am a lover of rational liberty;—what Catholic is not?—but if by liberty you mean representative government, then I say, if you uphold what you call the *principles* of liberty, you are talking either nonsense or falsehood. As for me, I am for a republic in America, an autocracy in the South, a monarchy (such as it is) in Great Britain, and as for Ireland, why the less that's said the better, or we shall be muttering treason against some majesty or other —the majesty of the electors of England, or of the House of Commons, or of Queen Victoria, or of the Irish landlords, or of Established Protestantism, or some other potentate now holding the reins of power.

York. But surely, sir, it is desirable to conciliate our fellow-countrymen; is it not?

Lyle. Undoubtedly, *when you can*. But you will never do this by being ashamed of your own principles, or by adopting the phraseology of the age. Remember that our Protestant fellow-countrymen are *the world;* and being so, they must dislike, suspect, or hate us till the end of all things. When they are really conciliated, it is an accident not to be calculated on. And now come and take a walk.

THE FUGITIVE. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.*

[The following tale, with the exception of a few unessential particulars, is a relation of circumstances which actually occurred; and the subject of the narrative, Simon Platzer, is still, or at least was very lately, an active parish priest in his native valleys. The time when the narrative commences was one of great trial and sorrow to the religious and loyal people of the Tyrol. The treaty of Presburg, in 1805, had torn them from the house of Austria, to which for nearly five hundred years they had been devotedly attached, and assigned their country to the king of Bavaria, who soon began to introduce changes both in their government and religion most galling to the free-hearted Tyrolese. Regulations were made with regard to the exercise of the Bishops' functions and the offices of the Church, which caused one faithful pastor after another to submit to exile rather than sacrifice any of his sacred obligations, leaving his beloved flock to the ministrations of a schismatical clergy whom the government appointed to supply the place of the recusants. Meanwhile the noble-hearted people unanimously refused obedience to the royal curates, and fled from the churches rather than receive the sacraments from any but their lawfully-appointed pastors. In 1809, the breaking out of the war between France and Austria lighted into flame the spark that had long smouldered among their mountains. Hofer, also a native of the Passeyer Valley, placed himself at the head of his countrymen; and by their heroic courage and fidelity to each other and their cause, they had almost succeeded in shaking off the yoke of the enemy of their religion and their liberty, when Napoleon sent his forces to the aid of the Bavarian king, and forced them to lay down their arms and suffer in patience, until the change of European affairs in 1814 again reunited them to the dominions of the crown of Austria.

The little church of Riffian is still a favourite resort of the pious Tyrolese, who frequently make a pilgrimage to its image of our Lady of Dolours, which has long been much reverenced in the neighbourhood. The narrative is translated from the German.]

It was a beautiful afternoon in the September of 1808, when three Bavarian officers rode into the little village of Riffian, which lies at the entrance of the Passeyer Valley. A boy guided them to the Viddum (the residence of the parochial

* Taken from the verbal account of the priest Simon Platzer.

clergy); and while they were engaged in securing their horses to the iron bars that guarded the lower windows, the Curate hastened out of the garden to meet his visitors. "This is indeed an honour, Major." "You see, Herr Curate, I am a man of my word." They shook hands, and retired into the garden under the shade of the vines, where refreshments quickly followed.

"If you had not mentioned to me the other day that you were unpleasantly circumstanced, Herr Curate," remarked the officer, "I should have considered your present situation a most enviable one." "Do not let us touch on that subject now, Major; I should be unwilling to disturb your moments of repose by the relation of my grievances." "Not at all, my friend; I owe you something in return for the many hours of pleasure your society has afforded me at Br——, particularly your skilful billiard-playing. I am here to-day on purpose to rid your paradise of its serpent. You are, indeed, surrounded by a cross-grained population in this lovely spot: no one could be persuaded to shew us your house, and we had to force a boy to come with us." "I suppose," said the Curate, "that they were afraid you were come to carry off the Co-operator." "What has this young priest been doing, then, in your parish?" "Oh, Major, I almost blush to tell you." "I must know, though." "Why, when I arrived here with my invalid sister, and myself rather indisposed, he greets me with a notification from Coire, that a royal institution to a cure of souls was invalid; that through the generosity of the absent rightful curate I might be permitted, for the time, to enjoy the revenues of the cure, but on condition that I would abstain from all exercise of my office so long as I had received no faculties from the Bishop of Coire." "And what answer did you make the beardless youngster?" "What could I say? I cast up my eyes to heaven, seeking there help, and left him without any definite reply." "Thunder and lightning! why did you bear it so tamely?" "Because, to say the truth, I could not do without him. On my arrival here, I found both parlour and kitchen empty; and I had no one to wait upon me." "And on that account you suffered his insolence so quietly?" "According to him, I was quite in his power; for no one, even at *his* request, would lend a chair or a kettle to the heretical priest, till at last the schoolmaster let me have, out of my predecessor's furniture, what was most necessary. And it was only by threatening to deprive them of the sacraments that the Co-operator succeeded in persuading two women to enter my house." "Well, the fellow seems to have some good left in him." "Nothing is more painful than to be reduced to receive

benefits from an enemy." "What, then, were the chairs and kettles only to be considered as marks of his ill-will?" "I can scarcely think otherwise. But to continue. I placed myself in the confessional: no one came to me. I ascended the pulpit: every one left the church. They even avoided my daily Mass, as if by being present at it, they would be involved in all sorts of ecclesiastical censures; until my precious subordinate condescended to assure them that I was permitted to say Mass like any other strange priest. The sick, however, still close their doors against me, or leave their very beds to avoid me. No one bows on meeting me in the village; and if I salute them, they turn away in disgust." "Such conduct is unheard of. Have the goodness to send for the scoundrel to me."

The Curate rang a little bell, and sent for the Herr Co-operator. "This intriguer," continued he, "also managed to rouse the whole parish of Méran in this way against its curate, and succeeded in driving him from an honourable post into a hermitage." In a few minutes appeared the assistant priest, in his cassock. He was a man of low stature, and strongly built; he did not seem more than thirty years old; his countenance flushed at the sight of the officer, and the fire of his eyes became tempered with a look of trouble and disquietude. The Curate addressed him, "The Major desires your company." "I feel much flattered," was the reply. "Young man," sternly began the Major, "expect no flattery from a soldier; far from it; I am about to speak very openly to you. How dare you set on foot such cabals as I have just heard of against my friend here, who is a man of honour? By what right do you refuse to acknowledge the royal appointment that he holds? What reason do you give for not subjecting yourself to his authority? It is you who have stirred up discontent in the community; and not satisfied with doing as much mischief as possible in your own parish, you incite the inhabitants of other places against *their* superiors also. You have broken the law, and I feel very much inclined to take you into custody immediately."

Simon Platzer, for this was the name of the Co-operator, started at these words and bit his lip; his brow contracted as he replied, "Herr Major, in the first place you are no superior of mine, and have therefore no right to adopt this tone towards me; in the second place I will observe, that you only obey your general, and I my Bishop. I shall not again subject myself to be called a seducer of the community, a fosterer of cabals, and a breaker of the laws: your most humble servant." He bowed indignantly and withdrew; the two gazed after him completely silenced, then looked at each other with astonishment. "Very well," muttered the Major between his set teeth;

then silently shook the Curate's hand, hastened to his horse, mounted it, and galloped out of Riffian.

From this evening forwards, the government Curate was unusually conversational and friendly; Platzer, by degrees, began to entertain the idea, that the firmness of his manner had intimidated the Major, as it had before done his friend.

But just eight days after this occurrence, the Co-operator received a summons to appear without delay before the court at Méran. The Mayor knew him intimately, and was well inclined towards him. He caused to be read to him a decree from the General Commissariat at Inspruck, to the following effect: "Whereas the assistant priest, Simon Platzer, refuses obedience to his superior, the Curate S.; whereas he throws every hindrance in the way of the said curate's discharge of his official duties, and also excites the inhabitants of the parish against him, thereby disturbing the public peace: therefore the priest, Simon Platzer, is required to leave Riffian within twenty-four hours, and is also commanded to appear before the Special Commissariat at Trent within three days from this time." Platzer defended himself with energy; and the Mayor, satisfied with his defence, desired him to return to Riffian without apprehension; he retained, meanwhile, the decree in his own hands, hoping to appease the General Commissariat by his representations.

Platzer returned home agitated by feelings both of joy and anger, and could not entirely conceal his satisfaction even from the author of his troubles; but when retired to the solitude of his chamber, he purified his heart by prayer from all unworthy impulses, and sank peacefully to rest.

He was wakened by the house-bell. Thinking it was a sick-call, he hastened to the window, and inquired who was below. "It is Lorenz," answered a deep well-known voice. "The Gerichtsdiener* at this hour! What can he want?" Muttering these words, Platzer struck a light with some perturbation, threw on his cassock, thrust his feet into his slippers, and hastened down to the house-door. "Lorenz, what can you want at this time of night?" "The Mayor has just received these orders; they came at ten o'clock." So saying, Lorenz handed him a decree, and then added in a lower voice, "This letter is from his Reverence Herr D." As he spoke, he put another paper mysteriously into the priest's hand, raised his shaggy eyebrows and compressed his lips, at the same time nodding significantly; as soon, however, as he felt some pieces of money glide into his palm, his face lighted up, and his copper-coloured

* The court apparitor or messenger.

nose assumed a deeper tinge. "Many thanks; I wish you good night;" he bowed, and the door closed after him.

In the greatest agitation, the Co-operator hastened back to his chamber, and there opened the decree. With astonishment, he perceived that it was the same which the Mayor had read to him the day before. "Did he not promise me to get the sentence reversed?" said he to himself. He next tore open the letter; it was as follows:

"My friend,—I grieve to tell you that all the efforts of the Mayor have been in vain; this very evening he has been severely censured by the Major for not having caused the royal orders from Inspruck to be carried into effect. This is the reason of your again receiving the decree, and at this hour. They will not give you time to escape; to-morrow morning early a troop will be at Riffian for the purpose of arresting you; the soldiers threaten loudly to make an example of you; fly as quickly as possible. The Curate Planger is also betrayed; warn him of his danger. Our messenger, your cousin, whom they likewise wish to seize, is at present concealed in my house. God be with you! "NOTUSAMANU."

Platzer let the note fall on the table, and paced the room with hasty steps. "Now all is over; there is no help for it. What shall I do? Yes, that must be the plan!" He destroyed some of his papers, arranged the rest, as also his books; donned hastily his best attire, concealed about his person what little money he had, and took leave of his beloved chamber. As noiselessly as possible he left the house, and betook himself to the church. The moon was shining on the churchyard, and the crosses at the head of the graves glistened like silver. The priest knelt on the stone before the church-door; through a small crevice he could see the ever-burning lamp, and the altar in its flickering light. He recommended himself and his afflicted flock to Jesus present in the blessed Sacrament, and to the Mother of Sorrows: confidence and comfort returned again to his soul.

The first dawn of day appeared over the eastern mountains as the fugitive quitted the much-loved village. He struck into the rough mountain-path, which led among the vineyards to the neighbouring village of Ruens; there, in the Viddum, lay concealed the Curate Planger, who had been banished from Riffian and the district of Méran. Platzer had often visited him secretly, to convey to him intelligence and receive directions from him. He met him coming from the church, where he was accustomed to offer up the Holy Sacrifice before daybreak. He handed over to him both the decree and the letter, and then hastened into the house of God, to take advantage

of the opportunity to say his Mass. Upon his return, he found the Curate all ready prepared for his journey. They went together, over vine-covered hills and corn-fields, as far as the neighbouring village of Tyrol, where their sudden appearance and the tidings they brought not a little surprised their trusty friends at the Viddum. While they were partaking of breakfast, the housekeeper brought in the news that had just arrived, that a large party of soldiers, accompanied by two constables, had gone to Riffian. Both the fugitives hastened their departure. The one intended bending his course towards the north, the other towards the south; for Planger intended to seek a hiding-place in Graun, while Platzer was determined to go by a circuitous route to Trent, and present himself there. As he had been particularly recommended to the Special Commissary, Count von Spaur, he hoped to find in him the desired protection against the violence of the military. The parting of the friends was most touching, for the separation of the fatherly Curate from his beloved Co-operator was painful for both. The former then turned his steps towards the heights, which lead behind the Castle of Tyrol towards the Vintschgau.

Platzer, with whom our story remains, took the lower path among the vineyards,—sometimes getting along without difficulty under cover of the trellis-work, sometimes making his way through tendrils and underwood, springing over walls and hedges,—and thus reached the low meadows of Algund. Carefully choosing the direction where he would be most concealed by vines and trees, he soon found himself near the high road, where the walls of a vineyard formed a right angle beneath the still rich foliage of a beautiful chestnut-tree. Before availing himself of the thick branches to climb the wall that separated him from the road, he looked anxiously in both directions; then suddenly the idea occurred to him to wait where he was a little time, and see if any acquaintance should pass along the road, whom he might trust to convey tidings of his situation, and of his journey to Trent, to his relations in Morter and Martell. He sat down, therefore, on the grass, and took out his Breviary, keeping watch at the same time.

Soon, to his joyful surprise, he perceived coming up the road one whom he recognised as a cousin of his living at Morter; he passed close by the wall near the priest, but did not see him. "Whither so fast, cousin Franz?" The man turned hastily round, startled at being thus suddenly addressed; but when he saw who it was, his astonishment, if possible, was increased. "Herr Simon! Herr Simon! is it you?" and he came nearer. "Truly it is," answered Platzer in a lower tone. "Be cautious; I am making my escape from the

Bavarian soldiers. The hand of Providence has brought you here; I was just looking out for some one who would take a message to my family." "Oh, cousin, this is certainly no mere chance; it is almost a miracle. Would you believe it, I was just going to Riffian with a message for you." "Has any thing happened, then? Is my sister-in-law ill?" "She is not very well; but your mother"—"How? what! my mother? Is she ill? Is she dead? Speak; conceal nothing! I am prepared for the worst." "She lives; her illness is not even dangerous. But listen: a month ago, the news came from Schlanders to Morter that you had sold yourself to the Bavarians, and had turned Lutheran. No one believed it, but your family were much pained by the calumny, particularly your mother. Soon afterwards there was another report, that you had made a noble resistance all along, that you had been carried in chains to Trent, and there shot." "Chatterers are like swallows," muttered Platzer; "they snatch at empty air." The other proceeded, "This second report was believed by every one; many revered you already as a martyr. But it has had a dreadful effect on your old mother; she has had delirious fancies ever since; she thinks she hears and sees all sorts of things, and continues to be like this day after day."

The priest wrung his hands, and looked up to heaven; then sinking down, leaned his head against the wall, and groaned and wept bitterly. His cousin laid his hand gently on his shoulder, and enteated him to be cautious. It was in vain. He clasped his hands together, sobbing wildly, and cried in a half-stifled voice, "Neither deaf nor blind, neither sick nor dead, but insane!—insane, and through me!" "Be still, be still, for heaven's sake! there is some one coming—it is a coach." The poor man saw it, though half-blinded by his tears, and threw himself down behind the wall on the grass, and covered his face with his hands. By degrees the violence of his sobs decreased, he became calmer, and at length quite still; in a little while he dried his tears and rose. His cousin was sitting on a milestone on the other side of the road, apparently buried in thought. Platzer made a sign to him to come near, and said, "My friend, hasten as quickly as possible back to my mother, and take advantage of a lucid interval to make her understand that you have seen me here, and have spoken with me. Say nothing of the journey I have resolved on: I shall cross the Adige here, and follow the right bank to Trent. In a few days, with God's help, I will return, and hasten to my mother." "Herr Simon, mere words are useless. We have assured her again and again that you are alive and well, and at liberty. The only thing that can drive away

her imaginations is your bodily presence. So says the doctor; so says the Herr Curate. And now I am to turn back and astonish your family by telling them that I met you here, near Algund, but that you chose to go on to Trent, from whence most likely you will never return. Now you are free, what can be more important to you than saving your mother?"

Platzer leaned his arms on the wall, and rested his head upon them: he was a prey to conflicting feelings. Never before had reason and affection been in such violent opposition in his breast. The one said, "Do not put yourself in the wrong by disobeying the summons. First set right your affairs at Trent, and then go to your mother; the short delay cannot do her any real mischief." But the heart cried loudly, "Forget every thing, venture every thing! Care first for your dearest earthly possession—your mother!" And the heart prevailed. "Cousin Franz, I will go back with you," said the priest, and sprang over the wall.

They immediately took the road homewards, keeping the open path without fear or precaution. Filial love urged on the son. He now broke to his cousin the fact, that his son also, the student, was a fugitive. The father turned pale; and while he hesitated whether he should not return to Méran, the other hastened onwards, at a pace that was more running than walking. The day was sultry, but it was not that that fevered his blood. He only stayed his rapid course here and there to quench his thirst by a spring. Meantime the sun had sunk lower in the heavens, and cooler breezes already began to play around him as he turned his steps over the fields behind Latsch towards his native valley. The lonely watch-tower that guarded the entrance seemed to look down on him more gloomily than ever: as it stood there grey with age, he could have fancied it the gravestone of his earthly happiness. He had already reached the meadows of the village, when the well-known Angelus-bell came upon his ear through the stillness of the evening, with the fainter summons following close upon it, like a low prayer from the world of spirits. The goats, with their tinkling bells, sprang bleating from the wooded heights to where their youthful keepers awaited them below. Mothers and maidens came to the doors of the houses and stables with their bright milkpails. Every thing around was familiar to our wanderer; but how changed seemed he himself!—and how sad his fate! He drew his hat over his brows; and the cloak, that he would so gladly have dispensed with during his toilsome journey, he now folded closely round him to avoid recognition.

He went straight to his brother's house. In the kitchen

he met his sister Marie. She dropped her long wooden spoon, gazed at him for a moment, then springing to him with a cry of joy, covered his hand with kisses. Her brother, she said, had gone to Schlanders to fetch the doctor; his wife was certainly no longer in danger, but suffering—the infant was in heaven. That the surprise might not be too much for her sister-in-law, Marie went to announce to her the arrival of Platzer, and in a few moments opened gently the bed-room door. The sick woman raised herself as he entered, and with trembling lips kissed the hand of her beloved relative: a faint tinge of red passed over her mild pale face. The priest spoke a few words of comfort, but was easily excused from remaining long, when it was understood that he was on his way to his mother, and would be obliged to leave the valley the next morning. He found it harder to withstand the entreaties of his affectionate sister that he would at least stay with her till he had taken some refreshment; but leaving his heavy cloak on the bench, he took a hurried leave. Marie accompanied him a little way: in saying farewell he took the opportunity of whispering in her ear, "Keep my visit here a secret; I am flying from the Bavarians." At these words she started and turned pale; but by the time she had recovered herself her brother was already some distance off.

Behind the village of Morter opens the narrow entrance of the valley of Martell. There the Plima rolls its dashing waves between high rocks, and the rough stony path is always darkened by mountain shadows, and the overhanging branches of the larch, the fir, the alder, and the beech. But now, too, the night had closed in, and, after a most brilliant day, thick clouds had gathered, and now hung darkly round, like the sad thoughts that thronged the mind of our lonely traveller. Sometimes he thought of his sick mother, sometimes of the unhappy village of Riffian, now of Méran, now of Trent; and the past and the future blended themselves together, till a dangerous stumble would awake him from his reverie. His excited imagination converted every tree and shadow into human figures, made him fancy he heard cries and saw the glitter of arms at every turn, and caused his wonted courage to give place to fear and apprehension. "But listen—that surely is no fancy! There is some one running: I see the figure. It is a woman! How she pants! Ha!—Marie—you? In the name of God what has happened? Are the soldiers there?" Marie was breathless, but she shook her head, and at last brought out with difficulty the words, "Thank heaven—that I have caught you—at last: how fast you walked!" "Come, let us sit down on this stone. What have you got there in

that white cloth?" She untied it, and produced a flask of wine and some rolls of bread with fresh butter. "Good soul! it is true I have eaten nothing since breakfast." "Ah! I guessed so when I heard of your flight." "You foolish little thing, did you think, then, that I should die of hunger in these two hours?" "I pictured to myself your fainting, and lying in the road or amongst the bushes, or perhaps falling into the water." "And this fancy made you run after me for more than two miles, along this dangerous road, in the dark? Sister, you are too kind; but God will reward you." "Besides, I wanted to see you again. Oh, it is perhaps for the last time!"

At these words she flung herself on her brother's neck, and sobbing hid her face on his breast, clasping him convulsively in her arms. His heart melted at the ardour of her sisterly affection, and *his* tears also began to flow. They sat in silence for a time. At their feet dashed the foaming stream; above their heads waved the whispering branches of a giant elm. The moon came forth from amongst the clouds, as if to gaze upon and greet them, while her softest rays, like flowers from heaven, fell at their feet. The priest calmed his sister as well as he could; he raised her from her seat; they both looked upwards, and she repeated after him the words, "Father, thy will be done." But now the moon was again hidden by clouds; darkness veiled the sky. He gave her his parting blessing, and hastened away. Still her voice seemed to ring in his ears, till it was lost amidst the dash of the water and the roar of the wind; though even then his heart continued to echo the words, "Farewell, farewell."

But soon the image of the sister was chased away by that of the mother. His heart beat violently as he drew nearer to his home and to her. "In what state shall I find her? How will she receive me? What effect will my arrival, what my hasty departure, have upon her?" and each of these questions was answered by a thousand changing fancies. Ten o'clock tolled from the church-steeple. Thunder rolled from the black clouds in the distance. The traveller's hands trembled as he opened a gate leading from the road; and he almost tottered as he passed along the footpath which led to the newly-built house of his younger brother. A faint light glimmered from the window, now leaping high with a flickering flame, now seemingly almost extinguished. With the help of the stem of a tree he raised himself to the window, and looked in. What a sight met his eyes! His brother sat by the fireside, sadly leaning his head on his hands. His mother, pale and emaciated, stood at the table; her white hair hung dishevelled on each side her face. She stood motionless, and looked vacantly before

her; suddenly a shudder came over her frame; she spoke, making wild gestures. Her daughter drew her back on the bench, and held before her a plate, in vain trying to induce her to eat. The priest could bear it no longer; staggering from his support, he seated himself on the door-stone, and wept long and bitterly.

At length he summoned courage to rise and knock at the door. After some movement within, it was opened. "God greet you, brother Blasius." "Holy Joseph! our brother; it is our brother!" Darting back, he repeated these last words at the door of the inner room, which brought his sister out also. They wept with joy, and drew the priest into the room, exclaiming, "Mother, here is Simon; the Herr Simon." She stood up and gazed at him with her sunken eyes. He seized her hand and kissed it, saying cheerfully, "God greet you, dear mother; how are you?" After a pause, as if she was recollecting herself, she said slowly and gravely, "Herr Simon, is it you? I thought they had shot you?" Her son replied, laughing, "Oh, they have not hurt a hair of my head. Look at me, how fresh and healthy I am. Are not my cheeks red?" But the lucid interval was already over. Her face became troubled, and more and more clouded. "There he is! Simon! Simon! Let him go! He is my son; he has done no harm. He was always a good child." Sinking on her knees, she stretched out her joined hands: "Oh, for the mercy of God, spare my child! I am his mother! I beseech you! I beseech you!" Then slowly rising, she fastened her piercing eyes on vacancy: "Will you not? Wolves! tigers! devils! What! murder a priest? an anointed of the Lord? Let him go, or I will tear you to pieces." Her two sons and her daughter were obliged to hold her fast during this fearful paroxysm. She gnashed her teeth; her flaming eyes seemed ready to spring from their sockets; every muscle was convulsed, every joint was strained to its utmost. The three could hardly hold her. "Fire at me! at my heart! at me! It is in vain. They fire! He is dead!"

As she gasped out the last word, her limbs gave way, and slipping from those who held her, she sank like a corpse upon the floor. Her children stood around her weeping, not knowing if their mother still lived or not. "She has never had so frightful an attack before," said the daughter at last. "What a sad welcome for you, dear brother!" said Blasius. "Be it as God wills it," answered the priest. They now began to rub her arms and temples with vinegar, and endeavoured to revive her by aromatics. At length they perceived a returning warmth; the pulse began again to beat; the lips and eyelids

moved; the eyes opened. She was lifted into an easy-chair, where she soon came to herself, though still extremely exhausted. Her head hung down; the expression of her eye was troubled. The priest did not again venture to address her; they carried her to her bed-room, and she did not again recognise him, though he busied himself about her with the others. When their mother had been laid to rest, the brothers and sister sat together; but Herr Simon refused all refreshment; he was not able to eat. They conversed together; he told them briefly how he was circumstanced, and of his intention of starting again at break of day, and taking the way over the mountains to Ulten, and thence to Trent.

Suddenly a loud knocking was heard at the house-door. They all started. The priest asked cautiously, "Who is there?" "Open! open quickly!" was the answer. Recognising the voice of his brother Denis, he opened the door. Denis came in, agitated and out of breath: "Brother, you must fly—the soldiers!" "What! are the dogs already on my track?" "They have surrounded my house; they threaten to burn Morter to the ground, if you are not given up to them. Unfortunately, they found your cloak and papers in my house." "O heavens, the decree and the letter!" "Then they turned over every thing in the house, broke every place open, and even drove their bayonets into the bed my wife was lying upon." "The inhuman wretches." "I could find no means of escape to hasten to you, till at last I clambered from my roof on to the next house, and so got away. Had I not been able to prove that I had been absent from home, they would certainly have taken me prisoner." He ceased speaking; the sister sobbed; Blasius and Denis shuddered. "Do not give way thus," said the priest, kindly. "Denis, you return quickly home to your sick wife; besides, your absence might awaken suspicion. Take with you from Martell some one you can depend upon. If you see lanterns in the distance, turn out of the road, and send back your companion to me. I suspect, however, that the lowland soldiers will never venture on the difficult mountain-path during this frightful thunder-storm, but will wait till to-morrow to continue the pursuit. I am not afraid. With God's help, I shall easily escape them." Denis followed these directions; and as the Herr Simon was much exhausted, and felt that he must prepare for future exertions, he lay down on a bed in an upper room, leaving his brother Blasius to watch. He did not, however, undress, but only took off his coat.

But sleep was chased from his eyelids by the tumult of his breast, as sea-birds are frightened away by the stormy bil-

lows. Between three and four o'clock the church-bells began to toll; the smallest one rang first, then the next-sized one, and lastly the largest; then all three joined in chorus, and their clear voices, sounding through the solemn stillness of the morning, proclaimed the commencement of the sacred day. He then recollected the obligation under which every priest lies of offering up the Holy Sacrifice on that day; but under present circumstances he felt it his duty to obey the natural law of self-preservation. But these thoughts had already turned his soul to prayer; he rose, dressed himself, and said his office. About five o'clock he determined to set out on his journey; he called his sister to prepare quickly for him some poached eggs and a glass of warm wine for his morning repast. His sister was keeping watch at the house-door, and told him that his brother Blasius was gone to the church, as there would be only one Mass said there that day. Just then the bells told that the Mass was beginning; so while his sister busied herself in the kitchen, the priest stationed himself at the bed-room window to assist, at least in spirit, at the holy Sacrifice.

But at the first glance through the dim twilight, what does he see? Soldiers, just at the gate of the meadow-path leading to the house. "God be my aid!" exclaimed he; and threw on his brother's hat and cloak. Just then his sister came in with the wine and eggs; she looked at him with astonishment; he pointed to the window, stammering, "The soldiers! the soldiers! Farewell!" and rushed from the room. He took his way up some steps to the garret above, tore open the door under the roof, closing it behind him, and made his way through the underwood on the mountain-side, against which the house was built. As soon as he found himself in the open air, his terror vanished. The fresh morning breezes played upon his burning brow; he was in comparative security, for neither the soldiers nor their bullets could reach him where he was. But soon, with fresh horror, he heard cries proceeding from the dwelling, and imagined the soldiers were within; then he recognised his mother's voice pronouncing his own name,—the door opened, and he saw his mother herself, clothed only in her night-dress. "Simon! my Simon!" cried she, and ran with incredible speed over thorns and briars towards him. "Simon, take me with you! Let me go with you!" Exclaiming thus, she endeavoured to force her way, with bare feet and outstretched arms, through the thick bushes to her son, who fled from his own mother with greater horror than from his armed foes. At length she sank on the ground; and her daughter, who had hastened after her, drew her down, struggling and weeping, to the door. She was

with difficulty carried in, and the door closed. The poor woman had heard all from her room, which joined that of the priest — the words of her son, the lamentations of her daughter; she had sprung out of her bed and followed him, without any one being able to prevent her.

This last alarm paralysed the limbs of the fugitive; his strength failed, and at this moment he would have fallen an easy prey to his pursuers. Soon, however, a feeling of indignation gave him fresh strength. He ground his teeth together with a momentary desire of revenge, when just then the church-bell sounding for the Elevation recalled him to himself. The hill behind the house was covered with dwarf cherry-trees, larch-trees, and alders, thickly interspersed with hazel-bushes. Screened by these, Platzer determined to remain until he could discover what had become of his family, and which way the soldiers would turn their steps. For this purpose he chose his station behind a large tree, about 200 paces from the house. He sees with astonishment the Bavarians still in their former position on the road; now four soldiers pass by with fixed bayonets—ha! who is that led between them like a criminal just taken? it is Blasius. Platzer shuddered, leant against a branch of the tree, and groaned. They take off the coverings from their muskets (the weather had been rainy). The law-officers from Schlanders prepare the manacles and irons, and open the gate. The troop, which consists of thirty-six soldiers, begin to move, one man behind the other; except that a soldier walks on each side of Blasius, who is third in the train and between bayonet-points. Some of the soldiers accompany Blasius into the house, the remainder surround it, and expecting every moment to see the pursued spring out, they cock their muskets and take aim. The shots passed through the window, shattering them to pieces; and the beholder could well picture to himself the brutality and tumult within. At length they drew off, and without Blasius. By this time a crowd of the inhabitants of the valley had collected upon the road; their unquiet demeanour betrayed their wish to be doing something. A disdainful laugh went round as the soldiers filed out of the field, and when the bearded sergeant-major gave the order, "Silence there!" the laugh grew still louder; some shouted, others whistled. The troop divided itself into several companies, which separated in different directions, to continue the search for the fugitive. Platzer resolved to avoid the low ground. He climbed up through the bushy and well-wooded "Tangthal" for about four miles, till he reached the solitary farm-house of Obholz.

The mists still rolled around the mountain-tops, and the

morning sun, in the midst of grey vapours, shewed like a faint point of light, which slowly grew larger.

In his broad-brimmed hat and countryman's mantle, our friend was already traversing the green pastures that surrounded the farmhouse. Now he had reached the house; he looked through the window, walked anxiously up and down, then suddenly advanced to the door and turned the handle of the lock; but in vain. He knocked till the house rang again; there was no movement; all was still. "They are gone to church; they will soon be back. But who knows if the old inhabitants are still here? Every thing on earth is unstable, unstable as these changing mists. At all events, it might be more prudent to reconnoitre these people from some hiding-place, before I trust myself to them."

Close to the house, which was built partly of wood and partly of brick, stood a large shed for hay, built against the hill. The flooring was supported in front by pillars of brick-work, and thus formed a receptacle for wood, baskets, sledges, and the like. Our friend took possession of this hiding-place, and entrenched himself behind the implements, &c., in such a way, that though he could see distinctly all that passed, he could not himself be perceived. A short time elapsed; then a boy came slowly up, carelessly humming a tune, and carrying a vine-branch, which he was holding up to see if any of the grapes had dropped off. He drew out of a heap of fir-chips, that stood against the wall, the key, and opened the door. "This one at least I do not know," said Platzer to himself. "I suppose it is the goatherd; how he reminds me of times long gone by—happy times!" Soon after he heard voices. Two young men appeared coming up the steep path in earnest conversation. They were dressed in long brown jerkins; one was tall and strongly built, about twenty-six years old: the glossy plume of a black cock nodded in his hat. His companion was of a slighter make, and seemingly less robust; he held his hat dangling from his hand, as he wiped his brow. They were now near enough for Platzer to overhear their conversation. "Those cursed Bavarians!" said the first, "we ought to have sent them off with broken heads." "It would have been rash, though," replied the other; "we should have paid dearly for every drop of blood." "Oh, you are always prudent and calculating; why a hundred rifles could guard the valley, so that not even a mouse could creep through." Talking thus, they passed by, with the long slow stride peculiar to the mountaineers. "Yes, yes, it is they, Peter and Anthony. It is fourteen years since I saw them. How I used to play with those boys, particularly Peter, about these

fields, and up above in the mountains! I wonder if their good mother be alive, who has so often given me bread and milk? God reward her for it! Who would ever have thought I should have returned here—like this? Oh, what a frightful labyrinth is man's life! No one knows where he is going. How much I have already gone through! and who knows what is yet in store for me? O God, thou only knowest it! But had I not better leave this damp place? Yet perhaps soldiers or spies may be tracking the footsteps of these mountaineers. I will have patience a little longer." He became again lost in thought; he abandoned his first plan for his journey, and was forming another, when he again heard footsteps. He looked out, and saw the good peasant woman, of whom he had so grateful a recollection, coming toiling up the hill. Somewhat bent and shrunk by age, she seemed different to what he remembered her; she was in deep mourning. In her hands she held a rosary; the large coral beads and silver cross hung nearly down to the ground. She passed on, murmuring her prayers, which were now and then interrupted by a sigh. Her daughter followed her with a modest and recollected air. Platzer was deeply affected at the sight of these friends of his childhood; never before had he felt so strongly how transitory are all earthly joys. It even seemed for a moment as if the figures that flitted past him were not living beings, but spectres risen from the grave. He could wait no longer. They were hardly out of sight when he crept from his hiding-place, listened for an instant, looked round him, and then advanced towards the house.

The goatherd was standing at the door eating a piece of bread, and gazed with astonishment at the stranger. "My lad," said Platzer, "do me a service, and I will reward you handsomely." "What is it?" asked the boy. "Stand here at this corner, and keep a sharp look-out that no one comes up the pass. If you see any one, give a loud whistle and come in." "Very good; you can trust to me till breakfast is ready."

After taking this precaution, he entered the house, and opened the room-door without knocking, as is the custom in the country, also keeping his hat on his head, only moving it a little in acknowledgment of the Christian greeting, "Praised be Jesus Christ!" "For ever and ever!" responded the mother, who at that moment came out of the adjoining room. Peter was cutting with a long knife a fresh roll of tobacco; Anthony was feeding and playing with a cross-bill. "Have you any sheep or goats to sell?" asked Platzer, disguising his voice and speaking in the rough Tyrolese dialect. He seated himself without ceremony on a bench, and looked quietly round the

room. Every thing was as in the old times; the same round table and the same easy-chair, made of nutwood; the same smoky Crucifix, with the same four pious pictures; the same wooden cuckoo clock, even the same water-bowl of pine-wood standing in the corner; and the same pots of rosemary and carnations on the window-sill. He was deeply moved.

Peter, pushing aside the roll of tobacco, looked at him with surprise, and said, "How come you to ask after cattle at this season of the year? The passenger cattle-dealers always come in the spring, not in the autumn." "My good people," returned the supposed cattle-dealer, "in these times one must not think of what is usual, one must do things when one can." "What part of the country do you come from?" "I was at Riffian till lately; I suppose you know where that is?" "Riffian!" exclaimed the mother; "that is where Herr Simon was, whom the Bavarians are hunting so dreadfully. God have mercy on us! what a fright we had to-day! I am still in a tremble from it. God grant they may not lay hold of the good priest; I have said my beads twice over for him on my way up." "I was by Blasius in the church," said Anthony, "when the soldiers carried him off. If the wretches had found the priest, they would have dragged him away too, even from the altar and from the Blessed Sacrament." Peter was glowing with anger; clenching his fist, he exclaimed, "If either he or his brother had been carried away, the rascals would not have escaped so easily: we had sworn it!" "Do you know this Platzer?" asked the stranger. "Know him!" echoed the mother; "why, when he was a boy, he kept some cattle up in the Saugalpe, and we saw him almost every day." "We were always together," added Peter. "He knew every bird's nest for miles round; he could hit a squirrel at the first shot, and once knocked down a hare forty paces off. He was the nicest lad I ever knew; I shall never forget him." Just then Anthony, who had been looking attentively at the stranger, touched Peter on the arm, and whispered in his ear, "That is no Riffian peasant; look at his shoes—his hands—how he muffles himself up!" "He is a spy!" interrupted Peter suddenly, and almost aloud. "The scoundrel! he is after Herr Simon! but he shall suffer for it." Anthony with difficulty restrained him, and said to the stranger, "As you are from Riffian, perhaps you can give us some true tidings of the Herr Simon; some say he has not been in these parts at all, others maintain that he was here in the night, but has now fled into the valleys. Have you seen anything of him, as you must have been there about the same time? Or at least do you know where he is?" "You need not be afraid of us,"

added the old woman; "we shall be as silent as the grave: tell us if you know." The stranger rose, and threw off his hat and cloak. "He is here," said he.

Had an angel from heaven appeared with celestial greeting, their astonishment and joy could hardly have been greater. "It is he! It is himself!" they exclaimed, first singly, then all together, kissing his hands and even his garments in the ardour of their delight. Upon hearing the cry, the daughter had joined the group, and now partook of their surprise and delight. The old woman trembled, sank down on the bench and sobbed. Platzer seized her hand. "Good mother, I have never forgotten you, I have often thought of you at the altar! God greet you, Peter, and you too, Anthony." "Who would ever have thought it!" cried Peter. "Well, you can disguise yourself most completely," said Anthony. "But your father?" asked Platzer; "is he already in heaven?" "I trust in God he is," answered the mother, covering her eyes. "It was on last Ascension-day that God took him to Himself," said the daughter. But you are exhausted; will you not take something?" "My good Josepha, I have not much appetite; but I will take a few spoonfuls of soup, if you will kindly give me some." "The soup for breakfast is just ready," said Josepha. "Well then, I will join you at your meal." Such an occasion roused the old peasant woman: she hastened to produce from a press in the adjoining apartment the ivory spoon that had been a wedding gift; she also brought out the beautifully woven table-cloth, which was reserved for festive occasions. Meanwhile Platzer conversed with Peter and Anthony upon his adventures.

They said grace aloud, and sat down to table; the goatherd had joined them, and stared not a little at finding the countryman transformed into a priest. "Shall I remain on the watch?" asked he timidly. "First eat your breakfast, my brave boy." Platzer now endeavoured to swallow some soup, but was unable. "My taste is quite gone," said he; "I do not feel otherwise ill, though." They all looked at him anxiously; the boy rose, took his bunch of grapes from the shelf, and laid them on the table before the priest, saying, "Try these grapes; at least they will cool and refresh you; I will go and watch again." He was gone before Platzer could reply. He praised the lad; and while the others related some traits of the goodness of his disposition, he eat some of the grapes, which in fact revived him.

"Now you must stay with us," said the mother. "Oh, yes, stay with us," cried the two sons and the daughter. "My beloved friends, you have no idea how vindictive and untiring

my persecutors are; it was only yesterday morning that they sought me in Riffian, and now they have already traced me to my home at Martell. Who knows if they might not follow me even here? I must continue my flight without delay; but I shall abandon my first plan of going to Ulten. Like a hunted hare driven from his course, I must follow the nearest path that lies open to me; I shall go over the mountains into the Grisons, to my beloved Bishop. May I ask a favour of you?—that one of you will go down to my brother Blasius for me." "I will! I will!" cried both the young men together. "It is I who ought to do it, Anthony; I have been more with Herr Simon than you." "Well then, Peter, you undertake the journey; and tell my brother to send to the Blue Rock on the Kreuzjoch, this evening, some trustworthy man to guide me over the mountains into Switzerland, and to send me by this man a peasant's dress that will fit me; as also some bread and some smoked meat, and five dollars. Beg my brother to stay himself at home, with my poor mother and sister. Greet them heartily from me; tell them to pray for me, and try not to be anxious about me." Peter was already at the door. "Peter, give me your hand once more; God knows when we shall meet again." "Oh, do not say farewell yet, Herr Simon; I shall meet you on the Kreuzjoch." In an instant he was gone, and was soon seen running down through the fields. "You must let me go with you," said Anthony. "Why should you take that trouble? I know these mountains well." "Oh, not on that account; but I want to have a long talk with you." "That is another thing."

The priest then gave them his blessing, and took leave of the mother and daughter; they wept as if parting with their nearest and dearest relative. The goatherd was still at his post; Platzer offered him a piece of silver. "Take this," said he, "in return for the trouble you have had, and for your nice grapes;" the boy blushing, put aside his hand, and steadily refused. The priest, pleased with his good feeling, noticed his clear expressive eyes and intelligent forehead, and asked how long he had been at school. "Three winters," was the reply, "and each time he has gained a prize." "Should you like to be a priest?" "I should like it well, but I cannot." "Anthony, the next opportunity, will you take this youth to the Herr Curate, and beg him earnestly from me to prepare him to study for the priesthood, as he once did for me under similar circumstances; with God's help, I will take care of the rest." The boy looked at him with his large blue eyes, which glistened with tears of joy; before he could answer, the priest was already some distance off. Recovering himself, the lad

hastened after him, and pressed a most fervent kiss on his benefactor's hand. The mother and daughter were standing in the garden above the house, to watch the departure of their respected guest; they continued to follow him with their eyes until the neighbouring hill hid him from their sight.

The clouds had broken, and their thin remains surrounded the azure space round the sun as with a silver wall. The rocky peaks of the mountains, with their varied shapes and sizes, looked like a row of giants, who, sitting, standing, leaning, basked in the sun after their stormy bath; from between the granite palaces and towers in the background sparkled the Glaciers, those mysterious labyrinths of ice and snow. The dark foliage of the forest wore a more cheerful green after the rain of the past night; the fading verdure of the Alpine meadows smiled as if at the return of spring; the rushing torrents alone, swollen and angry, revealed the recent war of the elements. Columns of smoke rose perpendicularly from the scattered farmhouses around and from the hamlets below; they seemed to tell of Sabbath rest and ease, enjoyed by the inhabitants of the valley; and our wanderer felt soothed in the midst of all his privations. Here and there he would stand still and look around him; rocks and woods, fields and hamlets—yes, the whole of the beloved valley of his birth, he impressed again upon his memory, that he might carry away the recollections of them as precious possessions to console him in his exile.

They had advanced up the valley a considerable way; through fields and pastures, over brooks and chasms. Now emerging from a pine-clad hollow, they ascended a rocky projection overgrown with hawthorn, from whence, as they well knew, extended a beautiful view over the valley as far as the church. Platzer hastened eagerly forward. His first glance was directed towards his beloved home. He saw the cottage; he distinguished the window at which his brother usually sat; he represented to himself his mother and sister, as he had seen them the day before. No one came in or went out; all was solitary and motionless. Then turning his eyes towards the church, he exclaimed: "Ha! the soldiers! Do you see them? There, near the sun!" "I thought I saw something dark," said his companion; "but I could not tell if it was men, or a drove of cattle, or what." "I see the muskets and bayonets. The peasants are collected round. God grant there may be no bloody encounter! Now they are drawing off—do you not see? All! all! Cannot you see? They are going round that hill; they are already hidden behind it. I hope they are at last leaving the valley. Thank God!" "You have eyes like

an eagle. Peter, too, can see people from one mountain to another, but I have been shortsighted ever since I was a child." Platzer now bid a last and fervent farewell to his home and friends, and then he and his companion continued their journey in the direction of the mountains, their path leading them over barren chalk rocks.

"Anthony, what is it you wanted to say to me? Forgive me, but I had nearly forgotten." "Why, I have heard a good deal, and now seen something, of how our priests are persecuted; but I have no clear notion why they are so, or how matters really stand. No one could tell me better than you, if it would not be too much trouble." "Not at all, dear Anthony; on the contrary, your desire for information gives me great pleasure. But where shall I begin? what shall I tell, and what leave out? for to give you a full account of the whole would be too much both for my time and your patience." "Arrange that as you think best."

"You know, then," began Platzer, "that the good king of Bavaria had promised solemnly to respect and protect all the existing rights of the Tyrolese, and particularly their religion. But alas, the protection that the Church received from those charged with the government was like that which the thorny bramble gives the poor sheep that seeks shelter beneath it."

"Ah, I understand you. We heard about the bramble and the sheep in the sermon to-day, but Herr Frühmesser gave it a different meaning; the bramble was the world, and the sheep the soul. But I have interrupted you."

"For the first year after the Tyrol was taken possession of, the Church was little troubled; but under cover of this seeming peace they were preparing to attack us. Suddenly decree after decree began to issue from the cabinet; they fell like destroying thunderbolts in the midst of all ecclesiastical discipline. The first decree was: '*All bulls of the Pope, and all episcopal acts, are for the future to be considered invalid and null, unless they have the royal confirmation.*'"

"Then the king at the very first tried to get the pastoral staff into his own hands. He wished to be both Bishop and Pope."

"Our opponents do not admit that. They, too, talk of the spiritual power in priests, which neither king nor emperor can possess; but they say that, as the clergy are but men, and misusing their high power, might make regulations prejudicial to the state; so the temporal prince, who is answerable for the weal of all his subjects, ought to have the right of overlooking them, and of preventing all that he considers hurtful."

"But according to that, a Bishop, before he consecrates a priest, must ask leave of his temporal superiors."

"In fact, the government has strictly forbidden the Bishops to consecrate any one priest who has not a testimonial from the head of one of the government colleges."

"Then they place more confidence in the professors than in the Bishops."

"So it seems, indeed. The government even arrogated to itself the pastoral right of appointing curates and parish priests; the Bishops were to propose three priests, and the king was to name the one he preferred, or if none of the three suited him, he might choose whom he pleased from the whole ecclesiastical body."

"But how can the king give spiritual jurisdiction, when he has not got it himself?"

"Why, they say this: 'That holy orders give to all priests power for every ecclesiastical function, and the king only marks out his post of action.' But the teaching of the Church is against this view. The Bishop does not only confer order, but also jurisdiction; and the priest can only become pastor of a flock by the authority of his Bishop."

"But, Herr Simon, with this new arrangement we shall get royal governors in the place of spiritual pastors."

"Exactly so; the Bishops themselves will be only looked upon as higher officials or state servants in matters of religion, as others in the affairs of war, learning, law, &c.; and as these latter receive their commands from the king, so, continues the decree, '*the Bishops are subject to the royal commands in spiritual affairs;*' nay, they are even required '*to swear a blind unconditional obedience to the royal government, whatever it may command.*'"

"Ha! ha! why, a common subject may not do that, to say nothing of a prince of the Church. I for one would not do it."

"The Bishops were willing to swear due obedience in all lawful things, but no conditions were accepted. The subject was to obey in every case, without exception."

"Yes, if one knew one would be told to do nothing but what was right."

"The Bishops emphatically protested, and appealed to the Pope. The Holy Father approved and commended their resistance, and exhorted them to stand firm. When the government found this, they forbade the Bishops to make any further appeals to Rome."

"That is just what I said before; the king is now both Bishop and Pope."

"At any rate, he will only tolerate the papal and episcopal power in his dominions so long as it will minister to the will of those who dare, with profane hand, to guide the bark of St. Peter."

(To be continued.)

Reviews.

THE ROMAN REVOLUTION.

La Rivoluzione Romana al giudizio degl' Imparziali. Firenze, 1851. (*The Roman Revolution according to the judgment of the Impartial.* Florence, 1851.)

A TRUE and faithful history of all the events which have happened in Rome since the accession to the pontifical throne of our holy Father Pius IX., written ably and impartially, yet at the same time not without a definite political and theological creed in the mind of the writer, would be a most valuable and interesting volume; and such a one we had hoped to have found in the work now lying before us. We must confess, however, to having risen from its perusal with a certain degree of disappointment. It is not that we have to complain of any want of impartiality in the narration of facts, nor yet the absence of any definite political and theological creed in the mind of the writer; on the contrary, our own personal knowledge enables us to vouch for the accuracy with which he has recorded by far the largest portion of the events which he describes, and we have every reason therefore to receive with confidence his account of events during the very short period that we were ourselves absent from the scene of action; whilst as to his religious and political creeds, he is evidently a most devout Catholic, and, we think we may safely add, a very staunch Conservative. But what we desiderate is, a clear and philosophical view of the rise and progress of the Roman Revolution considered as a whole, as one great chapter in the history of Central Italy; we want some insight not only into the motives of the principal agents, but also into the means whereby they managed to overcome the difficulties which stood in their way, and to enlist in their service the great mass of the people, who at one time were undoubtedly opposed to them, and whose opposition, had it continued, would have proved fatal to the accomplishment of their purpose. And here the writer of this "Impartial View of the Roman

Revolution" seems to us to be singularly deficient. We give him credit for a conscientious adherence to fact as an historian; he certainly is not wanting in literary ability as a writer; but he scarcely seems equal to the task he has undertaken as a philosopher. He gives us the material rather than the moral connexion of the several facts which he relates; and thinks he has done his duty when he has shewn us their chronological sequence, without taking any pains to point out to us what is of equal, or rather of far greater import, their *logical* sequence. Perhaps, however, we ought rather to say that he has failed in this part of his subject than that he has not attempted it; for there are frequent references, in the course of his work, both to the celebrated Mazzinian *programme* of 1846, and also to other later manifestoes of that arch-revolutionist and of some few of his collaborators. In all cases, however, they seem to us to fall short of the purpose for which they are adduced; they are clear proofs both of the talent and of the wickedness of the leaders, but they furnish no account of the motives of the subordinate instruments, who yet were all-important to the success of the undertaking in hand. For instance, to give the most obvious example of what we mean, we can nowhere gather from this writer's pages whether he considers the Roman people to have lent themselves eventually to the designs of the revolutionary party because they were corrupted, or because they were deceived; yet this is surely a most important item, and one which should be clearly understood, if we would make either a right estimate of what is past, or a probable conjecture on what is yet to come. Again, we do not remember that he has any where referred—certainly he has not given sufficient prominence—to the disgraceful and almost incredible cowardice and want of spirit on the part of the Roman nobility, as one of the most powerful auxiliaries to the rapid development and success of the Mazzinian conspiracy. And so on with many other details; there is a general oversight, we should say, throughout the whole book, of all those numerous and most essential links which must necessarily intervene between the mind that originally plans, and the hands which eventually bring about, a great national change. The writer does not seem to us duly to appreciate the *difficulties* of a revolution; certainly he has omitted to explain to us how, in this particular instance, they were overcome. And yet it is precisely this very point upon which we should most desire to have accurate information. We may be interested as politicians in knowing something of the principles and projects of such men as Mazzini, Garibaldi, Armellini, and the rest, who enjoy an European reputation, such as it is,

and exercise an European influence; but we are interested, as Catholics, in knowing through what means those plans and principles were brought into operation, and made to produce practical results upon the population of Rome, the inhabitants of the metropolis of Christendom, the immediate subjects of the Father of the Faithful, where, if any where, one would have imagined that there should have been the most efficient safeguards against the introduction of principles so subversive of all order, morality, and religion. We repeat, then, that we rose from the perusal of this book with a certain feeling of disappointment at not having found there any adequate explanation of a phenomenon which astonished us as we witnessed it at the time, and which still perplexes us as we look back upon it, even with the help of that light which the issue of events always throws, in a greater or less degree, upon the whole course of action that has preceded it,—the phenomenon of a people supposed to be well instructed in the doctrines of Christianity, and deeply imbued with its spirit, yet burning with enthusiasm for their Sovereign to-day, and execrating him to-morrow; that Sovereign having done nothing whatever in the interval to account for the change, and being moreover their spiritual as well as their temporal ruler, the head of the Church as well as of the State.

We should have been glad also if something more had been said upon the subject of this revolution, viewed in its bearings upon the position and fortunes of the Pope, considered only in his religious character as Head of the Church. In this respect the present writer does not seem to be altogether free from that confusion of thought which characterises most of the productions we have seen that treat of the recent political history of the Eternal City. Protestants of course have not failed, according to their usual practice, to confound things temporal and spiritual, so as to indulge in the most triumphant exultations over the political fall of the Pope, as though it involved, and were in fact identical with, the decline of his spiritual power also; and so, in like manner, we have seen Catholic authors who, without falling into this gross and palpable error in precisely the same form, have yet laid themselves open to the suspicion of holding something very nearly akin to it, inasmuch as they seem utterly unable to comprehend the possibility of any good Catholic contentedly acquiescing in what would be the necessary political consequence of a fundamental change in the government of Central Italy, viz. the personal subjection of the Pope. The writers to whom we allude have seemed to look upon the personal subjection of the Pope, as a citizen, to any temporal power, as being *per se*, and in the

nature of things, incompatible with the government of the universal Church; as though it were not an historical fact that, during a period of several centuries, the Bishops of Rome, though themselves subjects, had yet governed the whole Church, and extended its dominion throughout the world. We could have wished, then, that this point had been more fully handled in the volume before us; for though, at first sight, it may seem to be rather a philosophical or theological question than one which must needs be discussed by a mere narrator of events, yet in truth it has such direct and important bearings on the estimate which must be formed, if not of the principal agents in a Roman revolution, yet certainly of the conduct of the great mass of the people, both during its progress and after its consummation, that we are inclined to think it ought on no account to have been omitted.

To come now from these preliminary observations to a closer examination of what this work really contains, we have no hesitation in very highly recommending it to those who really desire to have a full and trustworthy account of the events which happened between the publication of the famous amnesty by Pope Pius IX. on the 17th of July 1846, and the entrance of the French troops into Rome on the 3d of July 1849. It bears internal evidence of being what it professes to be, the work of an eye-witness, and is written with great spirit and animation. It is commonly reputed to be from the pen of one of the Fathers of the Society of Jesus, who was expelled at once from his home and his occupation when the Revolution had already made very considerable advances towards its completion; and this may account, by the by, for the very little that is said about that most important link in the chain of events which preceded the final catastrophe, the expulsion of the Jesuits. There can be no doubt but that this was one of the greatest triumphs which the republicans achieved during the whole two years of their active conspiracy; but we think the writer's modesty, and extreme anxiety to be impartial, has prevented him from giving it its due degree of prominence in the picture he has laid before us. That picture is altogether one of the most strange and wonderful that can well be imagined; "a strange and monstrous mixture," says our author (p. 205), "of love and hatred, of applause and derision, of feasting and of mourning, of hypocrisy and treachery, of piety and wickedness; subtle artifices and childish conceits, manners affable and discourteous; acts of humanity and of inhumanity, of mildness and of cruelty; yet all the while, and running through the whole of these apparently contradictory actions and affections, a steady, uniform, well-

ordered, and unceasing aim at one definite end,"—and that end at last obtained. Such is the picture of the Roman Revolution as witnessed by those who were personally present during its progress, and as it will always stand in the pages of history; and we must do this anonymous writer the justice to say that, after the most careful observation, we cannot discover that he has overcharged his picture even in the slightest degree; and we are satisfied that the same judgment will be pronounced by all who had an opportunity of seeing the original.

One of the most interesting portions, perhaps, of the present volume, to those who are already acquainted with the principal events which it records, are the historical sketches with which the author introduces each of the most important characters to his readers. One is naturally curious to know something of the antecedents of men who played so conspicuous a part in the history of the last few years; and our author has taken some pains to satisfy this curiosity by diligently searching the reports of the various police-offices and criminal courts of the Papal States, where most of the Roman revolutionary leaders will be found to have left traces of their earlier history. We extract the account he has given us of the famous (or infamous) Ciceruacchio, who was honoured by the intimacy of Lord Minto, and whose bust adorned his lordship's chimney-piece or sideboard, we forget which, during his memorable visit to Rome in the winter of 1847:

"Many persons believe that this man (Angelo Brunetti or Ciceruacchio) worked at first entirely in good faith, and was only a material instrument in the hands of the rebels, who loudly proclaimed him as a new Cola da Rienzo, champion of the people, tribune, dictator, and in a word, the *factotum* of Rome. This, however, is an entire delusion; on the contrary, he was a most notorious associate of the *Carbonari*, even from the year 1831. He had been admitted into that society chiefly because he could be of so much use to them in seducing the lower orders of the people, by means of the extensive connexion which he had amongst them as a carrier, a dealer in hay, and keeper of a public-house. Of a bold and daring turn of mind, fierce disposition, and impetuous character, he frequently got into trouble, and was often accused of very serious quarrels and assaults. Partly by means of his money, and partly through the dread which people had of him, he acquired a very considerable influence over the *navvies* (*facchini*) of the Ripetta and the bargemen of the Tiber, so that they were ready to do any thing he required of them. This was put to the proof in the year 1837, at the time when the cholera was raging in Rome; for it was he who instigated some of these bargemen, and other idle vagabonds, to set fire to certain public buildings, with a view to distracting the atten-

tion of the people, and engaging the police and military force of the government, whilst they availed themselves of this opportunity to attack the persons and property of their neighbours, and to disturb the public tranquillity. Most providentially the conspiracy was discovered in time, and the villains fell into the hands of justice. Ciceruacchio however, cunning rascal as he was, always so managed to conceal his own share in the business as to defy all attempts legally to convict him. He continued his mischievous operations, therefore, for many years in an underhand way, until at length he dropped the mask, and openly contracted the most intimate friendship with notorious rebels," &c. &c.

Such was the man whom the Roman nobles (to their shame be it spoken, for it was they who first set the example to the English diplomatist) condescended to court and to applaud, and even to admit to the privacy of their own houses as a friend and a companion. Similar sketches are given, in various parts of the book, of Sterbini, Mamiani, Galletti, Calandrelli, and others, as each first makes his appearance upon the stage to act his part in the great political drama that was to end in the temporary deposition of the Pope. Of most of these heroes of the revolution it has to be recorded, in addition to all their other crimes, that they owed their personal liberty, and so their power of doing mischief, to the beneficence of this very sovereign against whom they so immediately proceeded to plot; but we observe that in this particular the writer has not omitted to do justice to Mazzini, and to acknowledge that he at least has never pretended to be other than he is.

"For twenty years and more he has always been preaching the same doctrine, both in public and in private, by word of mouth and by writing, in letters and by books, without either circumlocution or tergiversation, but always clearly, honestly, and openly. Read the whole series of his journal, *l'Italia del Popolo;* read all the books and pamphlets, addresses and circulars, which he has published during these many years, and you will see that he has always been harping on the same string, ever hammering at the same nail, and affirming over and over again the very same principles which he still steadfastly maintains. On this head you will never find him inconsistent with himself; you will never find him using doubtful and ambiguous words, or trying to deceive his readers by concealing his real meaning. Nay more, I will say that in action too he has never displayed any meanness and littleness of mind: he has never had recourse to flattery, duplicity, or hypocrisy, in order to curry favour with his superiors, to gain the friendship of his equals, or to grow in the public estimation of the people. He has never dressed out his doctrines under the false disguise of fair words, but has always declared frankly that he desires the utter abolition of Princes, Pope, and Church; and that he will never rest from labouring, by every

means in his power, to bring about this end. Still less has he ever brought himself to swear, with tears of hypocrisy in his eyes, that he will be faithful to one whose ruin he had previously vowed to compass, or to promise devotion and obedience to one against whom he entertained real hatred and aversion. No! Mazzini has never stooped to such baseness as this; but must be acknowledged, so far at least, to be of an honesty unimpeachable. What was in his heart, was always also upon his tongue; and what his mind meditated, his words and acts and whole conduct openly displayed. "Now and ever" (*ora e sempre*) is his favourite motto; one which he bears not only on his seal, but in his life, so that the Mazzini of 1850 is in every respect the same as the Mazzini of 1831" (p. 213).

This extract will give our readers a very fair idea both of the literary merit of the whole work, and also of the spirit of candour and justice in which it is written. We might quote many other passages which display the same rare and admirable, yet for an historian most necessary, temper; but we rather call their attention to one or two circumstances connected with the character of the Roman Republic itself, which was the fruit of Mazzini's labours, and which has been so industriously misrepresented by the so-called Liberal press of this country, that even honest men have sometimes begun to doubt whether the charges that were originally brought against it must not have been grossly exaggerated, perhaps even were absolutely contrary to fact. Mazzini and others of his school have denied with so much apparent indignation the charges of falsehood, robbery, violence, and general anarchy, which were at first so commonly brought against the infant republic, and in justification of the French government for interfering with it, that many persons, we repeat, have eventually ceased to believe them; and yet those charges were strictly and literally true, as we ourselves can testify, and as the present history most abundantly proves. Indeed, as to the boasted absence of any flagrant crimes among the people during the brief but turbulent existence of the Republican government, it is more than enough to counterbalance all the boastings of the ex-triumvir and his associates to mention this single fact, that on the day before the French army entered Rome, the processes of all criminal causes that had been carried on in any of the Roman courts of justice since the expulsion of the Pope were burnt in the Palazzo della Consulta, in obedience to the express commands of the government (p. 340), in order that all memorials of the crimes that had been committed might perish together with the government under whose much-vaunted paternal *surveillance* they had been perpetrated. But besides and beyond this legitimate ground for very grave suspicion, we have

the certain testimony of those judicial processes which have been instituted since the restoration of the Pontifical authorities, and which bring to light scenes of horror and bloodshed such as would disgrace even the savage tribes of America or Oceania. We allude to the brutal murders of priests and other members of the ecclesiastical body at the monastery of San Callisto, some of which were actually committed in the most cold-blooded manner in the immediate presence of that monster Zambianchi, the self-constituted judge of the bloody tribunal, which sat there only to command the execution of all the clergy they could lay their hands upon. We allude also to the almost *more* horrible murder of the three unoffending peasants who were cut in pieces and thrown into the Tiber on the 3d of May, and whose murderers were then and there made the subject of a panegyric, pronounced (we shudder to say it) by a priest, Ugo Bassi, making use of the parapet of the Bridge of St. Angelo as an extempore pulpit; we allude also to the numerous murders that were committed in the streets of Ancona, and in many other cities of the Papal States, some in the broad light of day, others by night, but always with circumstances of malice and barbarity which it makes one's blood run cold to think of.

We will not, however, enter into details on this painful subject; but rather turn our attention to another feature of the Republican government, which is not terrible, but ridiculous. We speak now of their incessant and bold-faced lying. It has been said that the Roman Republic may very justly be handed down to posterity as the Republic of thieves; and after what we read in this work at pages 326-331, we are not going to dispute their right to this enviable title of distinction; nevertheless we are decidedly of opinion that if they are to meet with strict poetical justice, and to receive the reward which they most signally deserved, they ought rather to be called the Republic of liars. Falsehood was preeminently their *forte;* they lied without ceasing; sometimes cleverly, sometimes clumsily, but at any rate always; if ever they acknowledged themselves guilty of (of course *unintentional*) falsity, and retracted something they had said, it was only that they might substitute another falsehood in its place, that would serve their purpose better than that which they were about to withdraw. The newspapers of the day were one tissue of lies; printed lies were sold in the street at a baioccho a-piece, or even given away gratis; lies were industriously circulated by word of mouth among the people; and during the siege, the government absolutely reserved to itself the monopoly of lies by forbidding the publication of any information whatever touching the pro-

gress of the war, excepting in their own authorised and official gazette. Even as long ago as before the Pope was driven out of the city, this characteristic of the Republican party was so well known that no one ever dreamed of judging of their reports excepting by the rule of contrary. Did they announce a victory of Charles Albert? every one knew that he had been defeated. Did they proclaim a victory of more than usual splendour, and rouse all the inhabitants of Rome at midnight to celebrate it with ringing of bells, and a *spontaneous* illumination?—it was the final discomfiture of the Piedmontese and Lombard troops on the plains of Novara. We remember to have heard from some one who took the trouble to make a calculation, according to the statistics furnished by the Republican bulletins, of the progress of the war in Lombardy, that he had satisfactorily ascertained that the number of killed and wounded was more than equal to the whole of the Austrian forces at any time engaged in the North of Italy, whilst the number of prisoners was about three times that of the killed; and we are certain that this is not at all an exaggerated statement.

We will proceed to lay before our readers two or three interesting specimens of the achievements of the Roman Republicans in this art of lying; and they shall be taken not from mere idle reports, industriously circulated among the people, but whose responsibility can with difficulty be fastened upon any particular individual, but from the official, or quasi-official, announcements of men high in office, indeed of the public officers of state.

"Whilst Signor Lesseps was in Rome, the Triumvirs were anxious to give some proof to the French envoy that the people were resolved to have nothing more to do with the Pope, with priests, and with religion. For this purpose, Ciceruacchio and Materazzi brought together a number of their *bravi* on the 19th of May, and proceeded, in company with a sprinkling of the civic guard, who never failed to contribute their quota to functions of this kind, to the Piazza del Popolo. There they first threw down and broke in pieces the Pontifical arms which were over the doors of the churches; next they entered the churches themselves, and removing from their places all the confessionals there, brought them out into the middle of the piazza. From hence they proceeded, in the same disorderly manner, to commit similar outrages in the churches of San Giacomo, of Gesù é Maria, of San Carlo, and of San Lorenzo in Lucina, along the main street of the Corso. Without having any regard to the sanctity of the place, nor yet to the most Holy Sacrament, exposed in some of these churches to the public adoration of the faithful, they went in with uncovered heads, and shouting at the top of their voices, as though they had been in the public streets.

In the church of San Carlo, besides removing the confessionals, they also got into the pulpit, and with hatchets and pickaxes utterly destroyed it. By this means they got together into the piazza, in the course of three or four hours, no less than fifty-two confessionals, some whole and others broken, which they proceeded to arrange in a semicircle. Meanwhile some young men amused themselves with offering the grossest insults that licentiousness could suggest to the holy Sacrament of Penance, making use of the foulest words and actions, which modesty forbids me to repeat. Others, again, set the confessionals on fire, and the flames had already begun to rise on all sides, when Pietro Sterbini suddenly arrived, whether sent by the Triumvirs or come of his own accord it is not known; at any rate he bade them desist from what they were about, lest it might tend to embarrass the negotiations, which had been already begun with the French envoy. The true reason, however, of his interference, was fear of some outbreak on the part of the people, who took no pains to conceal their indignation at these outrages. The next morning the *Monitore* (which was confessedly the mouthpiece of the government) gave its version of the story thus: some stranger, they said, had been talking among a group of idlers, and had called them papists, and foretold that before long they would have all returned to the confessionals as of old; whereupon some of his audience, to convince him of his mistake, went into the church of San Carlo, and took some of the confessionals to make a bonfire with them; that as soon as the government heard of it, they sent Ciceruacchio there to put a stop to an act so irreverent and offensive to the majesty of religion, and that his interference was immediately successful; moreover, that diligent inquiries were being made to discover the author of so grievous a disorder. . . .Nor was this all. On the very same day the Triumvirs themselves put forth a proclamation, in which they gave their own account of the matter, utterly inconsistent with what the *Monitore* had said, and full of the most impious blasphemy. This proclamation characterised the act as an outburst of zeal, not well regulated by discretion; as grave and deserving of punishment, were it not for the goodness of intention on the part of the agents. It declared that the people had hereby demonstrated the utter impossibility of ever again restoring the priestly government that had fallen; that there neither is nor can be any true religion where there is not liberty; and that the cause of true religion and of free and immortal souls was all concentrated in the barricades, for which in truth these confessionals had been destined," &c. &c. (pp. 252, 3).

Nor is this the only instance in which the officers of the Roman Republic were guilty of making statements, not only in utter contradiction to the real facts of the case, but also at open variance with other statements concerning the same facts which had been put forth with their connivance, if not by their express authority. Thus, in the first official account which was

published to the Roman people of the engagement at Velletri between the troops of the Republic and those of the King of Naples, the Triumvirate announced that the Neapolitan troops were put to flight, and that the army of the Republic were pursuing them. On the other hand, the minister of war, Avezzana, announced that the troops of the Republic had conquered, but that from motives of compassion (!) they had not pursued the fugitives; and on the very same day Saffi, who was both minister and triumvir, wrote to the presidents of the various provinces that the Neapolitans were put to flight, and that "our troops are pursuing them in order to follow up the victory they have won." In the same way the triumvirs and Avezzana announced, that whereas but few soldiers of the Republic had been engaged in this battle, yet they had conquered sixteen thousand Neapolitans; yet they themselves published the official bulletin of Roselli, commander-in-chief of the Republican army, which said that the enemy numbered in infantry and cavalry about six thousand; lastly, the Triumvirate again declared that they were about fifteen thousand. These six proclamations may all be read in the bulletin of laws published by the Republic, and it will be seen that no two of them are consistent with one another; so that it is demonstrated that each minister wrote and printed what he pleased, without having even read what any of his colleagues might have written and printed on the same subject.

There is yet another circumstance connected with this so-called *victory* of Velletri still more ridiculous. The Triumvirate announced that, on the evening of the day on which they published their proclamation, a very large body of Neapolitans, who had been taken prisoners in the battle, might be expected to arrive in Rome; and they earnestly exhorted the people to shew great forbearance and brotherly love towards these unfortunate men, who were Italians like themselves, and who in truth thirsted in their inmost souls for the deliverance of their country; only, under the iron yoke of King *Bomba*, they were forced, in spite of themselves, to restrain their true feelings, and to serve as material instruments for the promotion of a tyranny which they detested: all these things, therefore, being taken into consideration, they were to be looked upon as objects of the most tender compassion, and not of insult. In consequence of this proclamation, a great many persons were led by a very natural curiosity to walk out beyond the gate of St. John Lateran to meet these prisoners; but they waited in vain even to a late hour of the night. They returned therefore the morning of the following day, and in due course of time they saw the victorious army of the Republic arrive, but in a most

dilapidated condition; Galletti's legion was almost annihilated, and that of Garibaldi reduced to half its numbers. However, they searched every where for the numerous prisoners they had been led to expect, but, lo and behold! only five were any where to be seen; and even of these five two were recognised to be Roman soldiers clad in Neapolitan uniform; and very possibly the other three may have been the same (p. 351).

The general indignation at this discovery was so great that even the Triumvirs themselves seem to have been ashamed of their own lies, and published a proclamation saying that there had been a mistake in reading the telegraphic despatches; the signals had been misunderstood, but that they would take care such an accident should not occur again. We dare say that our readers will be tempted to look upon this story as "too good to be true;" they will scarcely think it possible that any men, professing to rule a people, could dare thus wantonly to trifle with the intelligence and common sense of their subjects; could dare to publish such barefaced lies as must inevitably be very soon detected, and give rise to a strong reactionary feeling. Nevertheless we believe ourselves that the history we have given is literally true; for we are able to add an additional circumstance of the very same history which we received at the time from an eye-witness of the whole. The Triumvirs had stated that, in addition to the prisoners, the troops of the Republic had also taken a certain number of pieces of cannon. Accordingly with the five prisoners were brought in two small pieces of cannon, which our informant assured us he could identify as the pieces which belonged to the Palazzo Barberini at Palestrina, where they were used on all festive occasions for the usual *feux de joie*. He went down into the street to examine them more closely, and there he saw on them the well-known Barberini emblem of the bee: they had simply been stolen from the palace, not taken from the enemy at Palestrina, which had been the scene of one of the engagements between the Roman and Neapolitan troops. *Ex uno disce omnes.*

We are tempted to give one more specimen of the reckless mendaciousness of the officers of the Roman Republic, and then we take our leave of this most interesting history; but we beg our readers particularly to notice this present example, because it throws so much light upon the real means by which the Republic was both created and supported. We need not quote the innumerable speeches, newspaper articles, club circulars, addresses to the throne, and proclamations to the people, in which it was represented to be the unanimous wish of the whole nation that instead of the Chamber of Deputies legally elected under the constitution which Pio Nono had granted

them, there should be a new election of another and more popular assembly, which was called the Costituente Romana. This assertion was repeated again and again *usque ad nauseam;* indeed the unanimity of such a demand was the great argument on which they relied, both against the protests of their legitimate sovereign and any interference on the part of foreign powers. "It was the will of the people; nothing should withstand a nation's will; *vox populi, vox Dei;* it was idle to resist," &c. &c. Such were the reiterated assertions of the Republican demagogues; and at the very opening of the Assembly, thus unanimously longed for, Armellini, at that time Minister of the Interior, was the first to mount the rostrum and to proclaim that the *Costituente Romana* was the cry which rose up on every side, spontaneous, general, irresistible; so that to have withstood this cry would have been to disclaim the will of the people and the absolute necessity of the case: and yet in the very same speech Armellini did not blush to make the following statement as to the circumstances which had attended the ministers' response to this universal cry:

"'We proposed it,' he says, 'to the Chamber of Deputies; but in some members we found cowardice, in others a confession of incompetency, or a plea of insufficient mission received from their constituents, in others again, open opposition. Many withdrew into the country, and others absented themselves from our sessions; so that, from want of the necessary legal *quorum*, all our deliberations were delayed, and in fact rendered impossible.' He then goes on to tell them how under these circumstances they appealed to the people. 'You know,' he resumes, 'with what difficulties we had to contend, and what obstacles were raised in our way. . . . . The clergy thundered against us, the public functionaries abandoned us, the magistrates betrayed us, the municipal bodies chose rather to dissolve themselves, the very fidelity of a certain portion of the army seemed to waver;' and after this frank confession, he goes on to relate how they had been obliged to redouble their vigilance; to renew almost entirely the government of the provinces, putting in as presidents new men, of whose devotion to the national cause there could be no doubt; to recast all the municipal bodies, and in a word to make use of every means to succeed, to conquer, and to triumph. But if all this be true, (and everybody well knows that it is,) what becomes of the original boast, that there was an universal demand for the Costituente? since, according to his own shewing, the Deputies did not join in this universal demand, nor the clergy, nor the magistrates, nor the various public functionaries, nor the corporations of the different towns, nor even a certain portion of the army."

Such is unanimity, as understood by a few active and unprincipled men bent on obtaining a certain political end, and

having the power to intimidate or to overcome the opposition of others; such is "the sovereign and irresistible will of the people," as interpreted by a Mazzinian oracle; in a word, such was the unanimity on which the Roman Republic was founded, and such the veracity of its founders.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE RESTORATION IN FRANCE.

The History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France. By Alphonse de Lamartine. Vol. I. Vizetelly and Co.

Whatever be M. de Lamartine's own opinion, the world in general prefers his historical to his political exploits. He is guilty, it is true, of extravagance both as an historian and as a statesman. But in his books his extravagance is confined (chiefly) to his manner; it is only when he would sway men's actions in the senate or the council-chamber, that he degenerates into the fanatic or the charlatan. In both capacities he splits upon one rock—*éclat*. He writes like a rhetorician, and he would govern France like a tragedy king. If he is simple, it is too often with the simplicity of a labouring epigrammatist; so that even in his happiest passages, his undoubted genius is obscured by his unconcealable egotism, and his history is showy with the glare of the stage-lights, rather than clear and sunny with the broad pure light of open day.

Nevertheless—or rather, perhaps, in consequence of these defects—he is a popular writer, and deservedly so, both among his own fellow-countrymen and with English readers. Nor will the *History of the Restoration of Monarchy in France* destroy his reputation. To many it will be more acceptable than his History of the Girondists, for it brings us nearer our own times, and the personages of his story are at once more distinguished in their reputation, and more varied and interesting in their characters. The English publication of this (the first volume of the entire work) is undertaken with his own concurrence; and by way of defeating the efforts of literary piracy, he has added many passages, written in English, to the original French.

As a composition, the whole work will probably bear the stamp of this first instalment. It will be brilliant, forcible, showy, animated, and terribly *viewy*. It will be constructed

on a very unchronological plan, and go backwards and forwards after a puzzling and unhistorical fashion; and it will (like a vast review-article) assume in its readers rather more knowledge of what the writer is saying than they can reasonably be expected to possess. It will also be unequal in its powers of interesting; a lot which ever befals the rhetorical historian, who trusts so much to manner rather than to matter, and is constrained to admit that *all* events are not equally the subject for a disquisition, a picture, or a phrase.

With many, if not with most, of Lamartine's *judgments* the English reader will agree. It need scarcely be premised that Lamartine strongly asserts his present republicanism, though he avows his early and deep sympathy with the Bourbons. His opinion of Napoleon is thus recorded:

"Napoleon was a man of the school of Machiavel, not of that of Plutarch. His object was neither virtue nor patriotism, but an ardent thirst after power and renown. Favoured by circumstances which never fell to the lot of any other man, not even Cæsar, he sought to conquer and possess the world at any cost—not to ameliorate it, but to aggrandise himself. This, the sole aim of all the actions of his life, lowers and narrows them in the eyes of all true statesmen. God never said to man, 'Seek thyself, thine own good; thou shalt become the centre of all human things, and thou shalt make the world succumb to thy own purposes.' On the contrary, He has said, 'Thou shalt be, as far as it is in thy power, a means, an instrument, a servant to mankind; thou shalt devote thyself to the good of thy people; thou shalt be great, not in thyself, insignificant and ephemeral being as thou art, but in thy people, an universal being, whom thou shalt serve, ennoble, and elevate.' This is the prototype of true grandeur. Sound policy and immortal fame are contained in this rule alone; for it exhibits the true virtue of a statesman, not only according to human history, but in accordance with divine wisdom." * * *

"Napoleon was born in Corsica, at a time when that island, having lost its nationality, was struggling to retrieve its independence. He declared against Paoli, the liberator of his birthplace; he sought a country, and chose the one the most agitated, France. He foresaw, with a precocious sagacity of instinct, that great risks of fortune would be, or were, the grand movements of things or of ideas. The French Revolution broke out; he threw himself in the midst of it. Did Jacobinism govern, he extolled it, affected radical principles, and assumed all the exaggerated manners of the demagogues,—their language, their costume, their displeasure, and their popularity. The 'Souper de Beaucaire,' a harangue fit for a club, he wrote in a camp. The tide of the Revolution rose and fell in proportion as the public of Paris was excited or calm. Napoleon rose and fell with it, serving with equal zeal, at one time the Conventionalists of Toulon, at another the Thermidorians of Paris. Some-

times the Convention against the demagogues; at others, Barras and the Directory against the royalists.

"He yielded all to circumstance, and nothing to principle. With a foresight of who would be in power, he always joined the successful, rising indifferently with any or against any. As a youth, he was a true specimen of the race and times of the Italian republicans, who engaged on hire their bravery and their blood to any faction, any cause, provided they did but aggrandise themselves. As a soldier, he offered his skill and his sword to the most daring or the most fortunate.

"This and nought else is observable in all his rapid career of fortune. The source of this fortune was no other than the favour of the most influential of the Directory towards a beautiful woman, who enjoyed the familiarity of the powerful of the day. Barras gave Napoleon for dower the army of Italy. He loved, it is true, and was beloved in return; but his love was not disinterested; it was mixed with the alloy of satisfied ambition. From this command dates the display of his genius. He communicated its spirit to his troops; he diffused a youthful ardour in the antiquated camps; he remodelled the laws of military discipline, and introduced an entirely new system of tactics; he called into action the daring spirit—that all-powerful genius of revolutionary wars; he accelerated the movements of armies, and gained tenfold the time by his marches; he disconcerted the prudence and slowness of the pupils of a Frederick and a Landon. He conquered, made peace, and ratified treaties. Some nations he extirpated, others he respected; he negotiated with those which, like Rome, had made a deep impression on the popular mind; and, without pity or a pretext, remorsely swept from the face of the earth others which, like Venice, were too weak for defence. He usurped every thing, in spite of authority, in spite of diplomacy, and of the very principles of his own government. At one time he proclaimed, at another betrayed, and then again sold, the dogmas of the French Revolution, just as the opportunity presented itself, or the necessity for maintaining his personal popularity in Italy and at Leoben required. Here he re-establishes despotism,—there he consecrates the observance of theocracy; in another place he makes a traffic of the independence of nations, while he sells liberty of conscience. He is no longer the general of a revolution, the negotiator of a republic; he is a man who has created himself, and himself alone, at the expense of all principle, of all the revolutions, and of all the powers that had invested him with authority. The labours of the human mind of the eighteenth century, of modern philosophy, and of the French Revolution, all alike disappeared. Bonaparte stood alone. It was no longer the age that moved—'twas a man who played with the age, and who substituted himself for an epoch. There was no France, no Revolution, no Republic; 'twas he! he alone! and for ever he!

"The heads of the Revolution, embarrassed by his presence, sent him to Egypt, there to conquer or to die. Here we see another

continent, another man, but still the same want of conscience. He announced himself as the regenerator of the East, who brought with him all the blessings of European liberty. At first he tried to persuade the people to allow themselves to be conquered. Mahometan fanaticism was an obstacle to his dominion. Instead of combating that faith, he simulated belief in it, declared for Mahomet, and denounced the superstitions of Europe. He made religion the medium of his policy and his conquests. The negotiator who had bowed before the Pope at Milan, now bent his knee to the Prophet at Cairo. Distance gives an illusory effect to exploits against an enervated race,—exploits exaggerated by fame, but which remind one of the poetry of the Crusade. All he there thought of was to imitate Alexander, and to gain his renown. No sooner, however, did he receive the first check at St. Jean d'Acre, than he at once abandoned all thoughts of conquest, empire, and Asiatic dreams, and left his army without being recruited, and without the power of capitulating as best it could. He put himself on board a swift-sailing vessel, and quitting the imaginary, came where all was reality. He preceded the rumours of his reverses, and took the popular feeling by surprise. He glanced around on the Republic, and soon saw that the time of anarchical danger had passed over; that its powers began to be regularly organised; that armies commanded by his rivals were triumphant; that the democratic government, bought by the nation at so dear a price, would soon become, if respected, an invincible obstacle to the life of a soldier. With armed force he conspired against that very government which had given him arms for its defence. To open violence he united stratagem, bribed his comrades, deceived the director, violated the laws of representation, ordered the decrees to be torn down by his bayonets, and took possession of his country. France before was a people, it was then only a man; and that man was Bonaparte. * * *

"False in institutions, for he retrograded; false in policy, for he debased; false in morals, for he corrupted; false in civilisation, for he oppressed; false in diplomacy, for he isolated,—he was only true in war, for he shed torrents of human blood. But what can we then allow him? His individual genius was great; but it was the genius of materialism. His intelligence was vast and clear; but it was the intelligence of calculation. He counted, he weighed, he measured; but he felt not, he loved not, he sympathised with none; he was a statue rather than a man. Therein lay his inferiority to Alexander and to Cæsar: he resembled more the Hannibal of the aristocracy. Few men have thus been moulded, and moulded cold. All was solid, nothing gushed forth; in that mind nothing was moved. His metallic nature was felt even in his style. He was, perhaps, the greatest writer of human events since Machiavel. Much superior to Cæsar in the account of his campaigns, his style is not the written expression alone; it is the action. Every sentence in his pages is, so to speak, the counter-part and counter-impression of the fact. There is neither a letter, a sound, or a colour wasted between the fact and

the word; and the word is himself. His phrases concise, but struck off without ornament, recall those times when Bajazet and Charlemagne, not knowing how to write their names at the bottom of their imperial acts, dipped their hands in ink or blood, and applied them with all their articulations impressed upon the parchment. It was not the signature; it was the hand itself of the hero thus fixed eternally before the eyes; and such were the pages of his campaigns dictated by Napoleon, — the very soul of movement, of action, and of combat.

"This fame, which constituted his morality, his conscience, and his principle, he merited, by his nature and his talents, from war and from glory; and he has covered with it the name of France. France, obliged to accept the odium of his tyranny and his crimes, should also accept his glory with a serious gratitude. She cannot separate her name from his without lessening it, for it is equally incrusted with his greatness as with his faults. She wished for renown, and he has given it to her; but what she principally owes to him is the celebrity she has gained in the world.

"This celebrity, which will descend to posterity, and which is improperly called glory, constituted his means and his end. Let him therefore enjoy it. The noise he has made will resound through distant ages; but let it not pervert posterity, or falsify the judgment of mankind. This man, one of the greatest creations of God, applied himself with greater power than any other man ever possessed, to accumulate therefrom, on his route, revolutions and ameliorations of the human mind, as if to check the march of ideas, and make all received truths retrace their steps. But time has overleaped him, and truths and ideas have resumed their ordinary current. He is admired as a soldier; he is measured as a sovereign; he is judged as a founder of nations; great in action, little in idea, nothing in virtue; —such is the man!"

But we shall do Lamartine injustice if we quote only his more ambitious sentences. His best are his more tender thoughts. Whether from art or by nature, he is more pleasing and less elaborate when scenes of suffering are before him. He is dazzled by the very word "glory," and can scarce preserve himself from sinking into the commonplace of Gallic extravaganza. Among the best of his more touching episodes is his account of the captivity of the Duchesse d'Angoulême. It makes a long extract, but it deserves to be given entire.

"The Duchess d'Angoulême was the connecting link between the court of the Count d'Artois and the rigid court of Hartwell. She was the daughter of Louis XVI., the orphan abandoned in the dungeons of the Temple, after the murder of all her family, and after the long sufferings of her young brother, the infant king and martyred Louis XVII. There has never been, either in ancient or modern times, so tragical a destiny as the life of this princess displays. I

have delineated it in the 'History of the Girondists,' from her cradle at Versailles to the execution of her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, to whom her mother, Marie-Antoinette, had bequeathed her, on quitting her prison to mount the scaffold. I resume her history from that time, to follow her rapidly to the period when she was drawing nigh to the throne. The pity of France and of Europe had not lost sight of her since her separation from it. The misfortunes, the dungeons, the mournings, the executions, the tears of this young princess, suffering for the wrongs of her race, of which she was innocent (the victim of a revolution which immolated her father, her mother, her brother, her aunt, and left her alone in the vaults of a prison crowded by their shades,) had all made a deep impression on the memory and the feelings which connected the imagination of France with the absent Bourbons. It seemed to all generous hearts as if a deep remorse weighed upon the country at her name, and that the French people owed her a secret expiation. When outraged nature speaks so loudly in the souls of men, of women, of mothers, daughters, and young generations, nature resumes her place in national policy. The Duchess d'Angoulême was the feeling that influenced the cause of the Restoration.

"The day after that on which her aunt, Madame Elizabeth, the young sister of Louis XVI., had suffered on the scaffold, in the twenty-ninth year of her age, amidst the respect of the forty companions of her execution, who kissed her hand before they offered their necks to the executioner, the young princess, then under fifteen years of age, inquired of all the gaolers for her mother and her aunt, without the least suspicion that she was separated from them by death. She thought they were in another prison, or detained by the interrogatories of a tribunal. She was in hopes that the door of the tower of the Temple, on opening, would restore them to her solitude and to her tenderness. The gaolers were not cruel enough to undeceive her. Time alone and prolonged absence revealed to her the dreadful truth. She asked permission to send to them the clothes and linen which the two victims had left in the press of their chambers; the gaolers were affected, and held their tongues. The poor child was astonished, and began to suspect that her mother and her aunt had no further occasion for their prison clothes in this world. She melted into tears, without, however, entirely despairing of their return. This hope subsiding, day after day and month after month, in addition to the melancholy faces of the gaolers, at length convinced her that she must hope no more.

"Her mother and her aunt, on leaving the prison, had said to her, 'If we do not return, you must ask the Commune of Paris for a woman to assist you in the dungeon, that you may not be alone amongst all these men.' She obeyed out of deference to them, she says, but without any hope that her request would be granted by her hardened masters. They told her, in fact, that she had no occasion for a woman to dress her before those walls. They affected to think that her loneliness and despair would drive her to suicide,

which the piety of the young girl looked upon as the greatest of crimes. They accordingly took away from her those little knives which were at that time in use to remove the powder from the foreheads of ladies, her scissors, her needles, a bodkin, and even the most harmless implements of iron or steel requisite for female work, by which she might have relieved the idleness of her solitude, or mended her clothes, which were now in rags. They took from her even the flint and steel, with which she could occasionally dispel the darkness, and cheer her long sleepless nights; but even light seemed a luxury of heaven too great for the young captive, and she was forbidden to light the stove which warmed her prison.

"The only consolations she enjoyed were sleep, the sight of heaven by day through the bars of her prison-window, and a few visits to the Dauphin, her brother, a captive in a neighbouring dungeon, already reduced by sickness and the ferocity of his guardians. The turnkeys who conducted her in these visits were sometimes moved to pity, and were merciful, but often inebriated and brutal. The appearance and conversation of her brother only served to increase her consternation.

"This child, eleven years of age (auspiciously born, and when he entered the prison beautiful as his mother,) was reduced, fallen away, and prematurely faded. He had been torn at too juvenile an age from the care of his mother and the affection of his father, and delivered over to paid fanatics, to kill in him what they called the *young wolf* of the throne. He had been taught obscene songs, and popular insults against his own family; his innocent hand had even been forced to sign an incestuous deposition against his own mother, the impious meaning of which he did not comprehend. They had brutalised him, not only to dethrone him, but to deprive him even of his childish innocence and human intelligence.

"'This poor child,' wrote his sister, 'lay wallowing in his infected dungeon, amidst filth and rags. It was swept out only once a month. His sense of feeling was obliterated; he had a horror of the place, and lived like an unclean reptile in a common sewer. Nobody came near, but at the hour they brought him his nourishment: some bread, lentils, and a morsel of dried meat in an earthen porringer, but never fruit or wine. Such was the food of the child in his lonely cell. After the death of Robespierre these brutalities were softened in some degree, but they were still frightful.'

"'We found him,' said Harmand, representative for La Meuse, 'in a little dungeon, without any other furniture than an earthen stove, which communicated with the next room. In this place was his bed. The prince was sitting before a little square table, on which were scattered some playing-cards; some bent into the forms of boxes and little chests, others piled up in castles. He was amusing himself with these cards when we entered; but he did not give up his play. He was dressed in a sailor's jacket of slate-coloured cloth; his head was bare. There was a truckle-bed near his, on which slept his keeper Simon, a cobbler, whom the municipality

of Paris, before the death of Robespierre, had placed in charge of him. It is well known that this Simon played cruel tricks with the sleep of his prisoner. Without any regard for an age when sleep is so imperative a want, he repeatedly called him up in the course of the night. 'Here I am, citizen,' would the poor child reply, bathed in perspiration, or shivering with cold. 'Come here, and let me touch you,' Simon would exclaim; and when the hapless captive approached him, the brutal gaoler would sometimes give him a kick and stretch him on the ground, crying out, 'Get to bed, you young wolf!'

"'I approached the prince; but our movements seemed to make no impression upon him. We begged him to walk, to talk, to amuse himself, to reply to the doctor whom the Convention had sent to see him; but he listened with indifference, seeming to understand, yet making no reply. We were told that since the day when the Commissioners of the Commune had obtained from his ignorance infamous depositions against his parents, and when he understood the nature of the crimes and the calamities of which he had been thus made the unthinking instrument, he had come to a resolution never to speak again, for fear they should take advantage of him. 'I have the honour to ask you, sir,' repeated Harmand to him, 'if you wish for a dog, a horse, some birds, or one or two companions of your own age whom we will send to you? Would you like to go down now to the garden, or go up on the towers?' Not a word, not a sign, not a gesture did he return, although his face was turned towards me, and he was looking at me with astonished attention. 'This look of his,' added the Commissioners, 'had such a character of resignation and indifference, that it seemed to say to us: 'After having made me depose against my mother, you no doubt think of making me depose against my sister. For two years you have been killing me, and now that my life is gone, of what use are your caresses? finish your victim!' We begged him to stand up; his legs were long and small, his arms slender, his bust short, his chest sunk in, his shoulders high and narrow; his head alone was very beautiful in all its details, the skin white but without firmness, with long, curling, flaxen hair. He could walk with difficulty, and sat down after taking a few steps, remaining in his chair, and resting his elbows on the table. The dinner which was brought to him, in a red earthen porringer, consisted of some pulse and six roasted chestnuts, a tin plate, with no knife and no wine. We ordered him better treatment, and had some fruit brought in to improve his meal. We asked him if he was satisfied with this fruit, and if he liked grapes, but received no answer: he ate without speaking. When he had eaten the grapes, we asked him if he would like more; but he preserved the same silence. We demanded if this obstinate silence had been really preserved since the day when that monstrous deposition against his mother had been violently forced from him: they assured us that ever since that day the poor child had ceased to speak. Remorse had prostrated his understanding.'

"The young princess, whose prison adjoined that of her brother, got a glimpse of him sometimes by the indulgence of her gaolers. She saw him perishing, and was herself dying with a double agony. Thus early was the hapless child slowly travelling towards death, like a plant drooping without sun and air.

"'The Convention,' she said, 'on hearing of his approaching dissolution, sent a deputation to ascertain his condition. The commissioners took pity on him, and ordered him better treatment. Laurent, a more humane man than Simon the cobbler, whom he had succeeded, took down a bed from my room into the hole occupied by my brother, his own being full of insects. They bathed the poor fellow, and purified him from the vermin with which he was covered; but they still left him in total solitude. I begged of Laurent to acquaint me with the fate of my mother and my aunt, of whose death I was ignorant, and to let me know when we should meet again; but he replied, with an air of mystery and compassion, that he had no information to give me on that subject.

"'The following day some men in scarfs, who came to see me, and to whom I put the same question, replied only by the same silence. They added that I was wrong in asking to rejoin my parents, since I was very well where I was. 'Is it not frightful,' I said to them, 'to be separated for twelve months from my mother and my aunt, without hearing any news of them?' 'You are not ill?' said these men. 'No,' I replied; 'but can there be a worse malady than that of the heart?' 'Hope,' they said to me on going away, 'in the justice and the goodness of the French people!'"

"Was this pity, or was it irony?

"Thus passed away days, months, and years for the captive of sixteen, in the tower of the Temple. At the beginning of November, the Convention, in a moment of mercy, sent a man with a kind heart to Laurent, to take care of the child. His name was Gonin, and he acted towards him as a father. The poor fellow was at last allowed to have a light in the evening in his prison, and Gonin passed whole hours with him to amuse him. He took him down sometimes into a saloon on the first floor of the tower, the windows of which having no shutters, allowed the sun to enter, and permitted him to see the leaves; and occasionally he took him into the garden to recover the use of his legs. But the stroke of death had been given. Gonin might retard his dissolution; but he could not renew the spark of life in this hapless victim of four years' solitude and destitution. The winter passed by in this manner, with tolerable uniformity; the princess having been allowed fire in her prison, and being also supplied with the books she named, that she might, at least, converse with the dead and with her God. She was only debarred from all information as to the fate of her parents.

"At the commencement of spring she was permitted, from time to time, to ascend to the platform of the tower, whence she could see the horizon of Paris, and even some of the surrounding country. What were her feelings on perceiving the roofs of the Louvre, the

Tuileries, the cathedrals, and the palaces of her ancestors! Her unfortunate brother, the Dauphin, was now rapidly dying; but the young princess was not permitted to attend upon, or even to see him. She only learned from his gaolers the progress of the disease which was consuming this poor child, and from whom she was only separated by a partition."

The murder of the Duc d'Enghien has been often told, but seldom with more truth and pathos than by M. Lamartine. Our readers will willingly turn to it once more.

"Harel and Aufort preceded the duke in silence down the steps of the narrow winding staircase, which descended to a postern through the massy walls of this tower. The prince, with an instinctive horror of the place, and of the depth beneath the soil to which the steps were leading him, began to think they were not conducting him before the judges, but into the hands of murderers, or to the gloom of a dungeon. He trembled in all his limbs, and convulsively drew back his foot, as he addressed his guides in front—'Where are you conducting me?' he demanded with a stifled voice. 'If it is to bury me alive in a dungeon, I would rather die this instant.'

"'Sir,' replied Harel, turning round, 'follow me, and summon up all your courage.'

"The prince partly comprehended him, and followed.

"They at length issued from the winding staircase through a low postern, which opened on the bottom of the moat, and continued walking for some time in the dark, along the foot of the lofty walls of the fortress, as far as the basement of the Queen's Pavilion. When they had turned the angle of this pavilion, which had concealed another part of the moat behind its walls, the prince suddenly found himself in front of the detachment of troops drawn up to witness his death. The firing party selected for the execution was separated from the rest; and the barrels of their muskets, reflecting the dull light of some lanterns carried by a few of the attendants, threw a sinister glare on the moat, the massy walls, and the newly-dug grave. The prince stopped, at a sign from his guides, within a few paces of the firing party. He saw his fate at a glance; but he neither trembled nor turned pale. A slight and chilling rain was falling from a gloomy sky, and a melancholy silence reigned throughout the moat. Nothing disturbed the horror of the scene but the whispering and shuffling feet of a few groups of officers and soldiers who had collected upon the parapets above, and on the drawbridge which led into the forest of Vincennes.

"Adjutant Pellé, who commanded the detachment, advanced with his eyes lowered towards the prince. He held in his hand the sentence of the military commission, which he read in a low dull voice, but perfectly intelligible. The prince listened, without making an observation or losing his firmness. He seemed to have collected in an instant all his courage, and all the military heroism of his race, to shew his enemies that he knew how to die. Two feelings alone

seemed to occupy him during the moment of intense silence which followed the reading of his sentence; one was to invoke the aid of religion to soothe his last struggle, and the other to communicate his dying thoughts to her he was going to leave desolate on the earth.

"He accordingly asked if he could have the assistance of a priest, but there was none in the castle; and though a few minutes would suffice to call the curé of Vincennes, they were too much pressed for time, and too anxious to avail themselves of the night, which was to cover every thing. The officers nearest to him made a sign that he must renounce this consolation; and one brutal fellow, from the midst of a group, called out, in a tone of irony, 'Do you wish, then, to die like a Capuchin?'

"The prince raised his head with an air of indignation, and turning towards the group of officers and gendarmes who had accompanied him to the ground, he asked in a loud voice, if there was any one amongst them willing to do him one last service. Lieutenant Noirot advanced from the group and approached him, thus sufficiently evincing his intention. The prince said a few words to him in a low voice; and Noirot, turning towards the side occupied by the troops, said, 'Gentlemen, have any of you got a pair of scissors about you?' The gendarmes searched their cartridge-boxes, and a pair of scissors was passed from hand to hand to the prince. He took off his cap, cut off one of the locks of his hair, drew a letter from his pocket and a ring from his finger; then folding the hair, the letter, and the ring in a sheet of paper, he gave the little packet, his sole inheritance, to Lieutenant Noirot, charging him, in the name of pity for his situation and his death, to send them to the young Princess Charlotte de Rohan, at Ettenheim.

"This love-message being thus confided, he collected himself for a moment, with his hands joined, to offer up a last prayer, and in a low voice recommended his soul to God. He then made five or six paces to place himself in front of the firing party, whose loaded muskets he saw glimmering at a short distance. The light of a large lantern, containing several candles, placed upon the little wall that stood over the open grave, gleamed full upon him, and lighted the aim of the soldiers. The firing party retired a few paces to a proper distance, the adjutant gave the word to fire, and the young prince, as if struck by a thunderbolt, fell upon the earth without a cry and without a struggle. At that moment the clock of the castle struck the hour of three.

"Hullin and his colleagues were waiting in the vestibule of Harel's quarters for their carriage to convey them back to Paris, and were talking with some bitterness of Savary's refusal to transmit their letter to his master, when an unexpected explosion, resounding from the moat of the forest-gate, made them start and tremble, and taught them that judges should never reckon upon anything but justice and their own conscience. This still small voice pursued them through their lives. The Duke d'Enghien was no more.

"His dog, which had followed him into the moat, yelled when he

saw him fall, and threw himself on the body of his master. It was with difficulty the poor animal could be torn away from the spot and given to one of the prince's servants, who took him to the Princess Charlotte,—the only messenger from that tomb where slept the hapless victim whom she never ceased to deplore."

PROTESTANT JUSTICE AND ROYAL CLEMENCY.

Statement of Facts relative to the Case of Mr. William Weale, Master of the Poor-School at Islington. Richardsons.

THERE exists a popular delusion to the effect that Protestantism, which, arrayed in a plain hat, coat, and trousers, is the deadly foe and unscrupulous assailant of Catholics, becomes the very type of all that is just, honourable, candid, and Christian, when seated on the bench of a police-office. This delusion extends even to the "gentlemen of the jury." We find ourselves imagining that a dozen country squires or London shopkeepers, who in their dining-rooms or back-parlours can scarcely restrain their tongues within the bounds of decency at the mention of the Catholic Church, are transformed into the beau-ideal of good sense, good humour, and truthfulness, so soon as the door of the jury-room is locked upon them, and they put their heads together to find a bill, or agree on a verdict, in a case in which a Catholic is the defendant.

Alas for our simplicity! Is the Lord Lieutenant's commission to the "Great Unpaid" the outward sign of a sacrament regenerating the soul? Is the hot air of an assize-court a species of purgatorial fire, cleansing away the abominable passions of the human heart? Fellow-Catholics, believe it not. Human nature is human nature still, even when invested with the awful prerogatives of justice. *Power* is the last thing to tame the unbridled longings of our foes. If they will strike us in their private, they will strike us with double force in their judicial capacity. Justices and juries in England, in the year 1852, are the legitimate descendants of the men who for 300 years have judicially murdered us, imprisoned us, given us over to stripes, to fines, to confiscations, and to torture. Is human nature literally regenerate in the nineteenth century? Is the world become the friend of God? What has occurred to render the indescribable enormities perpetrated for three centuries against us, in the sacred names of law and justice,

and with the most solemn cant of hypocritical perjury, now no longer probable or possible?

Doubtless here and there we meet with a just magistrate, or, still more marvellous, an unbiassed jury. The wife of Pontius Pilate himself protested against the murder of our blessed Lord; a murder, be it remembered, accompanied with all the forms and professions of rigorous justice. All Protestants are not the children of Pilate and Jeffreys. But such men are rare, and we cannot count upon their aid. We must lay our account upon being made to suffer in every possible case in which the iniquity of our enemies can contrive to bring us within the grasp of pretended law and justice.

If we want an example of what we may *all of us* look for at the hands of jury, witnesses, counsel, home-secretary, and even royalty itself, let us ponder well what has happened to Mr. William Weale, a gentleman who but six months ago filled a government situation, conferred on him when a Protestant, but who has been so foolish as to exchange Protestantism for Catholicism, and to consider that it is better to serve God by teaching and ministering to the poor, himself becoming a poor man, than to enjoy the advantages and comforts of his natural station in life, and which he might have enjoyed without one stain of sin. About the 8th of last July he entered on his duties as master of the Islington Catholic Poor-School, under the direction of Mr. Oakeley, the senior priest of the mission, for some time previously having devoted three evenings in every week to the religious and moral instruction of poor adults in the same district. Three weeks afterwards he corrected an extremely ill-conditioned little boy for thieving and lying, *with no extreme severity whatever.* A conspiracy, however, was instantly got up by some Protestants, against the wishes of the boy's parents. Mr. Weale was brought before the police-magistrate; on his trial, Mr. Clarkson, the barrister retained to defend him, *made no defence whatever,* not even calling the witnesses summoned for the defence; and Mr. Weale was summarily treated as a scoundrel, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment in the House of Correction. If ever there was an innocent man *victimised* by malice and the incredible conduct of the person who had undertaken his defence, Mr. Weale is such a one. The entire facts of the case are then forwarded to Sir George Grey, the Home-Secretary, with a prayer that the Queen will remit the iniquitous sentence. The memorial remains unanswered for nearly a month, and the petition is then refused in a printed circular! Such is Protestant justice and royal clemency *towards us.*

Mr. Oakeley has of course published a statement of the whole affair, which is now before us. We make the following extracts from his letter to Sir G. Grey, to shew what chance a Catholic has from his fellow-countrymen. About the 8th of last July, as we have said, Mr. Weale undertook the care of the Islington Poor-School. *Three weeks afterwards* the boy John Farrell was whipped by him.

"Yet it was produced in evidence, as if bearing upon Mr. Weale's case, that cries had been heard from the school for eight or nine months before the assault; and this allegation (whether true or not is not here in question) was brought forward by the counsel for the prosecution between the verdict and the sentence, as if with a view to aggravate the penalty."

Mr. Oakeley then continues:

"For the instruction of the Catholic poor, Mr. Weale's energy of character, kindness of disposition, great natural talents, extensive information, and acquaintance with the habits of the poor, especially fit him. To myself and my colleague in this church and mission he was further recommended by his services as a lay visitor in our parochial district; in which capacity he had not merely gained the confidence of our people, but had been frequently instrumental in reconciling differences among the Irish poor which threatened the peace of the neighbourhood, so as to have received on one occasion the thanks of the magistrate on the bench, and repeatedly those of the local police.

"With these most favourable antecedents, he became master of the Poor Day-school here, as already stated, about the 8th of last July. It was on the 21st of that month that he was given over to the police by the witness Hinchley, on a charge of assaulting the boy John Farrell.

"When Mr. Weale informed me that he was about to be marched off to the police-office, I looked upon the matter as a mere trifle—the effect of an extensive popular feeling against Catholics, which unhappily prevails in this neighbourhood. Nor did this impression wear off when I found that he was to re-appear next day, to obtain the evidence of the father of the boy, who I supposed would refuse, as the mother had already done, to join in the prosecution. Though I knew neither of the parents even by name, I was aware of the well-grounded confidence which the parents generally reposed in Mr. Weale's management of their children. The case, however, did not end there; for Mr. Weale was bound over, on his own recognisances, to appear at the sessions and answer to any charge which might be made against him. I soon became aware that influences were at work to induce the parents to prosecute, though none whatever were used on Mr. Weale's side; but I was also told that the parents were firm in their resolution. Other circumstances combined to make me think little of the matter. No report of the police case

appeared in the papers for two days, and I was informed that the reporter in court made light of it. At length, on the third day, a report did appear in all the papers, highly coloured in its tone, in which, among other inaccuracies, the witness Hinchley was apparently represented as giving testimony on oath, whereas he was not sworn. The next day a leading journal took the matter up in a prominent article; founded an argument upon the notion, which the police report had favoured, that Mr. Weale was a priest (the fact being that he was not even an ecclesiastic), and used a great deal of language calculated in the highest degree to inflame the public mind. The mistake as to Mr. Weale's profession was immediately contradicted from authority; but as the contradiction did not appear for two days, time was given to circulate the untruth, with irritating comments, in all the Sunday papers, the advertising placards of which drew public attention to the subject in this as in other neighbourhoods. The statement as to Mr. Weale being a priest, often as it has been contradicted, has been reproduced in a Sunday paper even since his trial. The effect of all this agitation was, of course, to stimulate the prosecution, and to produce large subscriptions towards the expense of conducting it. For this purpose, too, a meeting was got up in the borough. The extent and virulence of the feeling will appear from the four specimens which I send (A. B. C. D.) of the anonymous letters which poured in upon the clergy of this church on the days immediately following the appearance of the newspaper articles of which I have spoken, and founded, as will be seen, upon the first of them. I have sent these letters as they are, because, as will be seen, the language used by them is too shocking to be even transcribed. They contain the most abominable charges, and threaten bodily injury. I beg attention especially to the postscript of that marked D. These letters will serve to shew what kind of influences were at work to urge on the prosecution, in which I have every reason to believe the parochial authorities were most unwilling to engage.

"But indeed the learned judge himself bore witness in his charge to the jury to the prevalence of such a feeling, and manifested (I am sure with the best and kindest intention) his apprehension that the case might be, or had been, prejudiced by it.

"Here, too, I am led to notice another observation of the learned judge, bearing intimately upon the subject of this prejudice. The learned judge remarked that, whereas in ordinary cases the assent of the parents would be necessary to the successful prosecution of the suit, in this, for 'reasons which might be guessed,' that consent was not forthcoming, and need not be required. He alluded to 'peculiar circumstances in this case,' &c. If the learned judge possibly intended to suggest that some ecclesiastical influence or other had been used in order to deter the parents from prosecuting, I am bound to declare (always as upon my oath), and I do accordingly declare, in every sense of which the words are capable, that there are two, and two only, priests attached to this mission, of whom I am the senior; that for myself, I have never either directly or indirectly, nor (to the

best of my knowledge and belief) has my colleague, said a single word to either parent of the boy Farrell of a nature to deter, or dissuade, or discourage them from the prosecution of Mr. Weale; that as to the father of the boy, I never, to my knowledge, even saw him, and that I never spoke to the mother but once, which was on the evening of the 25th of last July (four days after the assault), when she visited me to complain of the treatment she had received in being 'called a brute by the magistrate.' Upon that occasion I saw her in company with two other gentlemen, who could attest that, while I used no word to increase her exasperation, neither did I say a syllable against any course which she and her husband might have wished to adopt, though in fact she declared their resolution to do nothing.

"Reverting now to the case itself. The boy John Farrell was taken within four days after the flogging to Mr. Clifton, a distinguished surgeon residing at 38 Cross Street, Islington, who pronounced the injuries upon the boy's person *to be so trifling as not to justify any prosecution of Mr. Weale.* It was the party interested in the prosecution who took the boy to Mr. Clifton. Mr. Clifton, moreover, has since stated that he has frequently known boys to be far more severely flogged than John Farrell in the Protestant school of this parish, with which he was once connected, without any complaint of severity having been made. Moreover, Mr. Hutchison, one of the medical gentlemen employed by the parochial authorities of Islington, was also consulted on the side of the prosecution as to the state of the boy, *and refused to give any opinion.* There are other medical gentlemen usually employed by the parish who were not consulted upon the boy's case. The only medical testimony given on the trial was that of the witness Huddlestone, a surgeon not known in this neighbourhood, who was not properly *consulted* at all, but being, as appears, on terms with Hinchley (vide an advertisement in the *Times* of September 25th, 26th, or 27th), *volunteered* an examination of the boy on July 29th, *eight days after the flogging.* Mr. Clifton has declared to me, in company with another gentleman (whose address I send), that Huddlestone's evidence is in complete disagreement with the result of his own examination of the boy four days previously; and although, having been consulted on the other side, he will not at present give me a certificate to this effect, yet he is ready to certify to it, if his evidence would turn the scale in favour of Mr. Weale's release.

"But further; on Saturday, the 26th of July (*i. e.* five days after the flogging, and *three days before Huddlestone's examination of the boy*), I took the boy Farrell, first to Dr. Charles James Fox, of 30 New Broad Street, and subsequently, in Dr. Fox's company, to Mr. John Hilton, resident in the same street, surgeon of Guy's Hospital, both of whom conjointly examined the boy in my presence, from head to foot, at Mr. Hilton's house (Dr. Fox having previously examined him at his home), and declared separately and together, that the discoloration on the lower part of the back *was not, in their judgment, caused by an instrument at all*, but by *the hand* (which the

schoolmaster had never used upon the boy); and in this respect I should observe that *their evidence is corroborated by Mr. Clifton.* With regard to a scratch which appeared on the boy's leg, Dr. Fox has a distinct recollection of his having said that it was produced by the whip of a cab or omnibus driver, and the same thing was said previously by the boy to others in my presence. Both Dr. Fox and Mr. Hilton agreed in pronouncing that the injuries, however occasioned, were not serious. The boy was all the time in perfect health, *and returned to the school as usual the morning after the day of Mr. Weale's apprehension,* which was the day of the alleged assault.

"Both Dr. Fox and Mr. Hilton have since declared to me that they could have completely contradicted Huddlestone's medical evidence, had they been called. They were both subpœnaed, and in court.

"It may seem strange—and I can account for the fact no otherwise than by supposing that it was felt impossible to contend against a deep and extensive prejudice—that facts so material to the case as those which I here vouch, were not produced at the trial. The whole case was laid before the legal adviser, several witnesses (including Dr. Fox and Mr. Hilton) were subpœnaed and in court, when, to the astonishment of Mr. Weale's friends, the defence was virtually abandoned, and not a single witness was called on his behalf."

Such has been the treatment of Mr. Weale at the hands of the boasting, vain-glorious *law* of England. And we may rest assured that, as time goes on, the history of Catholicism in this country will present one continued series of such outrages. Not one of us is safe. Labouring men, tradesmen, gentlemen, and ladies too, going about our daily duties, ministering to the poor, the sick, or the miserable,—we may say some little word, or take some trivial step, which will be caught up by the enemies of our faith, misrepresented, and made the ground for a sham trial, or a violent mob-attack. Catholics of Great Britain, then, we say again, trust none but your God! Your friends are few, your enemies are legion. The devil is trembling for his own, and he will spare no means to wreak his vengeance on those who are undermining his power. We are fallen on wonderful times; and the persecutions to which our forefathers were subject, and from which we have had a brief breathing-time, are being renewed. From small beginnings they may go on advancing to a ferocity which now we can scarcely realise. Even as it is, while popular feeling remains thus exasperated, there is not one of us who, while silently and humbly performing his duties as a Christian, may not find himself suddenly transformed into a confessor for Christ's sake.

SHORT NOTICES.

Dr. Kenrick, the Bishop of Philadelphia, has added to his many claims on the thanks of his fellow-Catholics a completion of his version of the *New Testament* (Dunigan, New York). It is impossible in a brief notice to discuss its merits in detail; but its utility to the general reader of Scripture may be estimated from the character of the learned author's translation of the four Gospels.

M. Gondon, of the *Univers*, has published an English version of his spirited and clever *Letter to Mr. Gladstone, in answer to his Two Letters to Lord Aberdeen* (Dolman), which will be read with considerable profit by all who feel an interest in the conduct of the King of Naples, and the recent violent attacks upon him.

The Lenten Manual and Companion for Passion Time and Holy Week, translated and compiled by Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax (Dunigan), contains instructions, prayers, and meditations, from Bourdaloue, Berthier, Povion, and by Dr. Walsh himself. They will be most useful to English as well as American Catholics.

Mr. Maclachlan's clever pamphlet, *The Rock* (Dolman), is a reply to a Scotch Presbyterian's attack on the doctrine of Papal infallibility. Mr. Maclachlan is an energetic and vigorous writer, with a keen sense of the follies and impertinences of men like Dr. Lee, on whom he executes very summary justice.

Mr. Appleyard's *Welsh Sketches* (Darling) contain a great deal of curious matter on a subject little known to ordinary readers. They are worthy of a nook in the Catholic's historical library, notwithstanding the unique opinions of their author.

The genius of Mr. Cannon, author of *Poems Dramatic and Miscellaneous* (Dunigan), is unequal to tragedy. His shorter poems are pleasing and devout. The author is a good Catholic; but the sentiment of such verses as "A Sunday in the Country" is scarcely what it should be.

We should call attention to one of the last-published *Clifton Tracts*, for distribution at the present season: "Christmas Day; whose Birthday is it?" It is one of the most important yet issued. The Tract on the Litany of the Blessed Virgin is also excellent. "How Antichrist keeps Christmas," one of the early Tracts, should also not be forgotten just now.

The second volume of Miss Strickland's *Queens of Scotland* (Blackwood), completes the life of Margaret of Lorraine, and contains that of Margaret Douglas. We shall return at length to the series as soon as the next volume, which brings Miss Strickland to Queen Mary Stuart, is ready.

Those who would see Protestantism with the cap-and-bells should open the Rev. Robert Montgomery's *Church of the Invisible*

(Darling). Mr. Montgomery probably *has* a meaning, at least sometimes, and when he writes prose; but the most intelligibly expressed idea we have been able to discover is, that Popery comes from the Devil. As to his "poetry," with which his prose is largely illustrated, were Mr. Montgomery a critic as well as a maker of books, he would term it "blazing bombast" and "sounding sentimentalism." Yet this author is the Dante of the "religious world."

THE PANTHEON.

The following is the history of the desecrated church just restored by Louis Napoleon to the service of religion. It was designed by J. G. Soufflot in 1757, but the first stone of one of the pillars of the dome was not laid by King Louis XV. until the 6th of September, 1764. The principal façade is imitated from the Pantheon of Rome. The church was dedicated to St. Geneviève. The National Assembly, on the 4th of April, 1791, changed the destination of the building, by decreeing that it should become the burial-place of Frenchmen illustrious by talent, virtue, or public services. All the signs which characterise a religious edifice were in consequence removed, and replaced by symbols of Liberty and the Republic; and the inscription in bronze letters was placed on the front, "*Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante.*" The honours of the Pantheon were awarded to Mirabeau, who died on the 2d of April, 1791. By decrees of the 11th of July and 16th of October of that year, the same honours were conferred on Voltaire and Rousseau. In virtue of a decree of the 21st of September, 1793, the body of Marat was transferred to the Pantheon, and that of Mirabeau was withdrawn. But after the affair of the 9th Thermidor, an II. (July 27, 1794), the remains of Marat were taken from the Pantheon and thrown into the common sewer of Montmartre. The National Convention, on the 20th Pluviose, an III. (February 8, 1795), decreed that the honours of the Pantheon could only be accorded to a citizen ten years after his death. Napoleon, by decree of the 20th of February, 1806, enacted that the Pantheon should be restored to public worship, but still retain the destination fixed by the National Assembly. The inscription, however, "*Aux Grands Hommes la Patrie reconnaissante,*" was only re-established after the accession of King Louis Philippe. Under his Majesty considerable works were undertaken, and at this moment the building is entirely finished, with the exception of placing bronze doors in the naves. The cost of the edifice altogether has exceeded 25,000,000 fr.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

Part L.

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To Correspondents.

A Convert.—We fear we cannot insert the verses, though they are very pleasing.

Catholicus.—We have not been able to find room for the communication, but will do so, if possible.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Lambert.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

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MONSIGNOR PARISIS ON CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

[THERE are few subjects of greater practical importance and delicacy at the present day than the position, duties, and rights of Catholic journalists. Many of our readers must often have turned their thoughts to the subject, and have probably felt with ourselves the difficulty of exactly defining the limits which Catholic orthodoxy and discipline prescribe to the exercise of the powers possessed by the periodical press,—powers so pregnant for good or for evil, and to which a certain homage is paid, and a certain recognition incessantly granted, even by those who are most jealous of their exercise, and most anxious to restrain them within the closest possible limits.

It has occurred to us that we shall be doing some service to the cause of Catholic order and charity, if we offer to our readers the sentiments of one of the most able, most fair, and most respected of the French episcopate, on this difficult and momentous subject. While Bishop of Langres, Monsignor Parisis, in his *Cas de Conscience*, entered into the question of Catholic journalism with all his usual candour and vigour of thought; and though his remarks have a special bearing on French affairs, yet they embody so lucid an exposition of the principles on which Catholic journalism should be every where conducted, that they cannot be read without profit by all Catholics. They have further this great advantage, that they bear no reference to any thing which has ever taken place on this side of the Channel, and therefore cannot be taken as applying to any individual amongst ourselves. Without further prologue, therefore, we lay before our readers the following translation.]

I. Points on which the rights and duties of journalists are certain, and in a manner unrestricted.

First, then, we may say that religious journalism has the undoubted right of drawing attention to whatever in any publication is formally contrary to Christian faith and morality, whether such publication be the work of an individual or come

out under the sanction of the state. Thus, for instance, the Catholic journals have been perfectly justified in those continual and vigorous attacks which they have directed against the University. Whenever there is real ground for these attacks, they may in all good conscience be publicly made, and sometimes even *ought* to be so. If, for instance, attempts have been made to tamper with the faith of youth, either on the part of individual professors or by means of the University books, and all endeavours to remedy this evil by other means have failed, it becomes the duty of the religious journal to denounce such proceedings to families; although being a question of orthodoxy it belongs more essentially to the Church, for we are here speaking only of cases where error undoubtedly exists.

Now if journalism has the right to undertake the defence of our dogmas when assailed in public institutions, how should you withhold from it the liberty of discussing and maintaining them against the writings of private individuals? This is the very end of its existence, and, if we may venture to say it, the object of its mission. On this point there is room for neither doubt nor controversy.

Thus, every writer who presumes to attack the truths of faith, to throw suspicion or ridicule upon its institutions and practices, and to thwart the ministrations of its priests, nay who even unintentionally diverges from the true doctrine of the Church, by that circumstance alone justly falls under the censure of the Catholic journal. At the same time, it is the duty of the journalist to make himself thoroughly acquainted with the matter of which he has to treat in combating error; and indeed it is a great advantage for all that he should be thus obliged to make such subjects his study, as we shall presently see; besides which it is his duty practically to give due weight to prudential considerations, and to choose his opportunity with discretion; but of this we shall speak presently; what we wish now to insist upon is, that the right itself is incontestable. A simple layman may in all good conscience assail such writers; he may criticise not the matter alone, but even the form, in order the better to render such works distasteful to their readers: for where these publications obtain an entrance into families, they may be looked upon as real domestic foes, wolves entered into the sheep-fold; and you know it is a charity to cry "wolf" when he has got among the sheep. All this may be applied with still wider latitude in the case of parliamentary orators who display their hostility to our religion.

For a similar reason journalists may review Catholic works,

in order to examine their merits and comment upon them, and to discuss the points of dogma, morality, or discipline of which they treat. As long as they do this quite in an abstract manner, without personal allusions, it is impossible to deny them the right, provided always they adhere to sound doctrine, of instructing and edifying their readers. To say that in so doing they intrude into the pastoral office, is a frivolous charge, and such as no one would attempt to advance in so many words.

But the objection is brought forward in another shape: persons cry out against the abuses resulting from journalists handling these questions; abuses which they assert to be so frequent, and indeed so utterly unavoidable, that the mischief that is caused outweighs all possible advantage. They maintain that the majority of writers who take upon themselves to publish so-called religious articles, not having gone through any theological study, are always in danger of compromising the great truths of faith, to the serious injury of religion. It is further said, that journalists always prefer selecting questions of present interest, and by mixing up personal remarks with discussions in themselves of an abstract character, call up new adversaries to the holy cause, of which they are the supposed defenders. Finally, it is asserted, and particular stress is laid upon this point, that most of the religious questions which at the present day interest the public, for whom journalists write, are much more of a practical than of a speculative character; that many of them are subjects of controversy among the priests, and even among the bishops themselves; that some are of a very perplexing and delicate nature; and that when laymen come to embroil matters still further by intruding their opinions, taken up after little reflection and often violently expressed, they can but injure the Church, without benefiting her in any way.

Such, in substance, are the objections advanced against religious journalism; and they are very loudly urged and very seriously felt by persons entitled to much respect. In the succeeding paragraph we shall examine that portion of these objections to which an unqualified answer cannot be given; but as we are now speaking only of undoubted rights and duties, it may be sufficient to make the following remarks in reply.

1. The abuse of a right does not destroy its existence. Now it is certain that every Catholic possesses the right to repel known error by such means as he thinks best, and to profess his faith by his writings, whenever he judges such a course to be beneficial to himself or to others, unless the Church positively imposes silence on him.

2. In combating error, as well as in setting forth the truth, laymen ought to lend their assistance when the clergy do not suffice for the work. Now it is certain that at the present day the clergy could not undertake to edit all present and future religious journals, of which moreover, considering the actual state of public feeling, it would be out of the question for them to assume the whole moral responsibility.

3. Ignorance in religious matters, and indifference, its inevitable result, are undoubtedly the two great plagues of our day. Now it is certain that in the present state of things there is nothing better calculated, in the long-run, to remedy the evil in the masses of the population than religious journalism. Without it, the greater number of Catholic questions would no longer be even mooted in the world, whereas in consequence of its existence they are necessarily studied; in the first instance by the lay editors, who may probably make a few blunders at starting, but who, needing as they do the countenance of the clergy, will soon take care to make themselves competently acquainted with such subjects; they will be studied, in the next place, by the lay subscribers to these journals, who, generally speaking, would never have the resolution to open a theological work, but who will willingly give their attention to some occasional theological discussion introduced into the columns of a journal; they will even be studied by lay writers inimical to religion, who being sometimes under the necessity of engaging in dispute with the religious periodicals, would expose themselves to the mortification of making gross mistakes if they did not study their adversaries' doctrines.

The natural and inevitable result, then, of religious discussions in Catholic journals, is to draw all minds towards some species of study of our holy doctrines. Now when we reflect that it is the absence of this study, and the repugnance with which it is regarded, which has caused France to fall into the degrading darkness of materialism; when we say to ourselves, deeply feeling the truth of what we say, that religion needs only to be known, because if there be but real sincerity of heart, knowledge leads to love, and love to practice,—can any one wonder that we should encourage with all our might so powerful a means offered to us by divine Providence for the moral and Christian regeneration of the people?

It is asserted that many evils attend religious journalism. Who questions it? Every thing in this wretched world has its evils; but what are these inconveniences of detail compared to the immense advantage which results? Can we purchase so great a benefit too dearly? Besides, we may be sure of one thing: if this journalism is encouraged by lawful authority,

practice will diminish the evils, and by practice also its beneficial fruits will become more abundant and precious. All things here below ripen in the end; and every one may have remarked how much certain Catholic journals have lately gained in moderation, talent, knowledge, and weight.

II. Upon what points these rights and duties are uncertain or restricted.

We are now arrived at the most delicate part of the question, and may clearly perceive that we are placed between two dangers of considerable magnitude.

On the one hand, to permit lay journalism to intrude and declaim within the very sanctuary; this would be to authorise a manifest irregularity, possibly even sacrilegious in its character. On the other hand, to deny sincere and fervent Catholics all active share in a battle which our enemies not unfrequently proceed to wage against us, so to say, upon the very steps of the altar; this would, perhaps, be to betray the interests of religion in another direction.

The safest course, no doubt, would be that religious journals should be called to this pious work by the bishops, and in every thing be directed by those to whom alone it was said, "*Euntes docete.*" But then the whole responsibility of the journal would fall upon the bishops; the bishops would be its directors, and almost its chief editors, which, at least under present circumstances, is utterly impossible.

If, then, religious journalism does not receive the power of discussing what properly appertains to the government of the Church by any express and canonical mission, it must hold such power either in virtue of some tacit concession or by natural right; for our Lord having exclusively and personally charged the bishops with the office of directing the Church of God, none else can, without the guilt of usurpation, interfere in this function, especially if it be for the purpose of criticising or obstructing its exercise, unless he can plead in his justification some right or other real and sufficient.

Now we will say at once, it is impossible to deny but that this right does exist in certain cases, nay may even become on occasions an imperative duty: for instance, if (which God forbid!) the pastor of the flock, the bishop himself, should swerve from the right path in his direction of it; if he were evidently taking the road towards schism, and it had consequently become necessary to resist his commands under pain of incurring the risk of divine reprobation. Such cases, although rare, may happen; but as in such conjunctures no doubt can possibly exist, it is not with them that we are at present concerned.

For clearness' sake, let us enter into a few details, and

consider what right of interference may be conceded to journalists in respect to, 1. the choice of pastors; 2. the matter of divine worship; 3. certain controverted questions of discipline.

Art. I. *Of the Choice of Pastors.*

All the pastors of the second order being nominated by the bishop, who is their superior by divine right, we cannot see on what legitimate title journalism can interfere in the matter of their choice, in the way either of suggestion or of blame, or by the exercise of any influence through the press calculated to hamper the free determination of ecclesiastical authority; all the faithful enjoying, it must be remembered, the power of communicating to that authority any information they may deem useful.

But is the interference of publicists equally prohibited in regard to the nomination of the bishops, which is in the hands of the government?

Abuse in this matter being very possible, and liable to become seriously prejudicial to the interests of religion, it is evident that the right to raise a warning voice belongs to whatever power can best exercise it, and much more to the only power that can exercise it. Now what is this power? It is pre-eminently, both *de jure* and *de facto*, the Holy See, since it alone confers canonical institution, without which the nomination of the State is nugatory; but it is not the custom of the Holy See to reject, and indeed it cannot in prudence reject, these official nominations, except in cases where some canonical irregularity would ensue. Now, at the present day especially, may not many other reasons exist for dreading, as a public calamity, the elevation of certain ecclesiastics to a post of such importance as the episcopate? Thus, notorious levity of conduct, absence of zeal, excessive weakness of character, habitual subserviency to those in power, especially where such is the result of system,—all these considerations united, or even taken singly, may they not constitute titles to political preference, while, on the other hand, they are so many reasons for alarm and dislike in a religious point of view?

Who can prevent such disastrous nominations, particularly when they are the consequence of a continual bias and deliberate calculation on the part of government? One power alone is able to do this—*opinion*. And who shall rouse opinion, and make it sufficiently formidable to restrain the designs of the supreme power, defeat its plans, and even force it to abandon the resolutions it has formed? One means alone—*publicity*. And what organ can sufficiently interest the public mind in

questions of so purely spiritual a nature, and make them appreciable by the world, which bestows so little thought on such matters? One only—the *journalist.*

No doubt his duty is an anxious one; for if, on the one hand, he has reason to fear that by keeping silence he will be allowing the evil to occur; on the other, he has reason to dread lest he should aggravate the mischief, or compromise the good cause, by speaking inopportunely.

We therefore conjure Christian publicists to give special heed on such occasions to our former general recommendations as to the disinterestedness, purity of intention, prudence, and all those other moral qualities which they ought to consider as the peculiar obligations of their calling.

But all these essential conditions once observed (and they cannot be too strongly urged, particularly under circumstances of so serious a nature), journalism not only may, but is, almost in every case, bound to make its voice heard; and so much the more, that these public representations would be directed, not against the Church or its rulers, but against the secular power, in order to counteract its pernicious anti-religious tendencies displaying themselves in the exercise of that which ought to be regarded as the most sacred and highest of privileges.

Art. II. *Of the matter of Divine Worship.*

Divine worship, even in its exterior and sensible acts, is from its very object essentially spiritual and sacred; hence it eludes all purely human authority; and, apart from such concessions as the Church may have made, those governments which have attempted to control and regulate it, no matter in what particular, have undoubtedly been guilty of an abuse of power more or less partaking of a sacrilegious character.

Now what the rulers of the nation may not do, it is plain that neither can journalism do. It possesses, then, no right to meddle with the matter of divine worship, because that is the exclusive province of the Church. Nevertheless, in the matter of divine worship there is, 1. a department in which the Church has never laid down any definite rules, and which, saving some general recommendations, she gives up to the taste, often merely arbitrary, of the age, nation, nay of the individual; 2. even in that which has been the subject of ecclesiastical regulations, there remain certain controverted points, where consequently no clear duty can be said to exist.

And first with reference to what is arbitrary, we cannot see what need hinder journalism from expressing an opinion; and

next with regard to controverted points, we think that without giving itself full latitude, it may discuss the subject, at least in some of its bearings, provided it never ventures into the domain of religious authority, over which, as we said, it possesses no right. Some details upon these two points may not be without their practical utility.

Although there be certain general principles connected with the essentials of Catholic worship, which affect the form of churches, the ornaments of the altar, the chanting of God's praises, &c., principles which on that account it is not allowable either to depart from or to censure, it cannot be denied that on all these points there are many details upon which the Church has never canonically decided, and with regard to which, for that very reason, every one is entitled to adopt whichever side he pleases. Thus every publicist is at liberty to take part in those public contests which, at the present day, the partisans of Grecian and of Gothic architecture, the amateurs of modern music and of plain-chant, and the admirers of religious symbolism and its depreciators, carry on against each other. The Church abandons all these questions to what Scripture calls the "dispute of men," to which the Creator has given up the whole world.*

Our decided opinion on this question is well known; and it is this very opinion, the fruit of reflection and study, which makes us desire to see a daily increase in the number of those who discuss each side of religious questions. Undoubtedly it is highly probable that in the course of these discussions persons will be guilty of rude and unbecoming remarks, which we shall be the first to visit with the strongest censure; but we repeat once more, that these evils, which are altogether accidental, ought to count for nothing in comparison with the advantages which result from the study of religious matters, even in what is purely external. It is true that a man does not become a perfect Christian merely by studying the works of Christianity; nevertheless it is very certain that this study naturally leads to Christian thoughts and convictions, and even to the formation of Christian habits.

Seeing that, during the last 300 years, faith has ever languished and dwindled in proportion to the loss of taste for Catholic forms and the understanding of them, why may we not hope that the revival of zeal for these long-neglected studies will prepare better days for faith? There is no difficulty, then, with respect to what is arbitrary.

2. But there are other portions of external worship on which the Church has actually legislated, but which are, never-

* Mundum tradidit disputationi eorum. *Eccl.* iii. 11.

theless, the subject of theoretical controversies occasioned by variations in practice. Since there are laws existing on these points, the only question is that of their interpretation. Now has journalism any right to discuss this interpretation? What are we to think, for instance, of its interference in the matter of the liturgy?

It must be confessed that journalism ought here to be confined within much closer limits than in any of the previous instances. However, is it so certain that we may not, even in this purely spiritual matter, admit it to a modest and legitimate share in the dispute?

Without, in the first place, noticing that the form of churches, the ornaments of the altar, the style of sacred chanting, and other points whereon there is perfect freedom of opinion, are all connected with the liturgy, we may say that there are, even in what relates to the sacred words employed in public worship, certain studies, and certain opinions the result of these studies, which the Church has never discouraged; studies on the origin and history of the several liturgies, and opinions with regard to the motives which influenced the different authors, and the peculiar character, as regards both art and orthodoxy, which they have stamped upon them. We cannot see that any publicist, who limits himself to this entirely historical and speculative examination, encroaches on the province of the Church.

But here we are met by a repetition of what has been already urged, that as journals live wholly by what may be called questions of present interest, these liturgical discussions have always practically, and at the present time especially, their personal application, and imply some very intelligible criticism on the administration of certain dioceses; that this evil being inevitable and of a very serious nature, and the benefit resulting from the introduction of liturgical discussions into the pages of a journal being very trifling and doubtful, it would be much better to keep total silence both on these points and on many others, and to leave each bishop to follow the course which circumstances either permit or force upon him. This objection leads us to the third point which we wish to examine.

Art. III. *Of certain present Questions of Discipline.*

The liturgy is not the only subject at the present day of eager and sometimes dangerous controversy within the Church. Discussions with respect to the immovability of parish priests, or the re-establishments of certain offices, or the arbitrary

power of bishops, have been raised, and that not without exciting storms and causing scandal. But, first, while we condemn as severely as they deserve these scandalous attacks upon the most legitimate authority in the world, may we not say that they did not arise out of journalism, but would have taken place as well without it as with it? However unfortunate, however blamable they may have been, do they not belong to that class of scandals which our Lord has told us are inevitable, not because the human will is subjected to any fatal necessity, but because the powerful concurrence of circumstances renders them in a manner unavoidable? History furnishes us with frequent instances of this at the rise of all the great heresies. Journalism, then, is not the source of these scandals.

But because these questions are of an exciting nature, and have been more or less envenomed by the passions of men, does it follow that religious journalism cannot discuss them without sharing these faults, and without falling into the errors of those whose intemperate language has caused all the bitterness of feeling that exists? We think not. We are of opinion, it is true, that considering the state to which things have been brought, these irritating questions ought to be treated with great circumspection; that, far from speaking in a bold and dogmatising way, the journalist ought to fear lest he should not be sufficiently conversant with his subject, especially in its practical application; and that instead of fanning the flame of discontent in unruly and impatient minds, it is his duty before all things to declare himself in favour of moderation, and of pure and simple obedience while the question remains unsettled.

But when once these precautions have been sincerely adopted, we think that it is not expedient that the conscientious organs of genuine Catholic opinion should absolutely keep silence amid controversies of a grave and perhaps decisive character, which, if not handled by the faithful, will certainly be taken up by others, and those the enemies of religion.

Ah! if these important matters could be secretly arranged in each diocese by the proper authorities, we should have no hesitation in telling publicists that they have no right to meddle with the discussion of them; but this is not the case. Whether we will or not, these matters at the present day are made the subject of public discussion; a fact which our enemies will turn to their own advantage, by the help of lying and misrepresentation, unless we avail ourselves of it to forward the cause of truth and justice.

Let religious journalists begin, therefore, by studying these questions thoroughly; let them then proceed to treat them

prudently and modestly, as necessity requires, if it were only for the purpose of dissipating unjust prejudices, and defeating malicious designs. If they act thus, they will often be of real assistance to the heads of the Church, by preparing public opinion for measures which otherwise could not be brought to bear.

But when, on the other hand, the Catholic writer encounters in his lawful pastors not only opinions and leanings, but positive decisions which are opposed to his own personal convictions, oh, then let him give good heed to follow the Apostle's advice, and listen long, listen much, and speak only when it is no longer possible to avoid speaking. Let him remember that there ought always to be a presumption in favour of our spiritual rulers; that owing to their peculiar studies, daily experience, and the grace of their vocation, they receive an abundance of light, of which the faithful in general are in a great measure devoid; and that if in controverted questions obedience is no longer a rigorous duty, it is always, at least in the first instance, the wisest and safest course.

If, however, after having long studied, meditated, taken counsel, and prayed, a Catholic believe it to be his duty before God to engage publicly in a religious discussion, and to adopt a line opposed to that of his bishop, he ought to tremble at the very obligation which his conscience lays upon him, and, after the example of that holy man Job, fear even his holiest and purest works.* Let him then more than ever guard his language with that circumspection which the prophet-king asked of God;† let him, by the respectful modesty of his representations, render less offensive what, apparently at least, is always contrary to order,—resistance to superiors, and especially spiritual superiors. Let him, in fine, remember that priests, and still more bishops, are always, in the hierarchy of the Church, likened unto "ancient men," before whom a feeling of respect teaches us to rise,‡ and of whom it is said that we must never "rebuke" them, but that all which is allowable is that when necessary we should "entreat" them "as" we entreat "a father." *Seniorem ne increpaveris, sed obsecra ut patrem* (1 Tim. v. 1).

Let us here bring our difficult task to a conclusion, summing up in two passages from holy Scripture both our advice and our encouragement to all the editors of Catholic journals. "Brethren," writes St. Paul to the Philippians (chap. iv. 8), "whatsoever things are true, whatsoever modest, whatsoever

* Verebar omnia opera mea. *Job* ix. 28.

† Pone, Domine, custodiam ori meo, et ostium circumstantiæ labiis meis. *Psalm* cxl. 3.

‡ Coram cano capite consurge et honora. *Lev.* xix. 32.

just, whatsoever holy, whatsoever lovely, whatsoever of good fame, if there be any virtue, if any praise of discipline, let these things be in your thoughts," in your conversation, and in your writings. Such is our advice.

This being well understood and agreed upon, we will say to them, in accordance with the advice of the same apostle, "Catholic brethren, let there be amongst you a holy and lively emulation for the diffusion and defence of divine truth; let all men of energy and talent lend their assistance in this glorious ministry; let us 'forbid no one to prophesy.' Never will truth have too many organs, as long as 'all things be done decently and according to order'" (1 Cor. xiv. 39, 40). Such is our encouragement; and we believe we have thus fully answered the last question proposed.

May this declaration of our good wishes and expression of our sympathy have the effect of making religious journalism more and more a docile and powerful auxiliary in the cause of holy Church!

We add, in conclusion, the following passage from the same work:

Men say to you, "You have no mission." No, doubtless you have no mission to sit in a council, any more than you have to take a direct share in the doctrinal decisions of the *Ecclesia dispersa;* there can be no question about this; and the simple layman, however learned or talented he may be, can never be more than a humble disciple in the Church of God. But if you have not the mission of apostles, you have that which is common to all Christians, who are bound, according to the measure of the grace which they have received, to labour for the spread of the kingdom of God, the edification of their brethren, and the defence of the treasure of faith. Does not St. Paul himself tell us, "that even among the body of the faithful each man receives the communication of the Holy Spirit for the profit of all"? (1 Cor. xii. 7.) You have no mission! But when, at the commencement of the second century, Saint Justin, a layman and philosopher of the school of Plato, headed in a learned treatise the list of apologist Fathers, and thus obtained from the Emperor Antoninus an edict suspending persecution, did the bishops dispute his right to consecrate his talents to the defence of the Church? When Athenagoras addressed his *Apology for Christianity* to Marcus Aurelius and his son Commodus; when Clement of Alexandria published his *Exhortation to Pagans*, and his learned *Stromata;* when Arnobius, as yet but a simple catechumen, put forth his book *Against the Gentiles*, did it occur to any one to tell them they had no

mission? When great dangers threaten, as Tertullian beautifully expresses it, does not every citizen become a soldier? "*In reos majestatis et publicos hostes omnis homo miles est.*" Has not every one of the faithful a mission to fight, according to his ability, against the enemies of God?

And does not modern history furnish us with similar examples? When in our day a De Maistre, a Bonald, a Châteaubriand, have so splendidly established the dominion of Christianity in the reign of politics, philosophy, science, letters, and art, has their secular position in the Church in any way detracted from the merit of their writings? has it not rather enhanced their claims on the gratitude of Catholics?

It is true that laymen, who seldom make a close and systematic study of theology, and are more exposed to the influence of worldly notions, the invariable tendency of which is to corrupt the purity of divine truth, are consequently bound to practise greater circumspection; but this danger, while it increases their responsibilities, in no wise diminishes their rights. The Church, while she gives her blessing to their endeavours, still reserves to herself the right of pronouncing on their works, and of pointing out, when needful, the alloy which may be mixed with the pure gold in their writings. Thus she respectfully preserves in her libraries, along with the writings of the holy Fathers, the *Divine Institutions* of the layman Lactantius, regretting at the same time that the theological language of that work should not be every where unexceptionable; thus she preserves with the same care the erudite discourse of the layman Tatian *Against the Gentiles*, at the same time condemning the wild errors of the head of the Encratites; and the Church deals in like manner with our modern Tatians and Lactantiuses. Wherever the freedom of the press exists, she allows them to write upon their own responsibility, reserving to herself the power of passing judgment on them afterwards. Moreover, in this respect priests stand exactly on the same ground as laymen; and after all it is by no means the case that all heresiarchs have been simple laymen. No special mission then is needed in order to write or act in favour of religion, particularly when it is assailed; all that is requisite is a thorough understanding of the holy cause the defence of which is undertaken. It is plain, therefore, that laymen may act now, as they have always acted, subject to this condition.

Now comes the question, Is it their duty? That is to say, is lay co-operation useful? Is it necessary to the Church of France in those serious debates in which we find ourselves engaged, and of which we can foresee no speedy conclusion? Absolutely necessary it cannot, of course, be said to be. The

Church is God's work; and it is plain that God, strictly speaking, stands in no need of man's aid to accomplish his work. However, saving always in the case of miraculous interposition, which can be considered only as a splendid exception in the order of Providence, it is certain that God makes use of secondary causes to accomplish the end He has in view. Now, confining ourselves to the ordinary way by which the Church is led, we do not hesitate to say that the co-operation of good and faithful laymen is always necessary in France; and can this be matter of doubt, when we remember that, humanly speaking, all its interests are canvassed, and its destinies discussed and decided, in those very assemblies in which the clergy have no seat, and in quarters which their remonstrances can barely reach, or reach only to be disregarded?

Now, whenever a layman's silence or inaction would lend a tacit encouragement to the progress of evil, it is no longer his right only, but it is his sacred duty, to speak and act; by holding his peace he would become a prevaricator—he might even incur the guilt of an accomplice; and when the ruin of religion in a great kingdom is the matter at stake, such connivance is a tremendous sin even in the sight of men, much more before God.

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KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

Chapter I. *The "Gracians."*

It was on a bright spring day in the year 1849, the very zenith of a London season, that a group of trampers, or "Gracians" (as the Irish themselves style them), were congregated at the mouth of one of the courts in the western end of London. The mouth of this same court, or buildings as it was termed, opened into a short fashionable street, forming a communication between Oxford Street and —— Square: the court itself was not ten doors from the square, yet probably not one of the inhabitants of the latter had ever even bestowed a furtive glance on the dismal-looking passage, where so many hundreds of their fellow-creatures were immured. The court bore, and still bears a bad name, and as such is known to many; yet I

have been repeatedly asked by those whose avocations call them daily through the street, where it can possibly be situated. Its mouth, however, yawned between a first-rate butcher's shop and a splendid pastry-cook's. The locality suited the butcher well enough, inasmuch as his slaughter-houses—(he killed on the premises)—ran down the said Buildings; but what took the pastry-cook there I never could guess. There is his shop, however, and there it was two years ago, in all the glory of barley-sugar temples, wedding-cakes, bath-buns, and tarts, on which the poor ragged urchins would gaze by the hour together, wondering if any lady or gentleman would throw them a bit, and envying in their hunger the pampered spaniels who were feeding on the dainties within. An omnibus approaches; the whole group is in motion, performing most extraordinary evolutions with their arms and legs, under the noses of the horses, for the entertainment of city men, who occasionally reward these human windmills with a halfpenny. I never yet, however, heard that any of these halfpence found their way into the splendid shop; the sight of the middle-aged lady with the smart cap, and the young lady with the showy necklace and no cap at all, drive the fortunate possessors of the halfpence to old Norry, the sweet-stuff woman, who sits at the corner of the square on a broken stool, her feet in an old apple-basket, which on a wet day answers all the hydropathic purposes of a cold bath.

Norry's fingers are continually busy arranging her stock, "jist to keep her hand in for the customers." Poor old Norry! I see her now, with her unwashed face, a red cotton handkerchief tied under her chin, her ragged blue petticoat, and the thin shawl pinned across her breast, wistfully watching for buyers. Norry's brandy-balls and sugar shoulders of mutton have, however, no attractions for yon group of youthful aristocrats, who, in short muslin petticoats, flounced polkas, and enormous hats with huge cockades and long streamers, are wending their ways to the Park, under the escort of a pompous-looking nurse, a coquettish young lady with sandaled shoes, lace veil, reticule, and parasol, who by courtesy is designated a nurse-maid, and a meek-looking nursery governess, who brings up the rear and leads the poodle. As to the children of the neighbours, they had rarely ready cash, so they wheedled and teazed the old woman to give them credit; and their names would be still on poor Norry's books, had she left any such documents behind her. Norry rented a back cellar at No. 3 in the Buildings. It had once been used as a receptacle for mortar, and could boast neither flooring nor window. The substitute for the latter was a square hole looking into a damp filthy passage (for Norry's abode was some feet beneath the

level of the yard), which admitted both light and air; the latter must have been of a remarkably pure quality, as the old lady's "opposite neighbour" was a large public dusthole. There the greengrocer in the parlour threw his stale vegetables, which were allowed to rot in company with soap-suds, and other and more odoriferous compounds more easily imagined than described. As every one used the dust-hole, of course it was no one's business to empty it; and there it remained, forming a steep bank between the back and the front "kitchen." Norry's bed was of a peculiar description. She was subject to rheumatism; and a bedstead was an unknown luxury to most of the inhabitants of the Buildings. "But what did the like of her want wid a doore? She had nothing to lose, barring the sweet-stuff," and that she'd put under her head. So the door was taken off its hinges, laid on the ground, and did double service; on it during the day did Norry squat *à la Turc*, for it served at once for divan and table; and at night it formed an "illigant" couch, her attire sleeping and waking being generally the same. An old rug sufficed for bedding; but Norry liked her head high; so, after arranging her sweet-stuff on one end of the door, she turned a basket over it, placed another on that, and laid her down to rest.

For twelve years had the old dame paid one shilling and threepence per week for this subterraneous palace. At length, a party of rats, disturbed from a neighbouring cesspool, took it into their heads to favour her by nocturnal visits. "They gnawed the ould cloak;" Norry was frightened, and took a lodger. Jim Casey was a widower of seventy-two; Norry White a widow of sixty-nine. "So the neybours couldn't talk, any how." Yet I must confess I was rather surprised a few months afterwards, just before the commencement of my story, to find Norry White metamorphosed into Mrs. Casey. Her reasons (when did an Irishwoman want them?) were sufficiently prudential. "He had a fine sackful of straw for the bed; I had the doore and the covering; sure wasn't it betther to mak a jint consarn of it; and now that he's in the 'house' with the asthma, haven't I it all to meeself?" And then, accordingly, Mrs. Casey, as the "rint" was heavy, busied herself looking out for another lodger.

It was, then, a fine spring afternoon, and old Norry sat at her stall, not looking out for customers,—that she knew was useless,—but listlessly gazing at the splendid equipages which rattled past, or with a more lively interest watching the proceedings of the "Gracians," as one by one they disappeared within the precincts of the Buildings; the more fortunate claimed by "a boy from their own parts," the remainder having struck

a bargain for six foot by three of the flooring of a back garret for present accommodation, for which by the by they were to pay about a third of the actual rent of a room which already contained three families.

"Good marning, Missis Toomey," ejaculated Norry, as a tall raw-boned termagant, a moving stack of filth, with a sickly infant in her arms and two barefooted urchins clinging to her ragged gown, sauntered towards her. "How do you find yourself this fine *evenin*, marm?"

"Carn't be worse, Mrs. Casey! carn't be worse, marm," answered the Amazon, whose eyes bore the visible marks of a pugilistic encounter, and whose breath was strongly redolent of beer and tobacco. "God help the like on us! Here's Mickey, the baste, says I'm dhrunk; so he up wid his fist, the dirty spalpeen, and giv me these two black eyes; and what'll I say whin guverness calls to-morrow about the childer?"

"Whew! does guverness call if the children don't attind riglar like? I thought she lift all that to the clargy and Miss Bradshawe."

"I don't mane our own Catholic guverness of the Buildings," said Mrs. Toomey, looking as if she would blush if she could, and gnawing the corner of a very dirty apron; "but you see the winter was like to be a very savare one; Mickey spint more than he earnt at the corner there," pointing in the direction of a large public-house; "so the district ladies said they'd pay Murray's score if so be I'd send the childer to the ragged school in the Hollow."

"What'll they larn there?" inquired Norry drily.

"The Scripters, I'm tould," answered Mrs. Toomey. "Murray's a bitther Prodistant, you know; I did not like to be hobligated to the likes of him, and I got a few tickets for soup and coals, so what's the harm done? The childer will soon unlarn all they've larnt there, ownly they'll miss the pinnies anyhow."

"Miss the pinnies!" inquired Norry; "what is it you mane by that?"

"Why, you see, the ladies found out that being ould Catherlics like, the parents didn't choose the childer to say ony prayers but their own; and whin the min tuk the pledge, and Easter cuming too, they scolded the likes of me for silling our religion, and not for a bellyful aither, jist as if it wasn't all make-belief for the winther; so they dopted a plan to giv the childer a pinny when they cum unknownt, an it'll be hard to break them of it anyhow."

"God be betune us and harm!" ejaculated Mrs. Casey, crossing herself devoutly, for with all her faults the old woman was a strict and well-living Catholic. She had lift the dhrink

many's the long year; and for the cursing, what good ever came on it? Did it ever make the pot bile or kindle the sticks? It angered God, and the ripribate talk kept all the good people from the coort, and deprived the likes of her of many a little comfort which her own ladies would bring her. "God be betune us and harm! Peg Toomey," repeated the old woman sternly; "it's not what I expict from the like of you. Your mother cumm'd from the same place as meeself; I remimber her whin she wore a feather in her high-crowned hat on a Sunday, and rinted a house at thirty-five pounds a year; before you were born, Peg. She died in disthress in this counthry, the crather; but she never sent her childer to a Prodistant school, and that's what your childer won't be able to say any how."

To any one else, Mrs. Toomey's reply would have been peculiarly adapted to the neighbourhood of which she figured as one of the most distinguished orators; but, half-drunk as she was, she had a sort of respect for old Norry; so shaking the poor infant until it was black in the face, and then heartily cuffing the dirty little imps at her heels for making it cry, she lounged away, muttering to herself and snarling at all whom she encountered. Mrs. Toomey's abode being a back parlour some six foot square, she banged the door with dignified violence, let the infant slip from her lap on the hearth, where it found a solace in the embraces of an old kettle, and sank into a slumber, from which she was aroused by the return of her husband from his smoking club, tired and cross. Over the scene which followed we draw a veil; suffice it, Peggy's black eyes were no better in the morning, and Mickey appeared with a deep cut across the forehead, tradition says inflicted by the broken candlestick.

Old Norry gazed after her for a moment or two in silence, then busied herself gathering together her traps, giving vent, as she did so, to such disjointed sentences as the following: "Well, it's a sorry sight! A dacent woman's child too. Ah well! whin they neglict the duty, all goes; she'll niver comb grey hairs any how."

At the mouth of the Buildings Mrs. Casey paused, as if to inhale a parting breath of comparatively pure air, when contrasted with that of the gloomy narrow vista into which she was about to plunge; but Norry was used to it, "didn't mind it any how," and turned to depart, when her attention was arrested by a deep-drawn sigh. Looking in the direction of the sound, she observed a slight youthful figure leaning against the rails of the pastry-cook's, and a pair of large blue eyes fixed wistfully on the old woman's dirty but not repulsive face. An exclamation of surprise and pity burst from the lips

of Mrs. Casey; the first a tribute to the girl's beauty, the second was drawn forth by her forlorn situation. Norry was too old a stager to mistake the young stranger's position in society; she knew her at a glance for one of the "Gracians" just arrived; and as she gazed at the timid modest countenance, "she just wished the child had stayed with her people, and not come to lose herself intirely with the riff-raffs of the Buildings." Great indeed was the mistake which caused Kate Gearey to stand a houseless wanderer at the corner of —— Street; but it is a mistake into which the majority of her countrywomen fall. Of course I speak of those who bear a good character at home; for those who have lost both name and prospects, London does as well as any other place: they pick up a precarious livelihood by fair means or foul, disgrace their country, rendering it a byword of scorn in the mouths of strangers; evade the watchfulness of their priests, neglect their religion, dupe and laugh at those who would reclaim or save them, and alas! die!—but of that hereafter.

This was not, however, the case with Kate Gearey. True, her childhood had been passed in a mud-cabin; but that cabin stood on the fair banks of the Awbeg, amidst the fertile valleys of Castletown Roche, beneath the time-worn parapets of the Lords of Fermoy, just where the rock-hewn path with its hundred steps leads to the river below—that river whose wooded banks and fertile corn-fields glow with a thousand hues in the golden sunlight. True, her parents were poor; but the blue sky of Ireland was above her, its soft green turf beneath her feet, its pure air around her; and Kattie flourished as the wild flowers in her path. And she was happy too,—happy, good, and beautiful. Who that had seen her kneeling in a quiet corner of the little chapel, telling her beads, and offering her fervent petitions to the dear Mother of her God; or watched her when, wending her homeward way, she paused near the margin of the river, beneath the shadow of the castle-walls, and bending with feelings of purest devotion, quaffed in her little palm the clear water of the holy well;—who, I say, would then have deemed that sin and poverty (the poverty of London) could have aught in common with a being as spotless as Kattie? In her fifteenth year, the child grew old in the world's cares; the pig died first, then the cow, then her gentle pious mother. The father moped, took to drinking, and became good for nothing; kept company with those who would only lead him to ruin; talked of leaving the little cabin, and taking Kattie with him. To avoid this, the poor girl determined to join a party from the next post-town about to embark for Liverpool, and seek her fortune at a distance. It was in

vain the good priest of Castletown, who had known her from her infancy, shook his head. He it was who had poured the regenerating waters on her infant brow, received her first confession, stood by her mother's death-bed until the spirit passed away; no wonder, then, his heart bled for the worse than orphan.

But Kate, with many virtues, shared the faults of some of her countrywomen, and was obstinate in an eminent degree, careless, improvident. Why should she not make a fortune in London? She was young, strong, and, alas, good-looking; what more could the English want? She would get a good service, and be a lady after all. Kate forgot, or probably did not know, that the ways of her father's cabin and those of a town mansion were totally different. London gentlemen do not usually milk cows, fatten their pigs, or bake oaten cakes on turf-ashes. The English have also another peculiarity, an unpleasant one to be sure—they require a character with their domestics, and even when they have one, are not predisposed in favour of the habits of those from the Emerald Isle. The venerable priest had a vague idea of all this; but it was of no use arguing, the girl was obstinately bent on taking her own way, therefore he gave her his blessing, with the better half of the contents of his slenderly stocked purse; and Kate left her mother's grave and her birth-place, to starve and suffer in a foreign land.

Six hours had not elapsed since Kattie entered London; and as, cold, weary, exhausted with hunger, she leant against the rails, she heartily wished herself once more resting by the holy well, or even listening to the gentle chidings of Father Phelim. Of money she had still a trifle remaining; but she knew neither how to procure food or lodging, until old Norry broke the ice by asking the child, "if any of her peeple expicted her, and where she meant to put up?" A few explanatory words sufficed, and in less than no time the pretty modest Kate Gearey was edging her way through the crowded Buildings on her way to Mrs. Casey's domicile, under the especial patronage of that worthy matron,—a fact notified to the "neybours" by her clutching the girl's arm with one hand, whilst with the other she trailed along her whole stock in trade, mysteriously united by Norry's apron-string, broken off on purpose.

Chapter II. *The Buildings.*

Leaving Norry and Kate Gearey, as they slowly wended along, we will for a few moments pause to survey "the Buildings." Take it all in all, it is no bad specimen of its class;

whilst the class itself is one I am particularly anxious to introduce to public notice. To be thoroughly appreciated, it must be seen; yet if any of my readers are gifted with very strong imaginations indeed, they may probably, from my imperfect description, form a faint idea of what I would depict.

"C—— Buildings," then, is a long narrow court, which by courtesy we may denominate paved: it contains some twenty-six houses, though let it not be supposed they are erected with any pretensions to regular form. Altogether irregular, the "Buildings" includes two courts, one on the right hand, about three doors from the entrance, the other on the left, near the middle of the "Buildings;" the whole presenting the appearance of a cross, one arm of which has been broken off and joined on again, with a profound contempt for any thing approaching architectural precision.

I have often puzzled myself as to the origin of these Buildings. Most of the houses are small, narrow, high, slightly built, just what one sees every day; but again, here and there, particularly in the farther turn-court, we light on those of a different construction: long gloomy passages, rambling rooms, bits of carved balustrade; whilst on more than one occasion it has been my good luck, when groping my way in the dark, to run my head against a projecting buttress, or to stumble down two or three broken steps, without any visible termination save the foundation-wall. The end house facing —— Street is, however, of a totally different build from any of its neighbours; each floor contains a number of rooms, all of which had formerly internal communications one with the other, although on the ground-floor these entrances are now blocked up, forming separate apartments. You ascend three or four steep steps before arriving where the street-door ought to be (it was long since converted into fire-wood); and should you proceed incautiously, you bring yourself in contact with an old rough wall; for the passage, instead of running straight forward, turns sharp round at a right angle; it is long, narrow, and utterly dark, thickly studded on one hand with dilapidated doors, with here and there a projecting rusty nail, a sort of man-trap for the attire or flesh of the unwary trespasser. This passage is abruptly terminated in a very high unequal staircase, with large holes, either slightly protected by bits of oilcloth, or yawning without even an attempt at disguise. Close to this is a flight of stone steps descending to the kitchens, at the foot of which you encounter an old dry well, considered rather dangerous until you are used to it, more especially as the perfect absence of light renders it extremely dubious whether the traveller is proceeding to the

upper or lower stories. Nor is the ascent an easy one (the balustrades having shared the fate of the door); for before you are aware of it, and when you perhaps hoped to discover some kind of window, you find yourself on a small open platform of brick, containing another well, at a dizzy height from the yard, without railing of any kind, amidst an admired confusion of milk-cans, &c., which the "carriers" bring here to cleanse, paying so much to the landlord for the "convenience" of the well. Escaping this danger, you traverse another passage more perilous than the former, inasmuch as one false step precipitates you over the unguarded stair-head; you are therefore obliged to feel your way by the occasional projections as you pass. It is surprising that so few accidents do occur; though, excepting the inmates themselves, the neighbouring priests, to whom these scenes of wretchedness are familiar, and one or two thoroughly acquainted with the locality, few enter this particular house. A large room, communicating with all the others on the same landing, terminates this gallery; a second steep stair, a similar passage, another over that, and the description of the place is complete.

Perhaps no house in the whole Buildings bears a worse name than the one of which I am particularly speaking. The landlord does not reside on the premises (always an evil); the ground-floor is let out in separate tenements; but the first, second, and third story are engaged at a high rent by those who take in lodgers, no questions asked, no impertinent curiosity evinced, except as to the length of their purse. Woe therefore to the inexperienced being driven to seek shelter in the "Large House," as it is generally styled. The "Large House" has also another convenience which we will here mention (to the cursory observer the Buildings are without a thoroughfare); for between it and a sort of half-house, very small and low, is a narrow gateway of wrought iron, defended by formidable spikes, and divided by a strong bar, so as to afford ingress or egress to but one person at a time. This gateway, which divides the houses, terminates in a steep flight of stone steps, worn, broken, and rendered so slippery by the slime of well-trampled vegetable matter, as to be perilous to both neck and limb, especially at night, the time during which they are in the greatest request; these steps lead to a respectable mews, known in the Buildings by the name of the "Hollow," and containing the very ragged-schools alluded to by Mrs. Toomey in the first chapter: this terminates, as almost all other mews do, in a deep arch, flanked on one side by a large gin-palace, on the other by a pawnbroker's, either of which businesses ever flourishes in the heart of poverty and dirt.

So much for the casual passer-by. The initiated are aware of sundry communications,—not smooth or straightforward, to be sure, but passages which no one would think of,—betwixt the mews and another court, leading also into a first-rate street facing an opposite quarter of the town. This was an incalculable advantage to the idle, good-for-nothing portion of either court, more especially the first. Should a too-hardy policeman venture within the precincts of the Buildings in search of some Lilliputian culprit, convicted of pilfering apples, or the still greater enormity of pitch-and-toss, the nimble urchin gives chase down the steps, and whilst his portly pursuer stumbles over the unequal pavement of the mews, disappears from his sight as effectually as if he had possessed the talisman of the invisible prince. Were the boys of the Buildings a little excited, and the "force" interfered, a relay could be easily obtained from the court; and as all Irishmen delight in a private row, "jist to keep thimselves warm," the "Hollow" formed an excellent neutral ground in which to fight it out.

Remarking, then, that the inhabitants of A—— Court "did not consider themselves so low entirely as those of C—— Buildings," I hasten to return to the latter place, where my story principally lies. Three or four parlours in the Buildings have been converted into a sort of shops for low hucksters, for the sale of coke, candles, bread, pipes, skimmed milk, &c., which articles are promiscuously heaped together on a long bench serving for counter, and for all of which about two-thirds more is demanded than is their value at a regular shop; but these tradesmen being for the most part "landlords," there was nothing to be said, few of their tenants being able to boast of a clear rent-book. There are also two beer-shops in the Buildings, and, though last not least, two "dances," one at No. 15, in the kitchen, and the "opposition," in a sort of out-house over the way. Here all the girls and boys, old and young, assemble after dark,—the ball-room being previously enlivened by a few dip-candles, stuck against the wall in tin sconces,—and on payment of one penny to the officiating Orpheus, are allowed to foot it heavily or nimbly, as the case may be. The mischief done by these dances is incredible, it being, as a matter of course, the proprietor's interest to entice every good-looking girl to these haunts of infamy, where they are exposed to all the evils of a contact with half-drunken men, shameless women, in fact with all that is sickening and revolting in humanity. The pent air, rendered still more dense by the fumes of tobacco, with which the few flickering lights vainly struggle; the half-washed faces,

where every evil passion seems to revel, as though to parody the very name of mirth; the squalid forms, rendered still more ghastly by the tawdry finery with which the younger women strive to adorn themselves; the disgusting language, ribald songs, make one turn sickening from the scene, more especially as we know that there is scarce a neighbourhood frequented by the lower class of Irish which does not possess one or more temples consecrated to these unhallowed orgies. How often have I seen the deserted wife point to her starving little ones, and say, "He met the hussy at the 'dance,' and left me and the childer!" How often have I stood by the sick-bed of the heart-stricken mother, and witnessed her tears for her once duteous affectionate girl, now turned to shame, and all through the "dance!" I can vouch for one instance, in which the widow crawled from her pallet, and kneeling down in the midst of the polluted assembly, left her curse on the heads of those who encouraged her child to frequent it, then staggered back insensible to threats and insults, and laid her down to die.

It may be said, "The Irish like dancing; it is an innocent amusement; why deprive them of it?" Innocent in itself, no doubt, and healthful too, on the greensward of their native village, with the pure air around them, in the companionship of innocent hearts and bright smiles: who would grudge them this? Certainly not I; but for the scenes I have described—scenes acted in the bowels of the earth—they are a curse.

The next great nuisance to the dance is a large drain, or cesspool, running completely through the Buildings, which it is asserted has not been emptied for more than thirty years, and which, from the effluvia it emits, through the medium of numerous superfluous gratings, poisons the atmosphere, rendering the houses perfectly uninhabitable. The Buildings have also a peculiarity exclusively their own: once or twice a week, by raising certain plugs, they are literally laid under water, which operation for the time being affords unqualified delight to a host of noisy urchins, who make boats of their caps, paddle up to their knees and pelt one another with the unctuous element, receiving an occasional cuff from such of their elders as may be fortunate enough to partake of the refreshing shower. The inhabitants of the Buildings are numerous—above a thousand—and may be divided into three classes: those in regular work, those who work now and then, and those who never work at all. The first, and of course the least numerous, are denominated "carriers:" they are exclusively women, generally blessed with a lazy drunken husband and a large family of small children, all of which they contrive

to support out of eight shillings a week; and for this pittance they must rise at four on a cold dark winter's morning, be on their milk-walk before six, return at eleven, and after snatching a hasty meal, which they must prepare for themselves and children, go forth again on their toilsome round, labouring under a heavy yoke, again to return in the evening, exhausted and hungry, to find the hearth cold, Pat at the beer-shop, the youngest child fretful, the elder sickening with the measles.

The second class consists of bricklayers' labourers, charwomen, &c., who get an occasional job; but with one fixed principle, namely, never to work when they can beg, and if reduced to the last degrading alternative of manual labour, to do as little as possible, circumventing their employers, "jist for the honour of the thing." These toil, upon an average, some three months in the year; for the remaining nine, hod, spade, and every article of clothing, are stowed away at the pawnbroker's, the room being "too small intirely for the like of them." An unexpected job, however, turns up. What's to be done? Pat flies to the neighbouring chapel, tells his tale to his "own clargy," gets the money to redeem his "implements," which in a couple of days' time are again pawned. The do-nothings, of course, form the majority of the population: you may know them at a glance. The women quarrelling, gossipping, squatting on the ground, attending to their neighbours' affairs, simply because they have none of their own; the men, too lazy to stand, lying on their faces in the sun, a short pipe in their mouths, playing cards on the pavement; or still more often in a state of beastly insensibility, sprawling under your very feet as you pick your way along,

When Norry and her charge entered the court, the whole place was astir; it swarmed like a disturbed hive, the hum of voices, screams of children, the shrill tones of the women, and the curses of the men, mingling in one deafening uproar. The "carriers" had returned; groups were formed in every direction discussing the great point of interest, namely the "Gracians." The barrows and trucks were wheeled into the turn-court, in which Norry's abode was situated, and for the day business seemed at an end; the beer-shops began to evince tokens of life, and an experienced observer might discern the unequivocal symptoms of a carouse "jist to welcome the strangers."

The first floor of Mrs. Casey's "place" was let to the school; so just as she rounded the corner, her progress was arrested by a band of fresh-dismissed urchins, who with the glee consequent on their emancipation, rushed forward whoop-

ing, bawling, screaming, at the very pitch of their lungs; striking each other with catechisms, slates, or whatever came uppermost, although it may be remarked they were demure enough until "governess and the ladies were out of the court." There was no hurry, not the slightest; so old Norry settled herself to talk it over quietly until the "childer cleared the doore."

A temporary calm was succeeded by a fresh burst of the young fry, now armed with huge lumps of bread, garnished with orange-looking butter, dripping, treacle, or whatever came to hand. The possessors of the latter luxury were of course marked objects of envy to their juvenile compeers; they gazed admiringly on the embryo aldermen, who with smeared visages munched away with true epicurean delight.

Amidst this tumult was one pale, sickly little thing, the very ghost of a child; whose pallid emaciated countenance bore all the marks of a premature old age, and whose large melancholy eyes seemed eagerly seeking that love and tenderness it had never known. It too had left the school; but poor and neglected as its companions were, it was poorer and more neglected still. Its little bare feet were bruised and dirty, its thin tattered frock hung loosely on its wasted frame; it was hungry and sick, without spirit even to crave a morsel from its companions; and after one or two wistful, fruitless glances, it withdrew under the shelter of a tilted cart, on which its schoolfellows were riding, and sat it quietly down. It was heart-rending to gaze on the deserted child, so still, so mournful, even so thoughtful; and yet at so unthinking an age children reflect more than is generally imagined. And as that little deserted one rested its cheek on its hand, its meditations were of high and heavenly things; it marvelled what could make the others laugh amidst dirt and wretchedness and sin; it turned its eyes on the narrow strip of blue sky above it, and wondered if that was the heaven where its mother was; a father it had never known, save him whom its kind teachers taught it to address in morning and evening prayer; and with a child's intuitive confidence in "Mary," it wished she would come and lift her up as she had seen in the little pictured prayer-book which her governess had given her. Meanwhile her earthly fate was decided; "the woman had enough of her own, without being plagued with a brat of six years old, so it was to go to the House to-morrow." The quiet of the poor little sufferer was, not however, of long duration; children are proverbially tyrants and imitators of the faults of their elders; all they themselves endure, they retaliate on their dolls, or any domestic animal over whom they may possess jurisdiction. The child-

ren of the Buildings were not, of course, more humane than others; and when tired of squabbling between themselves, they commenced a unanimous assault on the tiny victim, who silently cowered as closely as possible under the protecting cart. Their taunts and sneers the child seemed too stupid to notice, but when dragged from her temporary shelter, she began to cry bitterly. "Take that, you whimpering bastard!" exclaimed a thick-set ruffianly boy of about thirteen, the pest and terror of the Buildings; dealing the child so severe a blow that the blood gushed from its nose, making it scream more violently than before. "And take *that*, you good-for-nothing young scoundrel! You'll come to the gallows yet, as sure as my name's Pat Sheehan," roared a handsome young Irishman about six foot high, felling the aggressor to the ground before he knew where he was. "An this! an this!" he continued, bestowing one or two kicks on the prostrate coward, whose shrieks for assistance, whilst they excited the risibility of the men, awakened the ire of the boy's grandmother, who issuing from a doorway, rushed to the scene of action, her face inflamed by drink, her grey hair streaming in all directions, and her torn and dirty cap hanging behind her head. "Have at you, Pat Sheehan! How dare the likes of you slaughter my child like a bullock?" she exclaimed, in a yell which almost cracked the ears of her auditors.

"Hould your tongue, Mother Reardon; and here, Mary, catch up the child an be off wid you; lave me alone to dale wid the ould cat; her claws can't spile my beauty any how." So saying, he tenderly placed the little orphan in the arms of a pretty young woman, and drawing himself up to his full height, contented himself by evading the old dame's vigorous attacks, at first with an ironical politeness which almost frenzied her; then, giving way to his frolic-loving nature, he continued dancing round the aged fury, whistling all the while, as if to keep time with her movements. His audience, with whom Pat was a great favourite, were convulsed with mirth; and how long this scene might have continued, or to what lengths Mother Reardon's rage might have carried her, is unknown, had not an unexpected accident terminated the exploits of the principal actor. Sheehan's trousers were none of the best; and whilst capering with great agility, vaulting from the ground, striking his hands above his head, and hooting with all his might, a loud crack was audibly heard. Pat stood aghast; then, with an exclamation something very like an oath, took to his heels, and stayed not until he had threaded the mazes of the Large House, and panting with exertion, stood before Mary and the child. "Now, Mary, that's jist what I expicted," he said reproachfully, "and you've shamed me

before the whole coort. Didn't I give you my word I'd niver pawn thim agin, if you'd relase thim this once? And now I must sit in the corner all day, wid your ould petticoat to kiver me, bekase I'm shamed to be seen."

"How many times have I relased thim, Pat?" inquired Mrs. Sheehan, trying to look angry. "It's the good-for-nothing scamps you consort wid, who laugh you into ony think. Didn't I relase thim last Saturday, and sind you out on Sunday clane and dacent, wid an illigant pair of boots like a gentleman? And didn't you come home widout thim, looking as foolish as an omadhaun? and don't you mak me curse and neglict me dooty, bekase I've a good-for-nothing lazy husband, who sills all for the dhrink, and meesilf out on the walk all the blissed day?" and poor Mary began to cry.

"Now, Mary, it wasn't my fault intirely; that rascal Toomey made me dhrunk, and thin the boys laffed at me, and said I was undher me missus's apron like; and thin I grew shamed, so I let thim tak off my beautiful trousers and boots, and they pawned thim down the Hollow, and brought me home like a baste as I am, Mary. And what'll I do with this rint—you can't stitch that up ony how?"

Pat cast a rueful glance on his fractured trousers, whilst Mary gravely answered, "I'll not redame thim, Pat Sheehan, until you've promised Miss Bradshawe niver to let ony living soul tak thim from you agin."

"Now, Mary dear, sure you won't complain me to Miss Bradshawe?" said Pat coaxingly; "she'll scould me intirely. Didn't I promise her to reform twinty times? and if she hadn't saved me from being flayed alive, whin that brute baste of a sister of mine wint to pull the skin off me chist, you'd have had no husband, Mary, any how."

"No husband, indeed!" answered his pretty wife, with a coquettish toss of her head; "indeed, an I couldn't have found a worse than I've got. But now, once for all, Pat, I'll tell of you, and there's an end of it."

Pat sat down sheepishly, without reply; and Mary, busying herself about the tea and child, soon forgot her ill humour.

No sooner had Sheehan's disappearance restored something like quiet to the turn-court, than old Norry seemed to remember Kattie, who stood by her side, a living statue of wonder, staring and listening with all her might, and yet as far as ever from knowing what it meant. Norry plucked her by the arm, and they had advanced a few paces, when a shrill voice accosted them with, "Why, Mrs. Casey, marm, your husband's got his discharge, poor man, from the House, and it's very ill he is intirely down below there!"

"My husband! what'll I do now, I'd like to know? An

what's to become of the child? The bed'll never hould us all, even if I eked it out wid the stall."

"What's that you're saying, Norry?" asked the first speaker. "Is it a lodger you want to stow away? I've plenty of room, since the Sillivans got into that little thrubble, and ——"

"I don't think your place would altogether shute, Mrs. Carty," answered Norry significantly. "The child's a 'Gracian,' and not used to it; besides ——"

"Oh, the Sheehans lodge wid me now, and I don't do much business; I've airned nothink to spake of lately. The clargy said so much about it, the people won't have the cards at all, and the cup don't pay to signify."

"The Sheehans lodge wid you, do they?" inquired Norry, disregarding the latter portion of Mrs. Carty's address; "well, there's room enough, ony how. I wish Jim had bided a while longer in the house, and Mary'd jist have an eye afther her. How many lodgers have you now, Mrs. Carty?"

"Why, barring the Sheehans, there's ownly the Flannaghans, ould Biddy Sarchfield, and thim two boys of Burkes, and Sillivan's girl, that runned away about the dance, and blind Murphy and his grandson, and one Daly,—that's all; and we've two rooms, and praps the Sheehans 'll let her bide with thim, for Mary's nice about who I put in the impty bed."

"Where did Daly come from?" exclaimed Mrs. Casey, who possessed Eve's failing in a supereminent degree.

"He's a young fellow not long over. I think he comes from Roscrea: none on us knows him. He's bin married, but his wife died of the fever; so I suppose he's cum over to look for another;" and the old woman fixed her little ferret eyes on Kattie.

"Better stayed at home, if that's all he cum'd for," growled Norry. "Well, I wish my stoopid Jim had stayed where he was; what'll I do wid the likes of him here? Well, God bless you, child! May his blessed Mother and all the Saints guard your bed this night! Put your beads under your head, ony how," she added in a whisper, "an I don't think much harm'll cum on it." So saying, old Norry shook hands heartily with the bewildered Kattie, and followed her companion with a glance in which ill-will and fear were strangely mingled.

"The ould witch! But what could I do? She knows more than's seemly for us poor sinners. Didn't she mak the key turn in the Bible whin the suv'rin was lost, and Meg Sillivan neglicted the dooty iver since, for why she tuk to havin her fortin tould. Well, He sees all things—glory to his name!" And crossing herself reverentially, Mrs. Casey, once more gathering together her property, cautiously commenced her descent to her cellar.

THE FUGITIVE. AN HISTORICAL SKETCH.

(Concluded from p. 55.)

We left the fugitive, Simon Platzer, explaining to his friend Anthony the nature and progress of the struggle going on between the King of Bavaria and the Church, and recounting the efforts made by the king to usurp the spiritual, under the guise of a temporal authority.

"Last year," said Platzer, "about this time, Emmanuel, the Bishop of Trent, was summoned to Innspruck; and a fortnight later our Bishop, Karl Rudolph, who was not then at Coire, but at Méran. The Commissary-General, Count A——, immediately paid each of them a most friendly visit, and shewed them every attention; but this courtesy was only assumed in order to induce them to obey the King's commands."

"Forgive me for interrupting you so soon again, but why was not the Bishop of Brixen summoned too?"

"That is not exactly known; but it is imagined that because the canon, who managed matters there, was inclined to be more compliant towards the government than he ought to have been, the government wished to treat the Bishop himself with more courtesy, although this latter distinctly opposes every thing unecclesiastical and unlawful. Some say that the government hastened to assume the appearance of victory, by making the most of some insignificant concessions, in order to place in a stronger light the obstinacy of the other Bishops. They themselves seem to have suspected something of the sort, for they invited their brother-bishop to join them in their resistance; but Franz Karl was confined to a sick-bed, and the Brixenites, glad of an excuse for neutrality, did not send a substitute."

"And how did matters go on with the two Bishops?"

"The Commissary-General adopted different methods with each. Knowing Emmanuel's gentleness of disposition, he painted in the most fearful colours the sad consequences of a continuation of the contest, and asked him if he could expect his majesty to give way. A subject might surely sacrifice his private opinion to his monarch, who would then bear all the responsibility; but if the consciences of many were made uneasy, pastors disunited, and parishes distracted, by a continuance of these dissensions, the enormous weight of blame would fall upon those who fostered them. Emmanuel listened with deep emotion; but under a gentle exterior he concealed great firm-

ness of character. In reply, he read to the Count the Papal brief, and asked, 'Whom shall I obey in matters that concern the Church—the King or the Pope? The commands that I must regard as lamentable innovations, or the laws that are as old as the Church itself, and that I have bound myself by oath to obey? Can there be a doubt on the subject? Say yourself, Herr Count,—for you, as much as myself, would wish to act uprightly and honourably,—what would you do in my place?' So saying, he took the Count's hands, and gazed mildly and inquiringly at him. The latter could not entirely repress his emotion; and it was only after a long silence that he could escape from his embarrassment by observing, 'That many learned priests had openly expressed their opinion that the royal requisitions did not in any way touch the essential part of the Church.' When Emmanuel would prove to him the contrary, he excused himself by saying that he was no theologian, and must therefore refuse to enter into the mazes of that science. The parting was somewhat more reserved than the meeting, but still courteous. The Count repeated his visits, and each time brought to the argument fresh weapons, drawn from the armoury of modern enlightenment. But all his shots rebounded harmless from the adamant shield of the Church's truth."

"Doubtless he came no better off from *our* Bishop."

"There he tried another mode of attack. Although even with him he by no means omitted all possible marks of deference, yet in dealing with so open and powerful an opponent he thought it necessary to express himself in a more emphatic manner. He said, 'Karl Rudolph was a foreign bishop; it was only his high personal merits that had caused, and at first justified, the unusual toleration extended to him in the exercise of his pastoral authority over a part of the Bavarian dominions. But if the Bishop of Coire intended to abide by the principles on which he had hitherto acted, it was his, the Count's, painful duty to say, that there could be no doubt what measures the government would be forced to adopt.' The conclusion of the statesman's speech was accompanied with an expressive look of warning. Karl Rudolph met it with undisturbed calmness; a faint smile played upon his venerable features; he replied with composure, 'So you want to frighten me into the performance of my duty, as they do children!' A burning glow mantled the cheeks of the Count. The other continued more gravely, 'I cannot obey the commands of the King, because they are contrary to those of God. If his majesty obtains from the Head of the Church my canonical removal from the Tyrolese part of my diocese, I should gladly accede to the

mere wish of the Holy Father.' The Commissary-General, somewhat confounded by the dignity of this reply, entreated the Bishop, in flattering terms, not to confound what might seem harsh in his, the Count's, performance of his official functions, with his own personal feelings towards him; then, with renewed expressions of esteem, he proceeded to explain, that the removal of so highly gifted a prelate would be so much the more to be lamented for the sake of religion, as it must prove without object; for his majesty's decrees were to be looked upon as unalterable, and it would be better for the diocese that they should be carried out under the superintendence of an old and beloved pastor, than under that of one who had been forced upon them. Karl Rudolph answered, 'It is no question of my withdrawal, until the Holy Father himself commands it. No other power on earth can force me to give up my diocese, because no other has the right to do it.' "

"That was indeed a bishop-like answer," cried Anthony, interrupting him.

Platzer continued: "The Commissary-General swallowed the distastefulness of the reply without moving a muscle, and said, 'that he observed with pleasure this cheerful refusal to contemplate even the possibility of so painful an event; the clouds would, he hoped, disperse without the threatened storm; with the good feeling of his majesty, and the noble heart of the worthy Bishop, a really inimical course was not to be feared; it had been in order to set right the few misunderstandings that existed between them, that the royal government had requested the favour of his lordship's presence; but to attain this desirable end as soon as possible, he must beg permission, as he himself was no divine, to propose as a substitute for himself, in the necessary conferences, the worthy Government Counsellor and Professor of Canon Law, the Rev. Herr B——.' Karl Rudolph expressed himself satisfied with this arrangement. The conversation then turned upon indifferent topics,—the fine autumnal weather, the grand and beautiful environs of Innspruck; and they took leave of each other as if after an ordinary visit of courtesy."

"The Count seemed more afraid of the Bishops than the Bishops of him," remarked Anthony; "but I suspect the Professor will be a worse person to deal with."

"On the following day, the threatened antagonist was announced. The Bishop had seen him out walking the evening before; a tall figure in a blue frock, with yellow nankeen pantaloons. But now he entered in full dress of black, wearing his doctor's silk gown, with a Bavarian order upon his breast, in his hand the two-cornered hat of office with gold tassels.

Karl Rudolph approached him with dignity, and greeted him with these emphatic words: 'You, then, are he who undertakes to instruct Pope and Bishops in canon law?' The Professor was disconcerted, but quickly recovered himself, and replied, 'My lord, it is truth that gives to learning its pre-eminence. If, in the course of candid examination, I have arrived at certain conclusions which do not coincide with individual practices in the Church, I should regret it sincerely; but I could not alter my view of the subject, unless I became convinced that another was better; for our thoughts are not under our own control. Meanwhile, I am commissioned by the Royal Commissary-General to offer my services in explaining the policy of the government.'

"'The policy of the government,' answered the Bishop, 'can be no mystery to me, who have had so much experience of it. But you are expected to justify to me what must also be justified to the whole world. Are you really willing to undertake the task?'

"'Yes; I declare frankly, that both as a Christian and as a subject, I approve of and respect the King's measures. It is true that they must not be judged of by the usages of the past, but by the wants of the present, and the law of reason. The successors of the Apostles have too long forgotten those important words, 'My kingdom is not of this world.' To the maxim of the *suffering*, they prefer that of the *glorified* Redeemer: 'All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth.' Those calling themselves religious and ecclesiastics have heaped up for themselves the possessions of whole families, revelled in superfluity, lived in splendour, taken part in all worldly affairs, claimed all possible privileges, kept the people in leading-strings, and made themselves first the guardians, then the masters, of kings and emperors. So monstrous an anomaly could not last. The dawn of enlightenment pierced through the darkness of the times. The princes awoke, broke their ignominious chains, asserted their rights, and opened the way to a new era, when Church and State shall free themselves from their unholy alliance, each to attain its natural development, and each, according to divine appointment, to labour in its own sphere for the welfare of mankind. It is to *this* that the events of the times are tending: who will, who may, who can, throw himself into the stream, in the vain hope of curbing its course? Who would not rather joyfully, and full of prophetic hope, follow its resistless flow?'

"When he had finished, the Bishop took up the word. 'Even Popes and Bishops,' said he, 'are frail men. Were no failings and abuses to be found among the clergy, it would

be far more wonderful than the fact that such things do exist. But I lament that even you, a learned ecclesiastic, should share in the common delusion, and fail in discerning the greatness and excellence of those centuries when it was from Christianity that earthly government derived light and strength; a light which is ill replaced by the poor resources of diplomatic craft, and a strength not that of mere nature. And why should it be said that it is unseemly for the clergy to take part in worldly matters? The first Christian community even laid all their worldly possessions at the feet of the Apostles and their deacons, committing to them the care of their temporal interests. Religion should be the moving principle not only of spiritual, but also of temporal concerns; not only of families, but also of kingdoms. It is only for the impartial future to decide whether the so-called dark ages, under the guidance of the priesthood, or the so-called days of enlightenment, deserve the preference; that is to say, whether men were better and happier then or now. But let us leave the past. The princes have long enjoyed their independence; the influence of the Church is as much as possible limited to pure spiritualities. But with this you are not content. You wish to rule alone every where, even in the sanctuary. To subjugate the Church, and reduce her to the mere slave of the state; it is to this that all the efforts of the government tend.'

"'Far be it from our good and Christian King,' answered the Professor, 'to wish to attack what is divine and essential in the Church; he trenches upon no article of faith, no sacrament; but those things which are of mere human institution and temporal in their nature, it is the province of the government to superintend and conduct. For example, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is confessedly of divine institution; but the time, place, frequency, cost of its celebration, are external contingencies; and so far as they may affect the welfare of his people, they ought to be subject to the will of the monarch.'

"'According to these principles,' rejoined the Bishop, 'the priesthood resembles a treasure that is buried, eyes that are blindfolded, the life of one in a trance, or that fabled princess who was forced to lie in an enchanted sleep till a hero should come to break the charm with his sword. Such would become the sacerdotal authority, without action, without voice, without movement, till called into life by the touch of the royal sceptre. And what a life, if every external action and omission depend upon a stranger will! Where is there to be found upon earth a slavery more oppressive and degrading than this to which you would subject the Church? And this violence you call reforming her, and restraining her within her proper

limits! Look back to her origin: did Christ ask Pilate or the tetrarch Herod when and where He should preach the gospel? 'We must obey God rather than men,' was the Apostle's reply to the prohibition of the earthly rulers, not only of Jerusalem, but of the whole world. Christ established his Church *free*, endowed with divine rights and power from on high, and she has maintained them independent of the world; against all its principalities and powers, against all the persecutions of craft and force, against chains and dungeons, against fire and sword, she has maintained it unshaken and invincible. And this independence and divinely-given freedom of the Church you call something non-essential, merely human, accidental. Listen to an important acknowledgment escaped from the pen of a statesman highly esteemed by you. 'Like every thing else, the chair of St. Peter has decayed; the papal thunderbolts are extinguished; the Holy Father reigns but as a shadow at Rome; the Papacy itself is gone the way of all flesh, and civil governments have taken its place. We are at last free, and have gained a rich inheritance.' What do you say to these Christianlike principles of your esteemed partisan?'

"The Professor looked thoughtful and perplexed, as the Bishop replaced the letter on the table. The latter continued—

"'We have seen now pretty clearly the real aim of all these restrictions on the Head of the Church. So much, then, for the Pope. And we Bishops are only to be tolerated as wheels of the state-machine, the pastors as levers by which it acts, religion itself only as a means of moving it, as the wind moves the sails of a windmill. The great ones of this world have mostly lost their Christianity; and as they are become heathens, so, like the heathens, they would regard religion merely as the instrument of the state, with which to work upon the masses.'

"The Professor could not conceal his uneasiness; without raising his eyes he replied, 'The writer you have quoted is not speaking of the successor of the penitent Peter, but of the ambitious Gregory the Seventh. It is not the office of chief pastor that is passing away, but the temporal power of the Papacy. Besides, the private opinions of an individual servant of the state ought never to be looked upon as the principles of the government. These latter are not concealed: they simply demand the natural and divine right of the state, namely, an independent and supreme authority over all public affairs within its dominions. All the members of the body are subject to one reason and one will. What would an arm or foot be, separated from the frame to which it belongs? Independent public so-

cieties within the great community of the state, reduce the organisation of the latter to a hideous and miserable deformity. The necessary union and rational security of all kingdoms require the assertion and maintenance of unalienable rights, even against the ecclesiastical body.'

"The Bishop smiled and said, 'I heartily concur in the sentiments you have just expressed concerning the necessity of internal independence to a state. Otherwise it would be no state, but merely a province. But is not the freedom that is indispensable to the existence of the State, equally so to that of the Church? What would become of her were she under the dominion of secular power, unconsecrated, unauthorised, often ignorant? She would fall into as many separate parts as there are states, and be no longer that which Christ instituted her.'

"'It is not to be denied,' answered the Professor, 'that the unity of practice and discipline may suffer. But one Christian faith will maintain itself under all governments, however outward regulations and usages may vary. The spirit of religion is immortal, though her form must be subject to external circumstances. Two independent powers cannot subsist within the same limits; so let the Church, following the example of her divine Founder, meekly submit, allowing the State to rule in undisputed supremacy.'

"'Were it so, we should indeed have returned to the times of heathenism, when the Church stood in relation to the State as the oppressed to the oppressor. Yet now persecution would fail in gaining its end, as it did then. The place of the grey-haired Pontiff, who, exiled in France, fell a victim to grief, has been supplied, in spite of all obstacles, by one in the prime of age and strength; and though those who have gained the power to do so may usurp the office of the legitimate Bishops, who pine in prison and in exile, yet the people will fly from pastors they must consider as intruders, as from those infected by the plague; the altars will be desolate, the pulpits silent, the churches deserted; divine worship will in a great degree disappear from open day, and, as in primitive times, take refuge in private dwelling-houses and secret chambers, in woods and caves: the government will combat with an invisible power, and by the universal disorder only will be rendered conscious of the resistance made to it. Is it thus that the monarch cares for the public weal? and to this system of action, so subversive of all that is most holy, so generally destructive, we shall be led by a mere spectre of the imagination,—the chimera of the impossibility of two independent powers existing together! The eagle has two pinions, and only by the combined action of both can

he rise in the air; the human frame has two hands, and each hand has its own functions to perform; men can live and act together in the world, independently of each other; and shall only the Christian State and the Christian Church not be able to maintain themselves separately on the same spot? Are the servitude and shackles of the latter indispensable to the existence and security of the former? Is not the same God the ruler of both? and has He not assigned different offices to them? Cannot each be content with independence within its own sphere? In freedom alone can Church and State flourish and increase, and in their concord alone can mankind.'

"A pause followed. The Bishop resumed with warmth: 'Reflect upon all this; and if you feel that there is truth in what I have said, let these new convictions banish the old from your mind.' 'I will reconsider the subject,' replied the Professor;' and making a reverence, he withdrew."

Anthony had listened with almost breathless attention, so completely absorbed was he in the relation; now, coming to himself, he said: "That was indeed a remarkable conference, Herr Simon; it has set my head thinking more than the most learned sermon of Herr Fruhmesser. Was the Lutheran clergyman really converted?"

"The Bishop saw no more of him," answered Platzer; "he neither altered his doctrine or his relations with the Government. Not long after, the before-mentioned Commissary-General made his appearance, accompanied by two gentlemen. With an air of unusual gravity, he again represented to the Bishops the fruitlessness of their resistance, and the painful consequences to themselves, adding that this warning would not be repeated. Emmanuel exlaimed, 'Oh, that we may suffer persecution for Christ and his Church! What can be sweeter upon earth?' Karl Rudolph said, 'Us you can fetter and banish, but not the truth.' The Commissary-General opened the despatches from Munich: "*both Bishops are, by the royal command, deposed from their office.*" They protested against the validity of the royal sentence."

"On the same day, the Bishop of Trent was conveyed in a closed carriage to Salzburg, which town had been assigned to him as the place of his banishment. An hour after his departure, a second carriage stood before the inn, surrounded by a great crowd of people. When our revered Bishop appeared, all threw themselves sobbing on their knees; he blessed them, and said, 'Pray for the Church and the King!' At the Bishop's side sat a commissary of police, cold and gloomy, silent and motionless. The journey continued uninterruptedly all night, till they reached Landeck; the evening of the following day

they arrived at Nauders, the first town after entering the diocese of Coire. The people were indignant at the situation of their beloved pastor. Flashing eyes and threatening gestures were every where to be seen, but a look from him calmed the already rising storm. The parish chose three men to accompany and attend on the Bishop. The scene at his final departure was heart-rending.

"Karl Rudolph wished to continue the journey by way of the Vintschgau, entering the Grisons by the Münsterthal; but his companion silently held before him the unalterable plan of their route. They therefore descended the gloomy valley behind Nauders to Martinsbruck. When arrived at the frontier bridge, the Commissary drew a paper from his pocket, assumed a still more important mien, and, in a voice loud enough to be heard above the roaring of the Inn, read as follows: 'It is to be announced on the frontier to the exiled Bishop of Coire, Karl Rudolph, Baron von Buol-Schauenstein, that should he venture to return into the territory of the King of Bavaria, he will be seized and punished as a felon.' The official folded up the paper, made a slight bow, and turned back with the lawyer who had accompanied him from Nauders; Karl Rudolph had scarcely time to say to him a parting 'God be with you.'

"He now walked on with his three companions through the Engadi as far as Tarasp, where they rested at the convent of the Capuchins. The next day, in spite of all remonstrances, he set out on a journey, dangerous at that advanced season, the passage over the Scharler-Goch to the frontier town of Münster, in order to take measures for providing a representative of himself in the Bavarian part of his diocese. Till they arrived at the snow, they met with no particular difficulties. But here they soon lost all traces of their path; but forcing their way through the masses of snow, they at last reached, exhausted, the wished-for summit. The sun had long set, the last rays of twilight had disappeared, and the thickly rolling clouds every moment increased the darkness; even the gleaming of the white snow was only visible a few paces before them. Nor was it this alone that rendered the descent so perilous; the precipices became steeper and more rugged; the snow was drifted in larger masses. They constantly lost their footing, and found it almost impossible to keep together; at every step they sank into the snow, sometimes up to the breast. The men broke out in lamentations, not on their own account, but for the sake of their Bishop. He himself was cheerful and undismayed; he spoke to them words of holy consolation, and even sang verses of hymns. At length, the

last ray of hope seemed to leave his companions; they let fall the arms that they bore, and flung themselves upon the snow, exclaiming, 'We are lost! God have mercy on us!' Yet still the servant of God struggled to free himself from that frozen grave, and cried out, 'Courage, my children! God is with us; what should we fear?' And in a voice that echoed loudly through the desolate mountain stillness, he entoned a psalm breathing confidence in God."

"Truly our Bishop is a saint," cried Anthony, interrupting him.

Platzer continued: "Succour came, and almost miraculously. A peasant from Münster, who was also benighted, was descending the mountain near them, and heard their voices. Guessing that there were men in danger, he hastened towards the place from whence the sound proceeded. What was his surprise on hearing singing! He shouted in reply. An answer echoed back. He soon reached the poor exhausted travellers. How astonished, how shocked was he on recognising the Bishop! He reverentially kissed his hand, and helped him out of the deep snow into which he had again sunk. 'Friend,' said Karl Rudolph, 'God sends you here to be our angel guardian. With his help, fulfil now your mission.' Each one felt his confidence renewed. They struggled successfully against all obstacles, and at midnight reached the cloister at Münster."

"It was indeed almost miraculous," cried Anthony.

Meantime Platzer and Anthony, almost without being aware of their progress, had advanced far into the mountains, over pathless wastes and precipitous rocks, through mountain pastures and woods, with here and there wandering flocks of sheep and goats browsing upon the young shoots of the trees. They now came upon a patch of ground covered with blue berries, peeping from amongst thickly-growing leaves. "The Mossberry Plain!" exclaimed the priest: "oh, how often have I feasted here for hours together! Let us quench our thirst at the cool spring behind the hill there, and rest ourselves a little; for you know there is no other spring in this whole range of mountains."

They ascended through the gorge towards the desired spot. Already they see the water sparkling from between the mossy stones; they can hear the murmuring of the stream—now they stand at its side. The middle current glided through a hollowed birch-stem, down over its pebbly and gravelly bed, where it was joined by the streams that ran on either side, and then re-sank into the ground. Two trunks of trees lay before the spring, and the green grass on each side offered inviting

resting-places. Here our wanderers sat down opposite each other, under the shade of some young pines that embalmed the air with their fragrance. Squirrels skipped among the branches, or nibbled at the cones. In the background cackled a flock of moor-cocks, of which some were visible, timidly venturing from among the underwood. Mountain-finches, that had been first scared away by the invasion of their solitude, again came fluttering near, hovering about the only stream that existed for miles round. Anthony produced some rye-bread and smoked meat; and, with a feeling of peace and security, they began to satisfy their hunger, quenching their thirst at the "Cold Spring."

When they felt sufficiently refreshed, they returned thanks and proceeded onwards. "This," said Anthony, "is the happiest day of my life; for I love such relations as I have heard to-day better than Kirmes or bridal festival. How glad I am to understand the reason of what passes around us! I remember that once the Herr Curate said in the pulpit, after giving out the notices, 'Let us pray for our right reverend and beloved Bishop—he has much to suffer!' He began to weep, and said no more; most of the congregation wept with him. Soon the blessed Sacrament was exposed, and the adoration began; it lasted the whole day. But we did not know what had befallen the Bishop; till at last the advocate brought in the news from Schlanders, that the king had deposed him, and people were discussing whether it were valid or not. But pray tell me the rest of the history; I long for it more than I did just now for the 'Cold Spring.'" Platzer therefore resumed the narration:

"Karl Rudolph sent messengers in all directions to summon the clergy of the Ober and Unter Vintsgau to attend him at Münster. Regardless of danger, they hastened, even in greater numbers than was necessary, to gather round their beloved Bishop, and moisten his hand with kisses and tears. This venerable prince of the Church delivered an address to the assembled priests, laying before them the circumstances in which he stood towards the government, and relating what had befallen him; that in body he should be for some time separated from his beloved clergy and people in the Tyrolese part of his diocese, but that his spirit would remain with them and pray for them. He would still remain their rightful Bishop, until such time as he himself should abdicate, with the sanction of Rome. He nominated as his vicar-generals, the Pfarrer Patscheider of Méran, and the Pfarrer Schuster of Schlanders. All mere state appointments to the cure of souls were to be looked upon as invalid; and in the matter of

royal ordinances concerning ecclesiastical regulations, they were to guard against appearing to acknowledge their authority by making any condemnable concessions. At the close of the address all threw themselves on their knees, while he supplicated, in a loud voice, for *fortitude* or for *peace*. Burning tears rolled down the cheeks of grey-haired men; and they parted from their chief pastor like children from an exiled father.

"Their first petition seemed more likely to be heard than their second. An express arrived at Méran from Innspruck, commanding the instant arrest of Godfrey Purtscher, the regent of the seminary. But he had already fled to Coire. He was the most undaunted and influential of the Bishop's counsellors. Then came royal proclamations, one upon another: *Whoever dared to maintain relations with the outlawed and exiled Bishop of Coire should be treated as a felon; after the* 1*st of January*, 1808, *the clergy of the late diocese of Coire were to render obedience to the Bishop and Consistory of Augsburg;* every parish priest was to possess a copy of the *Royal State Gazette*, in order that he might know what were the government directions on the mode of conducting church matters. These ordinances became every day more and more numerous; for instance, the public recital of the Rosary and the Litany of Loretto was forbidden; the public Office in Advent, and the Christmas Midnight Mass, were forbidden; votive pilgrimages and processions peculiar to individual parishes were forbidden; even the passing-bell for the dying was silenced."

"What a heathenish regulation!" cried Anthony indignantly.

"Have not these and suchlike alterations been carried out with you?"

"With us every thing remains as usual. The Herr Curate would rather be martyred, I think, than alter any thing. Besides, no one takes the trouble to inquire into what passes in our retired valley. To-day is the first time that we have seen soldiers there. But do the clergy on the banks of the Adige comply with such Lutheran demands?"

"Where no ecclesiastical law stands in the way, the generality obey the government: for example, they conduct the services on abrogated feasts in the same manner as on working-days, because the Church herself has removed the obligation of observing them. Often, also, they evade a regulation by artifice. When, for instance, saying the beads was forbidden, the Pfarrer of Algund desired the congregation to recite them three times over. The people were surprised at their pastor's

request, but obeyed willingly. In a short time the good Pfarrer was called to account for his conduct: 'Why do you continue the recital of the beads, when it has been forbidden by his majesty?' 'Sir,' replied the Pfarrer, 'instead of the beads we now recite the Psalter.' The official, who did not know that one hundred and fifty Ave Marias were a substitute for the one hundred and fifty Psalms, and are, on that account, termed the Psalter, pictured to himself the whole congregation singing a sonorous psalm-tune, and henceforth could not sufficiently applaud the psalm-singers of Algund."

"That was indeed a good joke," said Anthony, laughing. Platzer continued:

"This official was the dreaded Theodore von H——, Captain of the district at Bruneck, in the Pusterthal. In order to check the confusion and hindrances existing in ecclesiastical affairs, he came, in the Christmas of last year, as Special Commissary to Méran. On St. Stephen's day the parish priest was taking off his vestments after Mass, when the constable entered the sacristy, and delivered to him a decree. It was a summons to appear without delay, with all the clergy of the place, before the Royal Special Commissary, at the inn of the Golden Sun. In an hour's time the clergy, dressed in their cassocks, and walking two and two through the street, repaired to the appointed place. A soldier was keeping guard before the door of the audience-chamber; a servant opened it, and announced them. Behind a long table, in the middle of the room, stood the statesman in full uniform, with long curled locks. His air was to the last degree pompous and stately. In his right hand he held a paper, his left rested on one of two pistols that lay on the table. The tall, grave-looking Landrichter stood on one side; on the other his secretary. The clergy ranged themselves in a half circle; foremost stood the Pfarrer Patscheider, an old man, but whose sickly and drooping frame contained undiminished powers of mind. Next him, the humble but talented Lutz, the episcopal advocate; then came the rector of the college, Langes, looking out furtively from under his dark eyebrows; then three priests of the Episcopal Seminary, in their gowns. At the further end was seen the fine figure of the Father Guardian of the Capuchins, who often turned his mild countenance towards the Landrichter, his patron. On a sign from the Special Commissary, the secretary began to read out the names. When the list came to the Baron von B——, who, though a beneficiary of Trent, resided at Méran, H—— interrupted the silence he had till then observed. Suddenly rousing himself, he said, 'Ah, Herr Baron, you have a charming sister; her beauty is most en-

chanting! I was fortunate enough to see this flower of Méran at the window of your house. Have the kindness to kiss the gentle baroness's hand for me!'"

"How could he make such a fool of himself?" said Anthony, laughing.

"His countenance soon resumed its former gravity; and this gravity reached its height when, with dilated form, arched chest, and head thrown back, he began to speak. 'He had always served his majesty faithfully; each grade of honour had been to him only a step to the next; and he now stood before them distinguished by the gracious confidence of his monarch, as Special Commissary, with extended powers. Varied intercourse with the world and unusual experience had sharpened his intellects to that degree, that he could penetrate into the interior of men, and see through their character. At the first glance he could distinguish among the gentlemen assembled round him, which were the *seduced* and which the *seducers*.' At these words his eye moved slowly over the whole row, fixing upon some with a threatening pause, but always upon those to whom it was least appropriate, and then continued: 'His presence was, in fact, highly necessary; so lamentably had those who day and night deafen the ears of others with overstrained maxims of morality, neglected, or rather trampled under foot, their own holiest and most imperative duties, both as priests and as subjects. But disturbed order would soon be re-established; either by the mildness to which his philanthropic heart was always inclined, even when dealing with transgressors,—or else by the severity which he well knew how to exercise towards the stubborn.' He now opened the paper, and called upon them to listen to his majesty's commands. He then read a new admonitory discourse, and last of all the commands: *That the clergy should swear 'to break off all communication with the Bishop of Coire, to transfer their allegiance to the Bishop of Augsburg, and to obey unconditionally all royal ordinances, ratifying the promise by their signatures.*'

"The Town-Pfarrer Patscheider, who was first called upon for his acquiescence, gave this answer: 'As regards the first point, the Right Reverend Bishop of Coire has not yet made any *cession* according to those canonical regul———' 'Be silent!' cried the Special Commissary; 'your principles, like your language, belong to a century back. Sign!' The old man laid his hand on his heart, and said, 'It is impossible.' The other angrily made a sign to the secretary to note down the name of the refractory individual, and turned to the ecclesiastical advocate Lutz, who said, 'As to the second

point, the Lord Bishop of Augsburg has declined accepting the Tyrolese division of the diocese of Coire.' 'You are an audacious liar! It is you and the fanatical Purtscher who are the arch-seducers of your more simple brethren.' Lutz shook his head, and refused to sign. It was now the turn of the Benedictine Langes, rector of the Royal Gymnasium. 'Herr Special Commissary,' said he, 'a few hours ago I had the honour of informing you of my opinion; I now repeat publicly, that I concur in the sentiments expressed by the gentlemen that have preceded me, and only attach my signature to the third point, under the express reservation of paramount obedience to the Church.' 'You are not worthy of the trust reposed in you by the king; you have deceived the government! I had hoped this morning to have found in you an enlightened man and an obedient subject, and find instead—a mere benighted papist. I see my warnings have been fruitless.' Langes, again required to sign, answered, 'Against my conscience I cannot.' Ignatius Purtscher, sub-rector of the seminary, and brother of Godfrey, a man as firm as a rock, gave the cold reply: 'I consider any explanation to be superfluous; my principles are well known.' H —— looked at him scornfully, without speaking. Anthony Tappfer, professor in the Seminary, made a touching and convincing appeal. The answer was: 'You are a well-meaning and talented man; but there is no choice, of course, for a subject, when a monarch commands. Sign!' Michael, his brother, also professor in the Seminary, stepped forwards with warmth, saying, 'I am a Catholic priest, and would gladly shed my blood for the Church!' 'Antiquated prating!' muttered the Special Commissary, playing with the lace on his sleeve. The most aged of all, a private chaplain, clasped his withered hands together, and said in a tremulous voice: 'How could I commit such a sin, with one foot already in the grave?' 'Go to the devil, then!' exclaimed the Special Commissary, turning upon his heel. When, at the last, the Father Guardian was called upon, he appeared tractable and ready to sign, only begging permission to add certain conditions to each point, necessary for the satisfaction of his conscience. The Special Commissary was just going to storm, when his neighbour the Landrichter whispered a word aside which suddenly calmed him, and he answered: 'You may delay signing. We will talk it over.' Of the whole assembly, two only signed; one was a royal professor, the other well known for being a bad character. The undertaking, therefore, completely failed. The Special Commissary gave vent to the most unseemly abuse, and dismissed the assembled clergy, threatening to break the stubbornness that

would not bend. The Town-Pfarrer Patscheider, the counsellor Lutz, and the three Seminarists, immediately received an intimation that they were to confine themselves to their respective houses.

"The most necessary arrangements were directly made. The Vicar Patscheider delegated his powers to the young and amiable Coadjutor von Karl. The same night, the three priests of the Seminary, amidst the abuse of the Protestant soldiers who escorted them, were carried towards the Vintsgau, and sent over the frontier into the Münsterthal. These had scarcely left the town, when an official and police-officer, furnished with lanterns, conducted Patscheider and Lutz through the streets in a covered carriage. Four soldiers surrounded the prisoners. They were taken to Botzen, from whence Lutz was immediately sent off to the Servite monastery at Innspruck, Patscheider some time after to the Seminary at Trent. An unprecedented excitement reigned among the inhabitants of Méran, and spread itself through the neighbouring peasantry.

"The Father Guardian had to make his appearance at the house of the Landrichter. H—— threatened him with the suppression of his convent, if he did not instantly sign the paper as it stood. The Father represented the impossibility of acquiescence, and implored his clemency. The crafty Landrichter proposed that the stipulations should be made only verbally in the presence of witnesses, and that the paper itself should be simply signed. Alarmed by their violence, he consented to use this subterfuge. He returned to the convent much disturbed, and acknowledged what he had done. The elder monks instantly gave notice that they must withdraw their obedience, unless he retracted without delay. The whole town was in a ferment at the startling intelligence of the Guardian's having signed; Langes expressed his most emphatic disapproval of the compromise; the young vicar already threatened him with suspension. At length, straitened on every side, he wrote a most unequivocal withdrawal of his signature, and despatched it to the Landgericht.

"The Special Commissary, whose triumphal car was thus suddenly laid in ruins, was almost raving; particularly as the same requisition, when sent to the clergy of the country round, had produced no more favourable result. The deputy Bishop, Vicar von Karl,* was soon discovered; and, to the great grief of the inhabitants, transported,—first to Botzen, and then to the Münsterthal on the border. Providentially enough, he had already fixed on a successor, in case of such a contingency. But as this latter also could not remain long concealed, an

* Now Bishop of Coire.

artifice was had recourse to: at the moment the existing vicar was summoned or carried off, he who had been designated as his successor came into office, so that each could declare upon oath, before the court, that he was not the vicar. Thus the episcopal delegate became, to the executive power, an invisible being. But so much the more harshly were those treated whose opposition was open. The Capuchin convent was attacked by night as if it were a den of robbers; the monks were dragged from their cells, and conveyed away, amidst all kinds of ill-usage, to different places of banishment. In all the country round, the priests were summoned before the courts, unfairly condemned, loaded with punishments, removed from their parishes, carried into imprisonment, and their places supplied by pastors appointed by the king. Thus, Professor K—— took possession of the parish of Méran.

"The fearful confusion was increased by the circumstance of the Vicar-General of Trent, a man who cringed to the wishes of the Bavarians, having, at the request of the government, *assumed episcopal authority over the neighbouring section of the diocese of Coire.* The new Pfarrer of Méran, an upright and learned man, but not sufficiently versed in ecclesiastical rights, allowed himself to be deceived into believing the administration of Trent legitimate, and collected around him a small number of clergymen of the same opinions. Thus was there a schism even among the clergy; and the government wished for nothing more ardently, than for the strengthening of this faction. But it suffered an unexpected defeat, and I had the good fortune to assist in bringing it about."

"How was that?" asked Anthony.

"The Pfarrer, under whose care I had studied, had conceived a partiality for me, and when I was coadjutor at Riffian, we maintained friendly relations. I advised him to assemble the clergy, that the question at issue might be clearly determined, and if possible, the unity so necessary to us restored. After some consideration he consented. I myself went about from viddum to viddum to induce the pastors to appear at the residence of the state-appointed Pfarrer of Méran, although they did not recognise his authority. The assembly was numerous. The arguments adduced against the legitimacy of the pretensions of Trent were so decisive, that the nominal Pfarrer remained silent, as if stunned, for some time; and at length, bursting into a torrent of tears, exclaimed, 'I have been deceived! I am an intruder, and no rightful pastor! I renounce it all!' The most influential of the assembly endeavoured to soothe him, but without combating his resolution. The next day, the news of his suspension had spread through the town.

Bowed down with grief, he withdrew to St. Josephsberg, where he remained in solitude."

"Heaven be praised," said Anthony, "that he came to himself! That was a master-stroke of yours."

"There is no doubt that this undertaking was my greatest crime in the eyes of my opponent, although there is only a casual mention of it in the decree in which all my delinquencies were enumerated. Certainly the state-appointed clergy could not easily forgive me such a blow; for it was no secret that the meeting was brought about by my exertions. But this retreat of their leader by no means induced the other clergy to take the same step: the violent measures of the government inspire them with firmness; persecution still seeks fresh victims; the number of intruders is increased; the abbeys are suppressed, and their revenues confiscated; the hands of the Consistory are more and more shackled; the Church languishes in oppression; flocks without shepherds, and wolves in their midst; the fountains of the Sacrament sealed up, and living and dying vainly sighing after them. All, all that our Bishop had foretold at Innspruck, is come to pass; and his words ring like a prophecy in our ears. Who could have conceived such a state of things possible?"

Lamenting thus, our fugitive and his companion had entered the gloomy shades of the mountain-forest. The voice of the speaker sounded hollow, and the old gigantic pines seemed to murmur in sympathy, sadly hanging their arms, as if mourning the unhappy times. No living creature was moving; not a breath of air stirred, not a twig trembled. Their footsteps sounded strangely in the death-like stillness, and silently they hurried through the tall trees, that stood like giant mummies. At length the daylight streamed more brightly upon them, and cool breezes fanned their brows. The priest hastened forwards, and soon resounded his cry, "The Meadow! the Blue Stone!" With deep emotion he beheld the flat smooth chalk rock, of a bluish-grey, on which he had so often sat, plaiting stalks of hemp for shepherds' whips, or weaving baskets, cages, &c. of birch and hazel twigs. He threw himself on his old resting-place, and was soon lost in reminiscences of his innocent childhood. Anthony stood by his side, his mind still occupied with the gloomy pictures that had been presented to it, and with thoughts of what was to follow.

At length Platzer recollected himself, and rose; he went forwards to the edge of the cliff, followed by Anthony, and looked down over the Saugalpe, in the direction in which he expected his friends to appear. As yet, no one was visible. The parting sun seemed to crown the mountains with gold,

while the rising breezes threw over those monarchs of nature the purple mantle of the evening clouds, and eagles swept by on broad pinion, to roost on their rocky sceptres. From the overwhelming contemplation of the distant and sublime, he was awakened by the many-sounded tinkling of bells, and the answering lowing of cattle. In crowded confusion, running and leaping, caressing and fighting, they moved over the green declivity down towards the smoking hamlets of the lovely plain; two herdsmen slowly followed, singing an evening hymn, of which the melody alone reached the ears of the listeners. He gazed after them, till they had disappeared below. And now all seemed so still and holy! Nature was celebrating her solemn evening rites; the soul of the priest was absorbed in her, drinking sweet oblivion, and lost in the eternal and infinite!

An involuntary sigh betrayed its return to the trammels of the present. "My dear Anthony," said he, "how strange to him who feels in the depths of his heart this solemn stillness, this holy peace of nature, seem the discord and violence that pervade human life here below!" Anthony was not a little rejoiced at the renewal of the conversation. "Herr Simon," said he, "this storm will pass over. I think the Bishop of Coire will yield us to another pastor, rather than suffer any longer this frightful division and neglect."

"The noble Karl Rudolph," replied Platzer, "has long wished to make this sacrifice for the sake of the general good. But according to the laws of the Church, no Bishop can give up his diocese and cede it to another, either in whole or in part, without the permission of the Pope; and the Holy Father has explicitly commanded, that not a single hair's breadth shall be yielded."

"I must suppose that the Holy Father acts well and wisely; but to speak candidly, I cannot explain to myself this inexorable firmness."

"The firmness of the Holy Father is by no means inexorable. Whenever the King of Bavaria applies to the Pope, his wishes, as far as possible, will be complied with. But Bavaria, doing homage to the spirit of the age, would fain ignore the Pope completely, and undertake and carry out, under his sole authority, ecclesiastical changes which ought only to be made with the permission of the Head of the Church. If the Pope were to give way, it would not be only this or that parish that would be deprived of its pastor, but *all Christendom that would lose the supreme head appointed by Christ;* for a chief pastor without authority is the same as no pastor at all."

"Ah, yes, I see it all now."

"You understand also, that the Holy Father forbade the

Bishop to yield, in order that the government, which could not have desired so fearful a disorder, might turn again to the chair of St. Peter. And this object will be attained."

"How? Has the Church, then, so near a prospect of returning peace?"

"Report says, that an agreement has been already come to; that we shall be transferred to Brixen; that the Bishop of Coire is to receive the thanks of the King for his voluntary renunciation, and to be indemnified for the loss of his revenues. But reports are never more deceitful than in troublous times. The clergy have not yet received from Coire any notification of so important an event. But even if the intelligence be true, peace and friendship between Church and State are not yet to be thought of. At all events, this single case of reconciliation would seem only the momentary outstretching of the hand of a drowning and implacable man to his hated foe, that he might be saved from the waves. If the State really thought of expiation, it would not give such crushing proofs of the contrary. Our best and wisest priests still lie imprisoned all around, from the distant frontier of Passau to the Italian Tyrol. Even as I now stand a fugitive on this mountain, others are flying elsewhere; and of all the rightful priests who still perform their sacred functions, none are secure for a moment. Acts of violence against rights and property are systematic and unchecked; and the principle of the unconditional supremacy of the State, both in temporal and spiritual things, is held so immovably firm, that the Bishop of Trent, who will not consent to take the oath concerning it, and indeed might not after the command of the Pope, has not received the wished-for permission to return home."

"What is to be wondered at most is the patience of the people," returned Anthony.

The priest leant his head confidentially towards him, and even on that solitary mountain his voice sank to a whisper as he said, "Between ourselves, Anthony, I fear, I fear that the outbreak will be only the more violent from its having been so long restrained."

"Then my forebodings have not deceived me; I have long thought that a rising was possible."

"The peasants in the neighbourhood of Méran, and especially in the Passeyer, hold secret meetings; they collect powder and cast bullets; their principal place of rendezvous is the inn at Sand; and the host himself has told me, that on all sides he is urged to place himself at their head and strike the first blow."

"I made acquaintance with that strange man at the last Latscher fair. At first sight I could not help laughing at his

extraordinary beard; but when I began to talk with him, I found him a sensible, upright, and honest man. We sold him twelve sheep; and when he had paid us, he invited us to take a glass of wine; andthen the bearded Sandwirth was so friendly and cheerful, that he quite won our hearts; but he completely took to Peter."

"How so?"

"As we parted, I heard him whisper in his ear, 'My lad, be a good Christian and a brave man, and keep an Austrian heart.' Peter asked, 'Will any thing come of it?' 'We shall see,' said the other, and his eyes flashed fire. Since then, Peter thinks of nothing, day or night, but fighting."

At this moment, joyful shouts struck upon our wanderers' ears. "They come! they come!" cried Platzer, and both shouted in answer towards the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. They came nearer and nearer: "That is my cousin's voice!"

"Your cousin, Herr Simon?"

"Yes, my cousin from Morter, a student. He acts for us priests as a secret messenger; and, as I learnt from a notice received before my flight, he also was obliged to conceal himself." It was in fact the student; with him came Peter and a hunter. "Cousin, how is it that you are here? God greet you! welcome. Peter, you too!" Thus hastily greeting them, he shook hands with both; they seated themselves, and the student began to relate what had befallen him, and how he came to be there.

"When warned of my danger on the evening of Friday last by Herr D., I concealed myself in his house. Before day-break I hastened to Riffian, intending to join you in your flight. You were gone; but thinking that you might not be far off, I determined to wait and seek you. About service-time, fifty soldiers marched into the village; they were furious at not finding you either in the church or at the viddum, or elsewhere. They searched half Riffian, making their way into the houses, throwing every thing into confusion, and ill-treating the inhabitants. The officer who commanded the troop even caused the provost and the schoolmaster to be seized, and this proclamation to be made before the people: 'These two will be detained at Méran as hostages, until they give up the concealed Pfarrer.' All protested and declared, 'We do not know where he is.' It was in vain; they even manacled the two captives; and the party was just moving off, amidst the lamentations of wives and children, when the bearded Sandwirth made his appearance. The people thronged round his horse, relating their grievance. He rode instantly up to the

officer, and said to him gravely, 'Herr, what is the crime of these two men whom you are carrying away prisoners?' 'Ask your goat's beard, if you want to know,' answered the officer. 'By this same beard, then,' vehemently answered the Sandwirth, 'I swear, that if you do not let the men go free this instant, I will summon you at Méran, or if necessary, at Innspruck, and if I am not there heard, at Munich; and if it should cost me a thousand florins, I will not rest till you are punished for this conduct, so unworthy of an officer. We will see whether justice is to be had under the King of Bavaria, or whether we live in the midst of robbers and murderers. Think well what you are about; and if you should want to find me out, my name is Andrew Hofer, proprietor and host of the Sand, in the Passeyer.'

"The young officer started, exchanged some words with the old sergeant, and rode off. The latter made a sign to unbind the men and let them go. The soldiers drew off; men, women, and children surrounded the Sandwirth with joyful acclamations. 'Andrew, shall we not soon fall-to?' was shouted on one side. 'It is no longer to be borne!' was heard on another. The Sandwirth, still mounted, looked around, and asked if there were any strangers present; some of the people pointed to me, who was standing under a doorway. 'Ah,' said the Sandwirth, 'that is an honest student; I know him well.' I now came forward, and said that I myself was a fugitive. He drew out his purse, and pressed two kron thalers into my hand; he then turned to the crowd, and said, 'Dear brothers, I will confide a secret to you. We have sent to Vienna, to know of our good Emperor Francis, if it be his will that we should bear all this faithless and crying injustice in silence like martyrs, or whether we may not rise and shake off the yoke, and be again Austrian. If the Emperor commands it, we will be still; but if he permits us, we will strike a blow for our liberty. Is that right?' 'Yes, it is right! then we will strike a blow!' cried all. 'The Emperor Francis for ever!' shouted the Sandwirth; and waving his hat, he rode slowly away in the direction of the valleys, the crowd accompanying him a considerable way, with vivas for the Emperor."

"Indeed; every thing seems to foretel a fearful storm," remarked Platzer.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the hunter; "then I shall shoot at French and Bavarians, instead of hares and chamois."

"I sought you in Kuens," continued the student, "and heard that you had gone towards Trent; I hastened homewards, and was not a little surprised at overtaking my father near Rabland."

"Singular rencounter!" rejoined the priest.

"We both set off after you, just as the soldiers appeared in Morter; I made my escape to the mountains, and inquired of an acquaintance of mine in Martell, where you were, and what you were going to do. If you will allow me, I will accompany you in your flight to the Grisons, and continue my studies at Coire."

"I am perfectly willing," replied the priest.

He now for the first time noticed more particularly the hunter; a tall strong man, wearing a grey jerkin with green facings, and a narrow-brimmed hat ornamented with chamois-hair and feathers.

"I think I ought to know you. Are you not Michael of the Peck-Veit?"

"Yes, I am; we used to go to school together. Ha! ha! I was not often to be seen there, it is true."

"Can you undertake to guide us over the mountains into the Grisons?"

"I know all the roads and passes of the Engadeinerberge as well as those of our own valley. I have been there already twelve times, to —— ha! ha! to catch chamois."

"My child, that is theft. You must not do that again."

"It is no use talking; I cannot leave it off. So it is. If I were in hell, I should not be able to help shooting at a chamois, even between the very horns of the devil. It is true the father confessors always scold about it, and sometimes my conscience pricks me a little; but then I think again, 'Alfanzerei!* on the mountains all is free.'"

"My friend, we shall have time hereafter to discuss this matter."

Peter now presented the money to the priest, and greeted him from his family, and even from his mother.

"What do you say? From my mother? My mother?"

"She was sitting in the room with the others, and seemed perfectly herself; and when I told of you, how you had come to us as a Passeyer peasant, she smiled, rose, and brought me a glass of wine. When I was going away, she wept and said, 'Greet the Herr Simon from me! He must pray for me!'"

The priest flung himself into Peter's arms, and exclaimed, sobbing, "Oh, thanks, thanks for these blessed tidings! Oh, now will I joyfully wander away over ravine and mountain! Up, friends! do you not see how dark it is getting? Let us go to the neighbouring farmhouse of Blaseneck; I am well known there. We will take some refreshment together; and before

* Foolery, nonsense.

day breaks, we three will begin our journey, in the name of God."

All were already on their feet. The student sang, Peter huzzaed, the hunter whistled; the priest and Anthony followed in silence.*

Poetry.

THE ADDOLORATA.

Bride of heaven, why art so mournful,
Why agonised thy lip and eye?
"The hour is come, and soon again the vision
Shall be before me in the awful sky.

See His brow—what streaks its pallor,
Oozing like dew-frost slowly thaw'd?
Behold from palms and feet that dropping—
Momently dropping—blood of God!

Mark below the red pool, shaken
As with plashing from broad leaves
After thunder. Darkness thickens—
Lo! He moves—the faint breast heaves!

Half He riseth on the iron:
O my God, that cry of cries!
A muffled crush within the bosom—
'Tis the heart-burst—lo, He dies!"

Thus those three hours' wondrous dying
She beholds: and, icy calm—
Though with anguish faintly thrilling—
Droppeth blood from brow and palm.

Bride of heaven, wake from swooning:
He is in glory, cease thy pain.
"Ah! could you know the bliss of all my sorrow,
Dying with Him—with Him to live and reign!"

R. M.

* Platzer remained at Coire as professor, until, in 1809, he was again obliged to fly, on account of having sent supplies of ammunition into the Tyrol.

Reviews.

MORRIS ON THE INCARNATION.

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT PREACHING.

Jesus the Son of Mary; or the Doctrine of the Catholic Church upon the Incarnation of God the Son considered in its bearings upon the Reverence shewn by Catholics to His Blessed Mother. By the Rev. John Brande Morris, M.A., sometime Petrean Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford, and now one of the Professors of Prior Park. London, Toovey.

This very remarkable work has suggested a reflection on which we cannot help dwelling for a brief space. It brings forcibly before the mind the contrast between the advantages possessed by the Catholic preacher, and those of the many usurpers of his office in the various sects of Protestantism.

We need not pause to attempt to shew how indescribably important is the function of preaching in the conversion and edification of the souls of all men. It is pre-eminently the mode in which the word of God is conveyed to the understanding, and by the Spirit of divine grace made to penetrate all the depths of the heart. While the greater part of mankind, whether Catholics or not, could not or cannot read, it is manifest that they must depend almost solely upon preaching, in some form or other, for their knowledge of the truths of salvation. And even taking the general education of the world at its highest possible point, still this great fact in human nature remains unaltered, namely, that the majority of persons *prefer* religious instruction and awakening from the mouth of a preacher to the very same teaching in the shape of a printed book. Whatever be the cause, the fact exists, that with the generality of men and women, old and young, the truths of religion make a more welcome and ready impression when heard than when quietly read. The exceptions to this rule are the few. Here and there, almost entirely among the classes who possess both high cultivation and abundant leisure, are to be found those to whom all sermons (except the very best) are an unedifying weariness. To the rest (supposing, of course, that they are tolerably interested in the subject of religion itself), a sermon is not only an agreeable thing, but by far the most efficacious existing instrument for the awakening, converting, instructing, and edifying the soul, in obedience to the gospel of Jesus Christ. In the case of the thoroughly

poor, it is obvious enough that this must be the case. They have neither time nor inclination for reading, and often not books to read even when disposed. Oral teaching with them is every thing. But we believe that, in the classes above the poor, the average inability of men and women to *profit* by reading is much underrated. It is astonishing, when we look into it, to see how little the generality of readers enter into the meaning of a writer on any subject, and pre-eminently on such subjects as religion. They want to have the sense enforced upon them by all those aids which we express by the word "delivery," or "*actio*," as the Romans called it. They need the play of feature, the sparkling eye, the expressive gesture, the varying tone, the emphatic word, which are the ordinary accompaniments of natural, earnest preaching, to arouse and fix their attention, to elucidate the speaker's meaning, and to carry home his words to their hearts. All this may be, if we like to think so, very irrational, illogical, and derogatory to the nature of man as a reasoning and reflecting being; but so it is. Mankind generally both understand and feel what they hear better than what they read.

Accordingly, every sect of heresy has laboriously striven to avail itself of the influence of preaching to sway the souls of men, and to preserve their allegiance. The sect which has the best preachers carries the day amidst its competitors. Preaching created Methodism, Evangelicalism, and gave such popularity as it gained to Puseyism; and it is still the mainstay of these and all other denominations. And most curious and instructive it is to note the peculiarities of these ever-changing preachers of error, and to contrast their advantages and performances with those of the Catholic preacher of that true gospel which they in vain attempt to appropriate.

It is probably not too much to say, that every heresy wins its power over its followers' hearts by some perverted view of doctrines in themselves true and momentous. It is not so much the denial as the corruption of revealed truth which attracts and rules the souls of men. Those hideous monsters, the unredeemed creations of diabolical wickedness, which now and then glare across the moral firmament of social existence, blaze but to terrify and expire. They fascinate and destroy a few of the more wicked and reprobate; but they take no permanent place in the affections of mankind. When heresies flourish and endure, it is by virtue of the truths which they offer to famishing and ignorant souls, overlaid and apparently hidden amidst the unchristian falsehoods which constitute the heresy itself.

And thus, heretical preaching is ever found, when en-

during in its influence, to aim at some end which, to the ill-informed, *seems* most pure and Christian, and which often is, with all its distortions and frightful accompaniments, substantially a portion of the Catholic faith. In our own days this fact is strikingly manifest in the two great divisions in the Protestant body: the "High-Church," "Puseyite," or "Anglican;" and the "Evangelical," in its numerous modifications within and without the British and Irish Establishments. How these two vast classes at once embody and corrupt the revelation of Jesus Christ, will be at once evident from a glance at that revelation itself. Christianity, then, is a revelation of the relation in which man stands to his Creator, with such a manifestation of the divine nature and acts as is involved in the revelation of the will of God towards us his creatures. The knowledge of the relation in which man stands to Almighty God includes necessarily a knowledge of the links or instruments by which the soul is brought into that saving relationship with its Judge which it is the aim of every communion, whether Catholic or heretical, to work in its followers. Those links or instruments are practically two: faith and the sacraments. Whatever other conditions be really and necessarily associated with them, these two, popularly speaking, are the instruments of salvation. The first of these Evangelicalism puts forward; the second of the two is the fundamental principle and strength of Puseyism or Anglicanism. Each, it is true, perverts and maims the truth which it proclaims; but it is to the fact that faith and the sacraments *are* a portion of the revelation of Jesus Christ, that Evangelicalism and Anglicanism owe all the fascination with which they still beguile the souls of men.

Still more striking is this additional characteristic of *both* classes of heretics, namely, that He Himself, without whom faith is a delusion and the sacraments child's-play,—Christ Himself, the Redeemer, the life of his people, for whose glory alone both faith and the sacraments have received their powers, and who will not give his glory even to the ordinances of his own creation, or to the words which He has breathed among men,—He, we say, Jesus Christ, the Incarnate Son of God, is practically dropped out of both of these false gospels alike; and millions and millions are called by his name, and make their boast in his words and his works, and *Him they know not.* However vigorously they may seize upon some portion of God's word, and with however little of adulteration they may occasionally succeed in presenting it to their minds, a fatal obstacle stands between them and God Himself; and the more passionately they may struggle to behold Him, and

know Him, and speak of Him, the more striking is their impotence, and the more fearful the errors into which they plunge.

Ask these different misbelievers themselves, indeed, and they will tell you that they alone know Christ, and have a zeal for Christ, and preach Christ; and they are as confident as of their own existence, that it is the one damning sin of "Popery" to dishonour and forget Christ. But pass from their professions to their deeds, and see how blindly they mistake a zeal for the *word* of God (interpreted by themselves) for a zeal for God; how they identify a knowledge of the way to approach Christ with a knowledge of Christ Himself; how what they call "glorifying Christ" means comforting themselves; how they value the doctrines of the gospel just in proportion as they derive a satisfaction from believing them; how, in short, they linger in themselves, in their own hearts, in their feelings, in their works, in the Bible, instead of dwelling habitually on that Divine Saviour Himself, to whom these means were designed to conduct them, and from whom they derive all their healing virtue and sacredness.

Such is Anglicanism, and such is Evangelicalism; each with its own peculiar substitution of the means of salvation for the source of salvation. Anglicanism upholds tradition, Evangelicalism the printed Bible; Anglicanism lauds good works, Evangelicalism faith; Anglicanism preaches "sanctification," Evangelicalism "justification;" Anglicanism turns to the sacraments, Evangelicalism to the inward feelings; Anglicanism prizes the doctrine of a final judgment, Evangelicalism the doctrine of the atonement; Anglicanism is for much prayer, Evangelicalism for much preaching; yet alike they dwell upon earth in their own souls, in their outward deeds, in the literal words of revelation, maintaining a galvanic, unhealthy, presumptuous, or desponding struggle with the world and sin; because (to say nothing of their need of grace itself) they can but catch glimpses of the face and glories of that Blessed One from whose countenance shines forth the light of his people, and the very momentary glimpse of whose sacred hand has ravished Saints into ecstacy, and filled them with triumphant power over the world, the flesh, and the devil.

We who are Catholics can understand how impotent must such preaching be to convert and perfect the soul, from imagining what would be the result of such a comparative oblivion of Christ and his Saints in Catholic preaching itself. Supposing a Catholic preacher, retaining of course his orthodoxy on all moral and sacramental subjects, were yet, without any mixture of positive error, nevertheless to neglect perpetually

to point out Jesus and Mary, and the whole choir of Saints and Angels, *themselves*, to his people. Supposing his teaching were confined, or nearly so, to dry or scolding expositions of the commandments of God and of the Church; to telling the poor they were not to get drunk, the rich they were not to talk scandal, with minute directions on all that they were to do and to think and to feel and to say, together with abundance of general disquisitions on abstract virtues, and controversial expositions of the truth of Catholicism, and the falsehood of Protestantism, and the absurdities of Protestants;—what, we say, would be the result in the minds of his hearers? Granting that all he taught them was good as far as it went, and necessary, and edifying, yet is it not evident that the soul of Catholic preaching would still be wanting? that his people must walk hesitatingly, tremblingly, inconsistently, and coldly in the Christian path? that they would be ever yearning with unsatisfied desires, ever wondering whether there were not some more glorious, more awful, more attractive, more subduing manifestation of their Saviour's love, to which they were as yet almost strangers? Would not they be painfully conscious that the world had a power over them which it ought not to have; that something was still needed to fill and vivify their inmost souls, in order to neutralise the fascinations of the world; to point their thoughts habitually to invisible things; to enable them to dwell in the presence of God; to console them amid dryness, sorrows, and mortifications; to transfigure the sacraments and ordinances of the Church with that radiant splendour which shines forth from the presence of God into every soul whose eye of faith is bright and not dim; would not the general course of their spiritual life be lukewarm, calculating, and frigid, in place of that fervent, generous, and joyful service which the gospel promises to all who accept it; would they not be distressingly fearful of the taunts of the worldly, of the ridicule of Protestants, of the secret snares of the devil? Would they not be continually puzzled and scandalised at the infirmities of Catholics, and the occasional disorders in portions of the Church? Would it be possible, in a word, to describe their habitual experience as that victory over self, and communion with God and his Saints, which, with all its pains and its toils, are the prerogatives of the Christian life when duly enlightened and generously sincere?

And what but the perpetual contemplation of Jesus, Mary, Joseph, and all the Saints, not merely as subjects of thought, but as objects of love, could possibly work in the best-disposed Catholics this manly and vigorous interior life? Clearly nothing. We owe every thing to that manifold exhibition of the incarnate

Son and his elect now in heaven, which the most sincere and painstaking of Protestants attempt in vain. It is our adorable Saviour *Himself*, with the mysteries of his divine and human nature unfolded to our reverent study, with all the details of his sufferings, with all his present miracles of almighty love ceaselessly manifested around and within us;—it is that dear and spotless one who stands (if we may so say) between his own eternal majesty and us his ordinary creatures, Mary, his mother and ours, tender, loving, pure, unchanging, all-embracing in her sympathies, dwelling before her Son's throne in beatific vision, and ever mingling her prayers for us with her contemplation of His ineffable perfections;—it is our angel guardian, the happy messenger of love and aid to us in our necessities, ever present unseen alike in our joys, our sorrows, our good works, and our sins;—it is the whole host of Saints in glory, from the first martyr to the soul which has last passed into the Divine Presence, all retaining their affectionate interest in the Church yet militant, watching over certain spots, specially guiding certain communities or hearing certain petitions, brothers to us and sisters still, though removed from our scene of trial;—it is these that the Christian soul needs perpetually to have placed before its thoughts and feelings, with all that completeness of explanation, and fertility of illustration and winning unction of spirit, which is the characteristic of the preacher who is truly Catholic and Evangelical, and which will be sought for in vain in the preachers of Protestantism, however arrogantly they may claim for themselves these inalienable titles, however freely they may quote the words of holy Scripture, however vehemently or affectionately they may strive to move the hearts of those who trust in them.

The reason of this is twofold; it is partly a natural, and partly a spiritual reason. It is natural that the heart should be attracted and guided by being brought into contact with real existing objects on which its affections and reverence may rest, far more than by the most exact or urgent exposition of its mere duties, or of the doctrines (viewed merely as doctrines) which God has revealed. The soul cannot rest in herself, either in her thoughts, her works, her feelings, her knowledge, or her faith, even though all these be in the strictest obedience to the revealed will of God. She must go out of herself; she must study herself for the very purpose of going out of herself; she must incessantly turn from the word of God to God Himself; in every sacrament she must strive incessantly to behold Him who is the life of all sacraments. The heart and intellect refuse to yield up a complete obedience to

abstractions, or dogmas, or disquisitions, or rules for life; they must have an *object* to contemplate, to revere, to love, and to obey. They demand not only, as we have said, subjects for thought, but objects for love and obedience.

And the same truth holds good spiritually, in the order of grace as well as in the order of nature. Almighty God, let it never be forgotten, glorifies *Himself*, and Himself alone, in all his works. He redeemed us for His own glory, as well as in mercy to ourselves. The whole framework of our salvation has the divine glory for its object, as intimately as our regeneration and perfection. Every sacrament, every ordinance, every sentence of revelation is for the greater glory of God; and when we become so blind as to forget *Him* in his sacraments, his ordinances, or his words, then, though He will never break his promise or withdraw the grace He has attached to his institutions, still He will in a measure hide his countenance, and leave us to walk by the strength of our own powers and the light of our own understandings. It is by the manifestation of Himself in the Incarnate Son, and in another though equally real way, in the Mother of Jesus and in his Saints, that it pleases God to awake, to console, to strengthen, to enlighten the soul, and bear it safely through the sins and miseries of this state of trial.

Catholic preaching, therefore, being twofold,—embracing, first, careful and minute instruction in all the doctrines and duties of religion; and secondly, a presentation of the objects of faith to the affections, as living realities with which the soul is intended to hold perpetual communion, though invisible,—we should naturally expect to see the most extraordinary phenomena occasionally present themselves in all heretical attempts at the ministry of the word. And such is the fact. Here we see an extensive school, never rising beyond the detail of ordinary social duties, expounding week after week in monotonous humdrum a semi-pagan morality, interspersed with a few Christian phrases and a few well-worn texts of holy Scripture. Then comes an enthusiastic sect, striving by every stimulant to stir up the dormant emotions, by vehement appeals to the conscience, by exciting caricatures of certain Christian doctrines, and by unsparing attacks on amusement and relaxation both harmless and hurtful. Here is a preacher who keeps up in his hearers a diseased passion for self-contemplation, till their spiritual existence is reduced to a par with the physical life of the nervous hypochondriac, whose every bone aches with imaginary pains, and who can neither eat, drink, sleep, nor move in peace, from terror lest he increase his fantastic disorders. There is some outrageous fanatic who has caught a glimpse of

the great Catholic truth that it is by the contemplation of Jesus Christ Himself that the soul is led on to perfection, and who, untaught by Catholic doctrine and unrestrained by Catholic reverence, would fain hold up our adorable Saviour to the gaze and affection of his hearers, but in language and with sentiments utterly repulsive to true Christian affection and worship, and virtually contradicting those very doctrines which he imagines himself to be setting forth with all the orthodox ardour of an apostle. Disgusted, again, and keenly conscious of the heretical character of such exhibitions, side by side appears some learned Anglican, flying for refuge to an exclusive zeal for sacraments, ecclesiastical ordinances, Christian symbolism, bodily austerities, and all those portions of the Catholic faith which, because his fellow-religionists have forgotten them, he imagines to form nearly the whole, if not the whole, of the Christian revelation. It is the Catholic teacher alone who can preach *the whole gospel;* not morals alone, or sacraments alone, or doctrines alone; or morals, doctrines, and sacraments without Christ; he alone is not merely able to teach the truth, but the whole truth, that truth in which words are ever the symbols of realities, and knowledge is ever passing into faith, and faith is ever vivified by love, and the soul, by the very law of its regenerated being, habitually uses revelation as the means for approaching Him who is revealed, and Jesus and Mary are the objects of loving contemplation, the motives to action, and the end of every desire.

Such are the advantages of the Catholic preacher; and natural as it is frequently to remember them, when watching the shifting movements of misbelief amidst which it is our lot to live, they are recalled with more than usual force by the contents of such a book as Mr. Morris has just put forth. Here is a long, learned, elaborate, dogmatic treatise, expounding with remarkable originality, rare learning, and often with striking force of style and beauty of thought, those great truths which are the treasure-house of the Catholic preacher, when he would fulfil his task of presenting the Saviour of the world and his Blessed Mother to the meditation, love, and reverence of his children. Such a work from Mr. Morris's pen, if he had remained a Protestant, with all his learning, zeal, and industry, and granting him a more than ordinary measure of religious knowledge, would have been simply impossible. What would oriental and patristic researches, cultivated with whatever amount of sincerity, have done for him while he saw all things by the murky twilight of Anglicanism, and was paralysed by the traditions of Oxford? He must have spent his energies and acquirements on any thing rather than in writing on "Jesus

and Mary," and in treating on the Incarnation, not alone as the subject of controversial disquisition, but as the manifestation of God Himself to the understanding and affections of the human soul. Mr. Morris himself avows the change he has undergone in his own characteristic and forcible language.

"Enough has been done," he says, "to shew reasonable minds that we do not confuse Mary with God, or raise her to the dignity of a fourth person in the Trinity, if such an expression be admissible. At the same time it must be owned, that nothing will satisfy captious minds who dote upon words, and fancy when they have found an expression they can put their own meaning upon, that they have detected Catholics in a lie, and that after all they do make our Blessed Lady a goddess. To prevent any such uncharitable persons thinking I wish to escape their censures, I will boldly confess, if they please, that Mary is to me now more than God was to me when a Protestant. So bright is the light of God's presence in the Church, that it gives even to a darkened soul more exalted notions of a creature in it, than of the Creator out of it. This, of course, is a statement which can by no possibility be true of all God's attributes, as, for instance, of his creatorship or his avenging justice. Still it may be useful to have made it, in order to lead the persons just mentioned not to force words into a sense in which none but a madman could use them; useful, too, to lead them to reflect, by the aid of the materials now furnished them, in what respects the Creator can be contrasted with his creature, and how the greatness of his incommunicable attributes can be brought out by the majesty of those He is able to communicate."

And there is scarcely a chapter or a section in Mr. Morris's whole treatise which does not furnish some illustration of the difference between the power possessed by the Catholic to view the objects of revelation as realities, as distinguished from those feeble efforts, rarely advancing beyond mere intellectual knowledge, which we remark in conscientious Protestant writers. The non-Catholic reader, indeed, will be not unfrequently taken aback by Mr. Morris's style, and his mode of treating on the great doctrines of revelation. Men accustomed to identify vagueness of thought with reverence of feeling, and to esteem the Greek and Hebrew words of the Bible above the truths those words convey, will be staggered at the language of a man who has a more than ordinary share of the Catholic abhorrence of conventionalities. That which we see to be the result of common sense, learning, simplicity, and faith, will to those without the Church too often wear the aspect of familiarity and audacity.

At the same time, it cannot be doubted that Mr. Morris's book must make an *impression* upon every religiously-disposed

Protestant mind of the most beneficial character. It is not always that which apparently and at first scandalises the non-Catholic mind, which ultimately works it mischief. So far from it, we suspect the first approaches made by nearly every Protestant towards the truth result from some enforcement of Catholic doctrine which has at once puzzled him, agitated him, scandalised him, and arrested him. It was just so when our Blessed Lord declared to his followers that he would give them his flesh to eat. A vague, generalised, nicely-balanced, cautious, and enigmatical statement of the doctrine of the Real Presence, would probably have scandalised few or none; but neither would it have enlightened, attracted, and subdued the intellects and hearts of others. And so it ever is with Catholic preaching and Catholic writing. Many are amazed and driven backwards; but the few are drawn on, and exclaim to her who is now the voice of Christ, what the great Apostle himself answered to the question of his Master, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."

Just such, so far as we may venture to parallel the two cases, will be the natural result of the study of Mr. Morris's book. Intermingled with references, discussions, and dogmatic statements, appears that incessant reference to Jesus and Mary and all the Saints, as being real objects of faith, love, and reverence, which is to be found in Catholic writers alone. In his eyes and before his mind, God is God and not a creature; the human nature of Jesus Christ is a real human nature; Mary is the Mother of God in a true, actual, and intelligible sense, and not merely, as Protestants say, the mother of the man Christ Jesus. And hence, while some will be enlightened, others will be offended; while some will say, "What a marvellous, awful, mysterious, and divine religion that must be, which could so transform an Oxford critic and student of the Fathers!"—others will turn aside with haughty disgust, and cry out, "What odious, daring, and sacrilegious blasphemy!"

Of Mr. Morris's Catholic readers, few will rise from his pages without profit and delight, and none without an interest of a very peculiar character. That there will be differences of opinion as to some few parts of his book, is certain. Into its theological argument, however, we do not purpose to enter, nor to specify those points in which, whether justly or not, he will be subjected to animadversion. One only defect we cannot avoid referring to, and it is one which we think almost every reader will desire to see amended. We know that there are occasions on which a man's very simplicity of character and guileless purity of intention betray him into illustrations or modes of language which will shock the sensitiveness of his fellows in a

degree of which he himself is totally unconscious. Such, we are confident, has been the source of an occasional passage in Mr. Morris's pages, which we earnestly trust to see omitted in a future edition. Many things are true, which it is quite needless to state; and many things are possible, which it is quite dreadful and painful to imagine. For instance, the language which Mr. Morris has put into the mouths of the blaspheming multitude at the Crucifixion, however possible or likely, is such that few Christians could read it without feelings which Mr. Morris would be the last to wish to arouse.

With these reservations, then, we hasten to offer our warm thanks to Mr. Morris for his labours. That they will be highly appreciated by those most competent to judge them, we have no doubt; and the Catholic reader will rise from their perusal with the conviction that few works have ever appeared from an English Catholic pen combining so much learning, vigour, and occasional grace and beauty of style, with so devout and ardent a love for our Blessed Redeemer and his immaculate Mother.

We conclude with some brief extracts, as examples of Mr. Morris's power of philosophic and dogmatic exposition. They are taken from a most interesting chapter *On the experimental knowledge in Christ's soul.*

"If we suppose an Angel, for illustration's sake, to have a body given to him, it is clear that he would have a set of new channels of communication with the visible world given to him in the senses of the body: it is unnecessary and unnatural to suppose that he would forfeit those powers of seeing houses, lands, trees, flowers, animals, and the rest, which he had antecedently to his supposed incarnation. Whatever influence this latter knowledge might exercise upon the former, it would not certainly destroy it, or prevent its free agency. Touch, and sight, and the rest, are sensations of which Angels have no experience such as we have; but an Angel if incarnate would become capable of such experience. Or, to put the thing in a less hypothetical light: those who believe the Apocalypse believe that there are in heaven now certain spirits which have come out of great tribulation, whether here or in purgatory we need not now discuss. Now we must suppose them to be able to see the flesh of Christ in heaven, and our Lady's flesh, and St. John's flesh, and any flesh we may imagine rightly or wrongly to be there, without having any fleshly eyes to see them with. But at the Resurrection they will have such eyes, and consequently will see Christ in an additional and different manner. We can imagine their bodies prostrate while adoring the Lamb, in such way that the use and exercise of seeing Him with the eyes of the flesh should be suspended; but we cannot imagine the eyes of their mind to be ever taken off the flesh which redeemed them. This again, if not

altogether acceptable, may serve to bring before us the fact, that an experimental knowledge can be separated from a habitually infused one. It is an illustration, and as such necessarily partial; it seems, as far as it goes, to limit experimental knowledge to knowledge gained through the senses, which is an inadequate idea of it. But it is adduced not as the most perfect conceivable illustration, but yet as one which will serve to shew one point in regard to experimental knowledge; and that point is, that it is capable of an existence independent, both in its origin and in its continuance, of infused and immutable knowledge.

"It is moreover undeniable, that the accumulation of knowledge through the senses is an ingredient in our idea of human nature; we cannot readily conceive full-grown human nature to be human nature at all, if we take out of it this element. Consequently that particular experimental knowledge which we gain in this manner, will, if ascribed to Christ, prove undeniably his capacity for experimental knowledge; even supposing there were no ascribing to Him such mental sensations as fear, wonder, anger, compassion, and other things of which the mind may have experimental knowledge, irrespectively of the senses; still the use Christ made of the senses would prove his capacity for experimental knowledge. Hence when his eyes were closed in sleep, it might be said that he could not see; neither did he hear the noise of the storm about him, neither did he feel the wind and the spray; it might be argued from this, that he had a real human sleep, which is the function of a real human soul when *in* the body, with the body, and not without it; and therefore from this sleep it might be concluded that Christ had several attributes of real human nature. If this sleep, then, made upon the disciples some false impressions as to the state of Christ's soul, unquestionably it made some true ones. Christ was undoubtedly in full and perfect knowledge of the danger He was in, if by knowledge we mean that infused knowledge which his soul possessed unchangeably; but if we mean that experimental knowledge which results from the senses and the present use of them, this was suspended. And this will lead us to reflect, how in other cases also Christ may have created impressions which were true, not barely because He had human nature, but also more particularly because He had certain attributes of that nature.

"It is desirable to consider also, how far Christ earned experimental knowledge with his soul, either as taken conjointly with the body or as taken without it; an instance of the former is, when He not merely felt but endured pain; an instance of the latter is, when He felt compassion or learnt obedience by mental sufferings and separate acts of resignation. But before passing on to this, it is as well to observe, what an important part the senses play in the acquisition of certain habits of a very durable character. Thus arts are certain productive *habits*, and last up to death, and, for all we know, leave some impression on the soul beyond death. Certainly people are able to issue from these habits energies according to

them, long after they have suspended the continuous use of these habits. Thus St. Peter's skill in fishing, or St. Paul's in tent-making, were habits which remained in their soul, and which probably they could have acted according to, up to the day of their death. These habits were habits acquired through the medium of the senses. Out of this a question may be raised in regard to our Blessed Saviour himself: the habit of skill in carpentry, which He gained during thirty years' *experience*, more or less—what became of this, it might be asked? did it continue in his human soul, so that by virtue of it He could have done acts according to it even after his Resurrection? This is brought in here not merely as an amusing speculation, which it would be indeed irreverent to raise about God incarnate, but to bring out very strongly the possibility of experimental knowledge in that divine soul; to strike the reader forcibly with the relation of such knowledge to habits, and to get clearly before us one portion both of the induction from which such relation is to be learnt, and of its difficulties, before we proceed to another. * * *

"This is further illustrated by the belief in tutelary saints, which has been universally held in the Church. Such a belief implies, that the saints retain habits of affection towards the particular places, studies, virtues, devotions, and religions, for which they had an attachment while upon earth. It would be as idle to say this is a piece of paganism imported into the Church, as it would be to say that the belief in future punishment is an importation of that nature. Both the one and the other are parts of natural religion. To suppose St. John up to his dying day to take the greatest interest in chastity, and to be willing as long as he was upon earth to assist any body who had to acquire that virtue, but to lose this willingness directly he got into the presence of God, is so strange a perversion, or rather so utter an annihilation of every principle laid down by Butler in treating of habits, that no one would maintain it but an atheist. And what may be said of one virtue may be said of another. To imagine, again, that St. Cyril takes no more interest now in the doctrine of the Incarnation and those who study it than Justin Martyr, or St. Augustine in those who study the doctrine of grace than St. Cecilia, is too ridiculous a rejection of the doctrine of habits to be maintained by any one capable of sober reflection. And the same, with certain alterations and limitations, might be said of the other things just mentioned. Dives, as a modern Socinian, might be full of natural benevolence to those about him, and he kept that benevolence in hell: are the saints to lose the virtuous habits they have formed, or the affection to certain mysteries they have had on earth, because they are gone to heaven? Has St. Augustine no more interest in the clients of St. Monica as such than in those of St. Theresa? But 'this way of putting things plainly supposes' the habits of the saints 'to remain even in a future state.' What we see in the saints, that we may use as a help towards knowing what is the case in the Saint of saints."

With these remarks compare the following from the chapter *On the Resurrection:*

"It has been supposed that Mary had a habit of influencing Jesus authoritatively, which would remain in her even after death. If this be so, it is obvious to see that the prayers of Mary, directed even to her glorified Son, would be wholly and entirely distinct from that of any other saint or angel. For to which of the saints or angels said He at any time, Thou art my mother? He had taken in his human nature a capacity for being a little lower than angels, and for reverencing the memories of the saints; yet that reverence being done by a human nature in perfect union with the Divine Essence, was absolutely perfect in its kind. He had taken also a capacity for being subject to his parents. If his human nature enabled Mary to command Him, his divine enabled her to pray to Him: the oneness of his Person prevented her commanding without respect, or praying without authority. She had given Him the nature over which she bore sway as a mother; but it was in so perfect union with the divine nature that she could hardly sever reverence for the Person from her acts of authority, or authority from her acts of reverence. She acquired an indirect authority with the divine nature of her Son, through the human nature which she had furnished to it. This authority she had exercised so often, that it must have left a habit in her, as Jesus's submission must have left a habit in Him. The circumstances of both were changed; yet a habit of some kind must have remained, from thirty years' mutual relationship as Mother and Son, in either of them. This habit would issue in acts so far as circumstances permitted.

"The thing which is without any parallel in any other being may yet admit of the following illustration. St. Monica prayed for nine years long for her son's conversion; at last she obtained it, and became his mother after the spirit as well as after the flesh. Nobody would say St. Monica was as great a saint as St. Augustine; nevertheless, he owed her a debt of gratitude which he felt habitually—which feeling was a habit to him. We may conceive this habit to exist even in a future state, even in heaven; we may conceive St. Augustine to look with a respectfulness to his mother, which would make him willing to pray for any thing for which she prayed, with a willingness resulting from that gratitude. He owes his life, natural and supernatural, to her; a sense of justice would be enough to make him pay attention to her requests, even if we could suppose charity to leave heaven for a while. Of course, this is in no sort an exact counterpart to the case of Jesus and Mary; still it is a help towards conceiving that intermixture of authority which the prayer of a mother must carry with it even in Mary's case. This is what I have called authoritative influence with Jesus. As Augustine is a greater saint than Monica, yet has a sort of reverence for her wishes even now; so Jesus, though greater than Mary, may yet continue to have dutiful attentiveness to her prayers. Of course the difference

between Augustine and his mother is a finite one, the difference between God and his Mother an infinite one. Still, the difference between the saints is a step on which we may stand to get an easier glimpse of God and the Queen of Saints; the relationship of these may be in some measure conceived through the instrumentality of the relationship of the former."

IRELAND SIXTY YEARS AGO.

1. *Ireland Sixty Years ago.* Dublin, M'Glashan.
2. *George Robert Fitzgerald, his Life and Times.* Dublin, M'Glashan.

It is difficult to believe that a few years ago we paid eightpence for sending a letter from London to Brighton. It is difficult to believe that the other day Louis Napoleon Bonaparte was nobody. For a person who has been converted to Catholicism, it is difficult to believe that he ever regarded the Protestant Establishment as any thing but an imposture. Our perceptions of to-day are in fact so vivid, that it is difficult to believe that the world without, and our thoughts within us, were not always precisely identical with what they are at this present hour.

But of all the nearly incredible changes which modern days have seen, there are few more astonishing than that which has passed over the social state of the upper and middle classes of Ireland. The change in England has been immense, but it is in some respects a trifle compared with that which Ireland has undergone. Those, in truth, who put their trust in the *Times*, and the rest of the journalist brotherhood, are disposed to look back with wistful eyes upon the blessed days of Protestant supremacy, when "Primate Cullen" (as they call him) was not, and the Synod of Thurles was yet in the womb of futurity. "Those," they say, "were happier hours, ere a blind liberalism had learnt to tolerate the excesses of a knowledge-hating, seditious priesthood; when the Romish Sacraments were administered in holes and corners, and pure scriptural doctrine and morality held at least an undisputed pre-eminence among the great, the noble, and the wealthy in the land. Then were the abominations of the confessional restrained within comparatively due limits; then were there no assassinations and bloody outrages; then was the peaceful happy rule of pious Protestant England as productive of prosperity and civilisation as it was irresistible in its power. A Dr. M'Hale was an impossibility in those times; the same sober, steady,

business-like prosperity, which has so long been our treasure in England, under the sway of Biblical Christianity, was then in its measure ensured to the sister kingdom, by the unresisted predominance and benignant guidance of the sister establishment for the promotion of the same Biblical Christianity."

We should not anticipate much success from any efforts to enlighten the ordinary English mind as to the true condition of the Ireland of our grandfathers' days, or as to the real causes of the troubles which still prey upon her prosperity. It is hard enough to get an Englishman to believe that his own island was ever less comfortable, peaceable, moral, or prosperous than in this halcyon era. He thinks that from time immemorial his streets have been clean, his rooms carpeted, his roads safe from highwaymen, his dinner-tables free from drunkenness, his fields unstained by duelling, his playhouses decent in their representations, his conversation pure of blasphemy and obscenity, his universities seminaries of morals and learning; and England, in short, in every respect, as Lord Shaftesbury told an admiring audience the other day that it was on the very point of becoming, "the model nation" of mankind. And still harder is it to get the true votary of the nineteenth century to look back for two or three generations in the history of another country, and compare its past facts with the facts of to-day, that he may do it *justice*, and admit that, rapid as has been his own progress to the perfection of civilisation (as he believes), there are others who have advanced with at least an equal speed, and who have triumphed over obstacles still greater than those which he has himself surmounted.

Yet it *is* a fact, that an outward change has taken place in the fabric and manners of European society of the most striking description, within the memory of persons now alive. What may have been its origin, and how far it is a genuine and deep, and not a deceptive and superficial improvement, we are not now discussing. The fact is certain, that in our own country, and in many countries on the Continent, so remarkable has been the change, that were we now transported suddenly backwards, and thrown into the midst of that society in which our grandfathers and great-grandfathers were born and educated, we could scarcely believe that ideas and habits could be revolutionised with such astonishing rapidity.

And if any one country could claim pre-eminence over the rest in the speed with which it has thrown off the pernicious habits of a past generation, that country is Ireland. While angry, haughty Protestantism is groaning over the mischievous influences of resuscitating Catholicism in that long-suffering land, there is not a more certain historical truth, than that

the misdeeds perpetrated when Protestantism was rampant were so outrageous as to be scarcely credible to a peaceable and decent generation. The *result* is before the eyes of us all. The Encumbered Estates Commission is the natural consequence of the flagrant immoralities which were the very boast of a large part of the "better classes" of Irish society, when the penal laws had wrought their full measure of tyranny, and the persecution of "the bloody Papists" was accounted an atonement for the violation of every duty towards God and man.

Two little books have been recently issued in one of the numerous series of the day, which will at once amuse the reader, and instruct him as to the real weight to be attached to the popular Protestant boasting with which his ears are deafened from every side. *Ireland Sixty Years ago* and the *Life and Times of George Robert Fitzgerald* present as curious and pregnant a collection of anecdotes as we remember to have seen in any publication of similar pretensions. The author is a liberal Protestant of the ordinary type; but he does not often obtrude his personal sentiments on his readers, and he writes with very genuine abhorrence of the outrages which he chronicles. We shall extract a few of his stories, by way of consolation for those who believe that what with Emigration, the Encumbered Estates Court, the Tenant League, and the Catholic University, Ireland is going headlong to inevitable ruin.

Take, for a commencement, a sample or two of the doings in Trinity College, Dublin, the nursery of Protestantism pure and undefiled:

"The spirit of the times led men of the highest grade and respectability to join with the dregs of the market in these outrages, entirely forgetful of the feelings of their order, then immeasurably more exclusive in their ideas of a gentleman than now; and the young aristocrat, who would have felt it an intolerable degradation to associate, or even be seen, with an honest merchant, however respectable, with a singular inconsistency made a boast of his intimate acquaintance with the lawless excesses of butchers and coal-porters. The students of Trinity College were particularly prone to join in the affrays between the belligerents, and generally united their forces to those of the Liberty boys against the butchers. On one occasion several of them were seized by the latter, and, to the great terror of their friends, it was reported that they were hanged up in the stalls, in retaliation for the cruelty of the weavers. A party of watchmen sufficiently strong was at length collected by the authorities, and they proceeded to Ormond Market; there they saw a frightful spectacle—a number of college lads in their gowns and caps hanging to the hooks. On examination, however, it was found that the butchers, pitying their youth and respecting their rank, had

only hung them by the waistbands of their breeches, where they remained as helpless, indeed, as if they were suspended by the neck."

"Another striking instance of this laxity of discipline in the University occurred in the case of a printer of the name of Mills. He was publisher of the *Hibernian Journal*, and had incurred the anger of the students by some severe strictures on certain members of the college which appeared in his paper. On the 11th of February, 1775, some scholars drove in a coach to his door, and called him out on pretence of bargaining for some books. He was suddenly seized, thrust into the coach, and held down by the party within, with pistols to his head, and threats of being shot if he made any noise. In this way he was conveyed to the pump; and, after being nearly trampled to death, he was held there till he was almost suffocated—indeed he would have expired under the discipline, but for the prompt interference of some of the fellows. This gross outrage in the very courts, and under the fellows' eyes, which ought to have been visited by the immediate expulsion of all concerned, was noticed only by a mild admonition of the board to a single individual; the rest enjoyed a perfect impunity, and openly exulted in the deed. The form of admonition actually excused the act. It was drawn up by the celebrated Dr. Leland, the historian of Ireland. It commenced in these words: 'Cum constet scholarium ignotorum cœtum injuriam admisisse in typographum quendam nomine Mills, qui nefariis flagitiis nobiliora quæque collegii membra in chartis suis lacessivit,' &c.

"The theatre was the scene of many outrages of the college students. One of them is on legal record, and presents a striking picture of the then state of society. On the evening of the 19th of January, 1746, a young man of the name of Kelly, a student of the University, entered the pit much intoxicated, and, climbing over the spikes of the orchestra, got upon the stage, from whence he made his way to the green-room, and insulted some of the females there in the most gross and indecent manner. As the play could not proceed from his interruption, he was taken away, and civilly conducted back to the pit; here he seized a basket of oranges, and amused himself with pelting the performers. Mr. Sheridan was then manager, and he was the particular object of his abuse and attack. He was suffered to retire with impunity, after interrupting the performance and disturbing the whole house. Unsatisfied by this attack, he returned a few nights after with fifty of his associates, gownsmen and others. They rushed towards the stage, to which they made their way through the orchestra and across the lights. Here they drew their swords, and then marched into the dressing-rooms in search of Mr. Sheridan, to sacrifice him to their resentment. Not finding him, they thrust the points of their weapons through the chests and clothes-presses, and every place where a man might be concealed,—and this they facetiously called *feeling* for him. He had fortunately escaped; but the party proceeded in a body to his house in Dorset Street, with the murderous determi-

nation of stabbing him, declaring, with the conspirator in *Venice Preserved*, 'each man might kill his share.' For several nights they assembled at the theatre, exciting riots, and acting scenes of the same kind, till the patience of the manager and the public was exhausted. He then, with spirit and determination, proceeded legally against them. Such was the ascendancy of rank, and the terror those 'bucks' inspired, that the general opinion was, it would be impossible that any jury could find a *gentleman* guilty of an assault upon a *player*. A barrister in court had remarked, with a sneer, that he had never seen a 'gentleman player.' 'Then, sir,' said Sheridan, 'I hope you see one now.' Kelly was found guilty of a violent assault, sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and, to the surprise and dismay of all his gentlemen associates, sent to Newgate.

"Sometimes students, in other respects most amiable, and on other occasions most gentle, were hurried into those outrages by the overruling spirit of the times, and a compliance with its barbarous usages. Among the lads at that time was a young man named M'Allister, whose fate excited as much pity as execration. He was a native of Waterford, and one of the young members of the University most distinguished for talent and conduct. He supped one night at a tavern with a companion named Vandeleur; and they amused themselves by cutting their names on the table, with the motto *quis separabit*. Issuing from thence in a state of ebriety, they quarrelled with a man in the street, and, having the points of their swords left bare through the scabbards (a custom then common with men inclined for a brawl), ran him through the body in the course of the fray. They were not personally recognised at the time; but the circumstance of carving their names on the table was adverted to, so they were discovered and pursued. M'Allister had gained his rooms in college, where he was speedily followed. He hastily concealed himself behind a surplice which was hanging against the wall, and his pursuers, entering the instant after, searched every spot except the one he had chosen for his superficial concealment. They tore open chests and clothes-presses, ran their swords through beds, but without finding him; and, supposing he had sought some other house of concealment, they departed. On their retreat, M'Allister fled on board a ship, and escaped to America, where he died."

How the more quiet portion of the world ever tolerated the excesses of the scoundrels called, as in England, "Bucks," is to our more rational generation incomprehensible. Conceive such proceedings as the following in the London or Dublin of to-day:

"Some of the Bucks associated together under the name of the Hell-fire Club; and among other infernal proceedings, it is reported that they set fire to the apartment in which they met, and endured the flames with incredible obstinacy, till they were forced out of the

house; in derision, as they asserted, of the threatened torments of a future state. On other occasions, in mockery of religion, they administered to one another the sacred rites of the Church in a manner too indecent for description. Others met under the appellation of 'Mohawk,' 'Hawkabite,' 'Cherokee,' and other Indian tribes, then noted for their cruelty and ferocity; and their actions would not disgrace their savage archetypes. Others were known by the *sobriquet* of 'Sweaters and Pinkindindies.' It was their practice to cut off a small portion of the scabbards of the swords, which every one then wore, and prick or 'pink' the persons with whom they quarrelled with the naked points, which were sufficiently protruded to inflict considerable pain, but not sufficient to cause death. When this was intended, a greater length of the blade was uncovered. Barbers at that time were essential persons to 'Bucks' going to parties, as no man could then appear without his hair elaborately dressed and powdered. The disappointment of a barber was therefore a sentence of exclusion from a dinner, supper-party, or ball, where a fashionable man might as well appear without his head as without powder and pomatum. When any unfortunate *friseur* disappointed, he was the particular object of their rage; and more than one was, it is said, put to death by the long points, as a just punishment for his delinquency.

"There was at that time a celebrated coffee-house called 'Lucas's,' where the Royal Exchange now stands. This was frequented by the fashionable, who assumed an intolerable degree of insolence over all of less rank who frequented it. Here a Buck used to strut up and down with a long train to his morning-gown; and if any person, in walking across the room, happened accidentally to tread upon it, his sword was drawn, and the man punished on the spot for his supposed insolence. On one occasion,—an old gentleman who witnessed the transaction informed us,—a plain man of genteel appearance crossed the room for a newspaper, as one of the Bucks of the day was passing, and touched the prohibited train accidentally with his foot. The sword of the owner was instantly out, and, as every one then carried a sword, the offending man also drew his, a small tuck, which he carried as an appendage to dress, without at all intending or knowing how to use it. Pressed upon by his ferocious antagonist, he was driven back to the wall, to which the Buck was about to pin him. As the latter drew back for the lunge, his terrified opponent, in an impulse of self-preservation, sprung within his point, and without aim or design pierced him through the body. The Buck was notorious for his skill in fencing, and had killed or wounded several adversaries. This opportune check was as salutary in its effects at the coffee-house as the punishment of Kelly was at the theatre."

Duelling, of course, was universal.

"No gentleman had taken his proper station in life till he had 'smelt powder,' as it was called; no barrister could go circuit till

he had obtained a reputation in this way; no election, and scarcely an assizes, passed without a number of duels; and many men of the bar, practising half a century ago, owed their eminence, not to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, but to a daring spirit and the number of duels they had fought. Some years since, a young friend, going to the bar, consulted the late Dr. Hodgkinson, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, then a very old man, as to the best course of study to pursue, and whether he should begin with Fearne or Chitty. The doctor, who had been long secluded from the world, and whose observation was beginning to fail, immediately reverted to the time when he had been himself a young barrister; and his advice was—'My young friend, practise four hours a day at Rigby's pistol-gallery, and it will advance you to the woolsack faster than all the Fearnes and Chittys in the library.'"

This, we think, quite inimitable. The pupils were worthy of the teaching.

"Among the barristers most distinguished in this way was Bully Egan, chairman of the Quarter Sessions for the county of Dublin. He was a large, black, burly man, but of so soft and good-natured a disposition, that he was never known to pass a severe sentence on a criminal without blubbering in tears. Yet he, perhaps, fought more duels than any man on or off the bench. Though so tender-hearted in passing sentence on a criminal, he was remarkably firm in shooting a friend. He fought at Donnybrook with the Master of the Rolls, before a crowd of spectators, who were quite amused at the drollery of the scene. When his antagonist fired, he was walking coolly away, saying his honour was satisfied; but Egan called out he must have a shot at 'his honour.' On his returning to his place, Egan said he would not humour him, or be bothered with killing him, but he might either come and shake hands, or go to the devil. On another occasion he fought with Keller, a brother barrister. It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume their business in a more peaceable manner. Such an instance occurred at the assizes of Waterford. Keller and Egan fell out on a point of law, and both retired from court. They crossed the river Suir in a ferry-boat, to gain the county of Kilkenny. Harry Hayden, a large man, and a justice of peace for the county, when he heard of it, hastened to the spot, and got in between them just as they were preparing to fire. They told him to get out of the way, or they would shoot him, and then break every bone in his body. He declared his authority as a justice of the peace. They told him if he was St. Peter from heaven, they would not mind him. They exchanged shots without effect, and then returned to court. The cause of their absence was generally understood; and they found the bench, jury, and spectators quietly expecting to hear which of them was killed."

One of the most notorious fighters was Pat Power, of Da-

ragle, a fat, robust man, much given to drinking. Here we have him on the English side of the water:

"When travelling in England, Power had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance. On one occasion a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room when he entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners at this time on the English stage was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities; and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person that sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols and follow him. He put them under his arm, and, with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his own old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant, desiring him to keep it; and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

"On another occasion he ordered supper, and while waiting for it he read the newspaper. After some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents, he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such good fare, and he pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and directing him in Irish what to do, quietly made his supper off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed, there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him 'they were at a very proper distance for a close shot, and if one fell, he was ready to give satisfaction to the other.' The parties immediately rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons in the adjoining box. As they were all in too great a hurry to pay their reckoning, Power paid it for them along with his own."

Still more detestable were the abductions of young women of fortune, carried off and forced into marriages for the sake of their money. There existed in the south of Ireland an "abduction club,"

"The members of which bound themselves by an oath to assist in carrying off such young women as were fixed upon by any mem-

bers. They had emissaries and confederates in every house, who communicated information of particulars—the extent of the girl's fortune, the state and circumstances of the family, with details of their intentions and domestic arrangements and movements. When a girl was thus pointed out, the members drew lots, but more generally tossed up for her, and immediate measures were taken to secure her for the fortunate man by all the rest. No class of society was exempt from their visits; and opulent farmers as well as the gentry were subject to these engagements of the clubs, according to their rank in life."

The extent of the carousals of our ancestors, even on the less excitable side of the Channel, is a matter of astonishment in an age when drunkenness and blasphemy are no longer the fashion; but the palm of *originality* in debauch must be given to the more lively Irish drinker.

"Sir W. Petty, who wrote in the year 1682, when Dublin contained but 6025 houses, states 1200 of them were public-houses, where intoxicating liquors were sold. In 1798, in Thomas-street, nearly every third house was a public-house. The street contained 190 houses, and of these 52 were licensed to sell spirits. Among the upper classes the great consumption was claret; and so extensive was its importation, that in the year 1763 it amounted to 8000 tuns, and the bottles alone were estimated at the value of 67,000*l*. This fact is detailed by honest Rutty, the Quaker historian of the county of Dublin. Such were the convivial habits of the day, and so absorbed were the people in the indulgence, that the doctor recommended that port should be substituted in its place—'because,' said he, with quaint simplicity, 'it would not admit so long a sitting—a great advantage to wise men in saving a great deal of their precious time.' In fact, the great end and aim of life in the upper classes seemed to be convivial indulgence to excess. The rule of drinking was, that no man was allowed to leave the company till he was unable to *stand*, and then he might depart if he could *walk*.

"If on any occasion a guest left the room, bits of paper were dropped into his glass, intimating the number of rounds the bottle had gone; and on his return he was obliged to swallow a glass for each, under the penalty of so many glasses of salt and water. It was the practice of some to have decanters with round bottoms, like a modern soda-water bottle, the only contrivance in which they could stand being at the head of the table, before the host; stopping the bottle was thus rendered impossible, and every one was obliged to fill his glass at once and pass the bottle to his neighbour, on peril of upsetting the contents on the table. A still more common practice was to knock the stems off the glasses with a knife, so that they must be emptied as fast as they were filled, as they could not stand. Sometimes the guests, as they sat down, put off their shoes, which were taken out of the room, and the emptied bottles were broken outside of the door, so that no one could pass out till the carouse was over.

"Such orgies were not occasional, but often continued every night, and all night long. A usual exhortation from a father to his son was, 'Make you're head, boy, while you're young;' and certain knots of seasoned drinkers who had succeeded in this insane attempt were called κατ' εξοχην the 'heads,' from their impenetrability to the effects of liquor. It was said that 'no man who drank ever died, but many died learning to drink;' and the number of victims who fell in acting on this principle was an appalling proof of the extent of this practice—most families could point to some victim to this premature indulgence.

"An elderly clergyman of our acquaintance, on leaving home to enter college, stopped on his way at the hospitable mansion of a friend of his father for a few days. The whole time he was engaged with drinking parties every night, and assiduously plied with bumpers, till he sank under the table. In the morning he was, of course, deadly sick, but his host prescribed 'a hair of the old dog,' that is, a glass of raw spirits. On one night he contrived to steal through a back window. As soon as he was missed, the cry of 'stole away' was raised, and he was pursued, but effected his escape into the park. Here he found an Italian artist, who had also been of the company, but, unused to such scenes, had likewise fled from the orgies. They concealed themselves by lying down among the deer, and so passed the night. Towards morning they returned to the house, and were witnesses of an extraordinary procession, Such of the company as were still able to walk had procured a flat-backed car, on which they heaped the bodies of those who were insensible; then throwing a sheet over them, and illuminating them with candles, like an Irish wake, some taking the shafts of the cart before and others pushing behind, and all setting up the Irish cry, the *sensible* survivors left their departed insensible friends at their respective homes. The consequences of this debauch were several duels between the active and passive performers on the following day."

"Innumerable are the anecdotes which might be collected to illustrate the excessive indulgence in drink, now fortunately wholly exploded from all classes. Sir Jonah Barrington has recorded some in which he was an actor, which are so highly characteristic, that we cite two of them, though perhaps already known to most of our readers. Near to the kennel of his father's hounds was built a small lodge; to this was rolled a hogshead of claret, a carcass of beef was hung up against the wall, a kind of ante-room was filled with straw, as a kennel for the company when inclined to sleep, and all the windows were closed, to shut out the light of day. Here nine gentlemen, who excelled in various convivial qualities, were enclosed on a frosty St. Stephen's day, accompanied by two pipers and a fiddler, with two couple of hounds, to join in the chorus raised by the guests. Among the sports introduced was a cock-fight, in which twelve game-cocks were thrown on the floor, who fought together till only one remained alive, who was declared the victor. Thus for seven days the party were shut in, till the cow was declared cut up, and the claret on the

stoop, when the last gallon was mulled with spices, and drank in tumblers to their next merry-meeting. The same writer describes a party given in an unfinished room, the walls of which were recently plastered, and the mortar soft. At ten on the following morning some friends entered to pay a visit, and they found the company fast asleep, in various positions, some on chairs, and some on the floor among empty bottles, broken plates and dishes, bones and fragments of meat floated in claret, with a kennel of dogs devouring them. On the floor lay the piper on his back, apparently dead, with the table-cloth thrown over him for a shroud, and six candles placed round him, burned down to the sockets. Two of the company had fallen asleep with their heads close to the soft wall; the heat and light of the room, after eighteen hours' carousal, had caused the plaster to set and harden, so that the heads of the men were firmly incorporated with it. It was necessary, with considerable difficulty, to punch out the mass with an oyster-knife, giving much pain to the parties, by the loss of half their hair and a part of the scalp."

In the general crowd certain individuals naturally stood out especially prominent, and became quite universally celebrated for their atrocities. Such were "Tiger Roche" and George Robert Fitzgerald, commonly called "Fighting Fitzgerald." This man was nephew to the notorious Harvey Earl of Bristol, a Protestant bishop, whose conduct was a scandal even in those days. His father was a "gentleman" of ancient lineage and infamous character, and George Robert's education fanned the flame of passion which he inherited from both sides of his parentage. His life, up to the time of his execution for murder, is one series of the wildest and maddest outrages, relieved by an occasional touch of justice and good feeling. All through his career, too, he was faithful to his wives, of whom he married two. What he was to others may be judged from his conduct at his first wife's funeral.

"The constitution of this admirable woman was undermined by her daily anxieties for her fondly-beloved but most uncertain husband, whose levities, quarrels, and wild doings kept her in continual alarm, shattered her nervous system, and gradually led her to the grave. She died in the bloom of beauty and of youth, lamented deeply by all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance, leaving a daughter, the sad survivor not only of her mother's untimely departure, but of her father's ignominy. Fitzgerald's grief on this occasion was extravagant, as was every other passion of his mind; it would have been well had he remained as he was under this bereavement, even frantic. His wife had directed that her remains should be interred in the family vault at Celbridge. George Robert not only determined to accompany the funeral, but insisted that his infant daughter, with all his servants, male and female, should attend the procession.

"While this long and slow journey from Mayo to the county

Kildare was proceeding, during most inclement weather, Fitzgerald still shewed his characteristics. Having occasion to halt one night at an inn, he ordered the coffin to be brought up to his own room, that he might wake and weep over it during the night. To this the innkeeper, who was a superstitious man, objected, as it was unlucky to let a *foreign* corpse into a house. The refusal at once roused Fitzgerald into a fury; he drew his sword, and it was well that Boniface was able to escape before he was turned into a second corpse that was to lie in the house that night.

"The obsequies being over, Fitzgerald returned to Mayo; and now his conduct became daily more and more extraordinary. He took up a passion for hunting by night. To his dogs, who followed their noses, it was all one whether they pursued fox or hare by day or night; but George Robert *must* have a number of servants well mounted, and carrying flambeaux to shew him the way of the hounds; and so on he went, like Burger's wild huntsman, over drain and wall, moor and mountain, alarming and astonishing the people, who supposed that hell was broken up, and devils had adjourned to the earth. On this occasion the priests actually had recourse to exorcisms for driving away demons, and money was paid for masses to be said to relieve suffering souls from this diabolical pursuit. But by and by the people got accustomed to the nocturnal tally-ho, and mothers would appease their children, when awoke at night by the cry of men and dogs, by saying that it was only *mad* Fitzgerald that was riding by. But this was not all. When he hunted by day, and joined the other sportsmen of the country, he took upon him to send home any person he did not like should hunt in his company; and, in a peremptory tone, he would say to this squireen, "Go home, sirrah; you are fitter to follow the plough than the hounds;" to another, "Quit the field, honest man; it becomes you better to mind your father's sheep than be here;" and to another, "What, you big unwieldy porpoise! begone to your pig-stye, for if you follow the hunt, you will certainly break your short neck." Many he thus discarded; and none dared say nay to a man whose desperate temper all were aware of; for they knew he would certainly, if they opposed his will, have a horsewhip laid on their shoulders. Such amongst men (and they in other cases brave and resolute) is the ascendancy of determined and well-sustained insolence! Even this was not all: he carried his arbitrary conduct still further. When he would honour a neighbouring gentleman with his company to dinner, he used to turn from the table those whom his caprice or his previous disputes made objectionable. On one occasion of this sort, when dinner was served, the son-in-law of his entertainer was objected to by him for his corpulency; and he insisted on his not sitting down at the same table with him, because such a huge man *must* be a gross feeder, and the sight of him eating would infallibly derange his nerves. Personal safety on this occasion induced a compliance, and the fat gentleman was sent to the side-table rather than bring on a duel, for a duel

with such a practised fire-eater was now considered as inevitable destruction."

But we have not space to follow this madman to his end, extraordinary as was his history. He was one of a class which we may well thank God is now no longer a possibility.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Catholic Offering, by the Right Rev. Dr. Walsh, Bishop of Halifax (Dunigan, New York), is a handsomely got-up volume, with good illustrations after Overbeck, Steinle, Vandyck, and others; consisting of a series of essays and fragments on theological and moral subjects, the greater part arranged in accordance with the festivals and seasons of the Catholic year. The author's style is somewhat florid, but earnest and warm-hearted.

Josephine, a Tale for Young Ladies, translated from the French by Maria Hackett (Bellew), is the best book we ever saw with so unattractive a title. Tales professedly for young ladies do not generally overflow with good sense, and are usually as little agreeable to the class of readers for whom they are designed as to those of an older or younger growth; not so with *Josephine*. The story is good, useful, and positively interesting; its personages are well conceived and cleverly sketched; and the book is not disfigured with that repulsive *preachy* tone which is too often adopted by authors who write for the young. The translation is well done, though here and there the language is a shade too *fine*.

Outlines of History for Schools, by P. C. Grace (Dunigan), is a valuable manual for *reference*. From the questions added at the foot of each page, we should gather that the author designs the outlines to be learnt by heart; as great a mistake (common as it is) as could well be perpetrated in the teaching of children. When will teachers learn that cramming the memory with words is a very different thing from the communication of real knowledge?

In the same "Catholic Educational Series" are issued two little reading and spelling books. The first of the two is rational and useful; the second is absurd, from the solemn didactics which the writer would inflict on children who have not yet mastered the difficulties of *spelling*.

The Dream, or the Feast of the Guardian Angels (Dolman), has an uncommonly smart cover, and a vast expanse of margin, surrounding a short and somewhat high-flown little tale.

The publisher of *The Lamp* has stitched in a single cover the

nine numbers of that well-intentioned miscellany which contain a condensed edition of Father Newman's Lectures on Catholicism in England. They are sold at so moderate a price as to be within the reach of a very large number of purchasers. Their only drawback is the dreadful caricature calling itself a portrait at the beginning.

The second year's issue of *The Family Almanac and Educational Register* (J. H. Parker) contains all the valuable information comprised in its predecessor, with improvements.

Benjamin, or the Pupil of the Christian Brothers, translated from the French by M. J. Sadleir (Bellew), is a revised reprint from an American translation. It deserves its re-issue in Ireland, where the Christian Brothers' schools have attained so high a reputation, amongst many obstacles.

One of the last-issued of the Clifton Tracts, *Popish Persecution, or a Sketch of the Penal Laws*, under Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, may be strongly recommended for distribution in the present state of popular feeling in this country.

We need hardly recommend *Practical Piety, set forth by St. Francis of Sales, collected from his Letters and Discourses, and now first translated* (Burns and Lambert). It is a book of the highest excellence; and as a help for religious minds anxious for a guide through the perplexities and sorrows of life, few works can even be compared with it. It is a difficult thing to translate St. Francis well, so as to retain his exquisite bloom and fragrance of style, and yet clothe his thoughts in genuine English; but so far as we have looked at it, the present version seems very successful.

Gospel Stories for Catholic Children, First Series (Burns and Lambert), are extremely prettily and simply told. They are childlike, but not childish, and that is no slight merit.

We recommend to our readers two admirable articles in the *Dublin Review* for January; one called *The Actions of the New Testament*, the other *The Catholic University*.

The second part of Mr. Langdon's translation of Father Lacordaire's celebrated *Conferences* (Richardson) is issued. We trust the translator is finding himself supported in his undertaking as he deserves.

Mr. Raby has well translated Müller's striking monograph, *The Journeys of the Popes* (Richardson). The publication is opportune, just now particularly. He has also added a useful Appendix on Joseph the Second's "reforms" in Austria.

So far as an unprofessional judgment can decide, Mr. Spencer Thomson's *Dictionary of Domestic Medicine and Household Surgery* (Groombridge) is well executed, and will be practically useful. The first part only is published.

The Catholic Directory for Scotland (Marsh and Beattie) contains all the necessary information for Catholics in the north of Britain.

Dr. Murray's able and searching *Irish Annual Miscellany*, and Mr. Rockcliff's extremely clever translation of *Yriarte's Literary Fables*, must stand over for our next Number.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

December 18th, 1851.

Dear Sir,—Can I induce you to give your powerful aid to a project I have had suggested to me, and have warmly entertained in my own mind, of establishing an Institute, or whatever it ought to be called, for the protection and employment, so far as is practicable, of Converts, particularly ladies?

It is known how much suffering they have in many instances to go through; and it is my opinion, that those arising from poverty and a painful dependence may be very largely, if not altogether removed. A good scheme of occupation of time for each would, with small aid from the charitable, and the little surplus derivable from those who can afford to pay for their maintenance, make the Institution a self-supporting one; besides enlarging our present scanty means for educating the poor, adorning our churches, establishing choirs, and carrying into the homes of Catholic families the household altar, pictures, embroidery, and the rest.

The cases of certain converts have been brought familiarly before me, and the first gentleman I have spoken to on the subject has promised his subscription as soon as the affair may be commenced under proper authority. This authority it would perhaps be premature to apply for until public opinion is pronounced, and to elicit this is the object of my present appeal.

I have only touched on general points, leaving the detail to the ready judgment of the reader, and as matter for future consideration. For my own part, I may add, whatever I can do towards it I shall, and if professional services are needed, these would be gratuitous. I mention this to stand right as to motives, where otherwise a suspicion might be entertained. And now I have only to request that those who feel any interest in this project, whether as anxious to support it or to enjoy its advantages, will do me the honour to communicate their views to your office, and that you will have the kindness to forward them to me, and I will reimburse you in the expense.

I have the honour to be, sir,

Your faithful servant, Vox.

P.S. I enclose you my address.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Lambert.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. IX. MARCH 1852. PART LI.

THE FRENCH IN LONDON.

(From the *Times* of July 1, 185-.)

"WE continue our narrative of the events of the war, suspended, as our readers are aware, by the murder of the proprietor and the editor of this journal, on the night of the 20th of last month, by the hands of the infuriated French soldiery. On that dreadful night, in consequence of the attacks made upon the honour and courage of the French Commander-in-chief in a leading article of the previous day, about 11 o'clock a party of 500 French grenadiers entered the *Times* Office in Printing-House Square, and demanded that the persons of the writer of the article in question and of the chief proprietor of the journal should be instantly given up. Unhappily, both of the two gentlemen were in the room of which the commanding officer himself, with a file of a dozen soldiers, had taken possession, and the demand was in fact made to themselves personally. Their terror-stricken countenances betrayed the alarm they felt; and the suspicions of their captors as to their identity being confirmed by some men in the printing-office, the unfortunate gentlemen were hurried out into the square, and forthwith hanged upon two lamp-posts. The whole of the vast establishment was immediately devastated by the ferocious troops; the men were driven out of the houses at the point of the bayonet, the machinery (of enormous value) was so damaged as to be utterly useless, every thing combustible was burnt, and every sort of injury which time would permit and which hatred could inspire was done to the contents of the building.

From that day to this our publication has necessarily been suspended. Arrangements, however, being now completed for

the resumption of our publication, we return to our painful duties; though we fear with a circulation diminished one-half, and with frightful injury to our advertising connexion. As to our feelings, we *dare* not express them as we desire, owing to the treaty with respect to the freedom of the press which we are given to understand has been entered into between the English and French Governments.

From the sketch we were giving of the history of the war, when interrupted by the awful calamity just described, it will be remembered, that three months ago, when hostilities suddenly broke out, a very large proportion of the British army and navy were actively employed in the colonies and in Ireland. At the same time every disposable regiment was called for in the manufacturing districts of Great Britain, where the rapid decay of the wool, cotton, and iron trades, owing to the immense improvement in the continental and American manufactures, had produced a chronic state of irritation in the labouring classes, threatening the direst evils to the country in general. We are not enabled to state the precise number of troops on duty in India and the colonies, but it certainly was *totally* unprecedented. The Canadas on the verge of rebellion; Australia in actual insurrection; India harassed with three distinct wars on three sides of its immense territory, the resources of the Company all but drained to the last rupee, and the government scarcely able to defend itself, though recently enforced by the remnant of the Cape regiments who escaped from the massacre at Cape Town when the colony was finally devastated by the Caffres; not to mention our ships and troops at China, New Zealand, Borneo, Malta, and other unsatisfactory possessions,—had carried away many of our best and most serviceable regiments. Ireland, too, was still agitated from north to south. The irritation engendered by the Established Church, and fomented by the attempted enforcement of the penal laws, was at its highest. The Queen's Colleges, too, were proving nests of sedition and fierce anti-Saxon nationalism. The young Catholics, who had broken the trammels of superstition only to embrace the principles of republicanism and pseudo-socialism, were the guiding spirits of secret societies, whose sole aim was plunder, anarchy, and the disruption of the marriage-tie, under the guise of a zealous patriotism. The underhand negotiations of the Government with the Catholic prelates of Ireland had come to nothing; for the latter would not even consent to treat, except on the understanding that every penal law should be repealed, and the Church Establishment destroyed. The whole country seemed on the point of bursting into flames; in fact, we believe it was only kept appa-

rently tranquil by the presence of an army of between thirty and forty thousand men.

In Britain itself, the communistic organisations of the working classes were spreading all over the kingdom; the mercantile interest was paralysed by the bursting of the mining bubble of the preceding year; while the minds of the more religious and respectable of the community were aghast at the late disclosures of the extent to which atheism and the most horrible licentiousness had taken possession of the masses of the people. The war of sects also raged with unabated violence; while above all rose the cry of the Protestant and Catholic controversialists, the party of the latter daily growing in numbers and audacity, notwithstanding the persecution and opposition it has of late encountered.

At this inauspicious moment the country was struck dumb one morning by a declaration of war on the part of the Emperor of the French, provoked, it is said, by the taunts and attacks of the English press, and encouraged by the rage of the French people at the attacks daily made in London upon them and their Government. We need not recapitulate the events which then crowded upon one another with bewildering speed: how the orders from the Admiralty flew to our naval stations, and summoned home every available steamer and ship of war; how every soldier that could be spared from Ireland and from the north was hastened up to London and the southern coast; how the Parliament, with thundering acclamations, voted every thing that the minister demanded; how, when it was quickly known that 150,000 men were collecting on the French coast, and the entire body of the French marine was evidently preparing to transport them to our shores, the whole country rang with military preparations; how the militia were called out, fresh regiments raised (or rather recruited for,—for unhappily a few days were found insufficient for the manufacture of real soldiers), and every precaution taken that time would allow.

Nor need we recur to the issue of these preparations, or detail how, after several false alarms, the Channel fleet was cruising within a few miles of the French shore, in the fullest expectation of an engagement with the foe, when a storm of unexampled violence from the south-west, raging for a whole day and a night, drove all but a few of the largest steamers far away to the eastward, the French fleet lying meanwhile secure in port; and how, finally, the moment the storm lulled, a few hours sufficed to transport 70,000 men to the shores of Sussex. Then, indeed, a brief respite was given us; for the moment the news of their landing was known, the rails on every line

leading from the south to London were taken up for a mile or two, so that the invaders had no resource but to march on London in the old-fashioned way. Before advancing, however, on the metropolis, the French army marched to Portsmouth, the weather being now perfectly calm, and their fleet sailing to the same destination. The issue of the attack is too well known.

On the very day that the invading army reached the town, the British fleet came up with the French, and an engagement took place almost at the very mouth of the harbour. A more bloody sea-fight rarely has been fought, ending in the capture of five French men-of-war and the destruction of others, though with a severe loss to ourselves. In the conflict, however, a burning ship drifted directly into the mouth of the harbour, still crowded with vessels of every size and kind, and many of them stationed at the harbour's mouth to watch the progress of the engagement. The flames of the burning vessel soon spread, the conflagration became general, and in the course of the day the most awful destruction of our mercantile marine took place which the annals of England record.

Meanwhile the besieging army commenced operations; and, incredible to relate, owing to the consternation produced by the fire in the harbour, on the following night Portsmouth was in possession of the French army. Their course was soon taken, and their plan in attacking Portsmouth made evident. The stores were their object; for without a day's delay they marched upon London, and in four days' time they had reached the western suburbs, with a formidable park of artillery, of which two-thirds came from Portsmouth. Defence was out of the question. There were not 30,000 British troops in the metropolis, which lay open for destruction at every point. A few hours sufficed to shew us our fate. Marshal ——, who was in command of the invading army, lost no time in giving intimation to our Government, that unless they would consent instantly to treat, he would bombard the City and the West-end of London without mercy, and take means for setting fire to the immense crowds of shipping at present collected in the Thames below London Bridge. There was clearly no alternative but to submit, at least, to commence negotiations; the more so, as intimation had been received that a fresh body of French troops had already effected a landing, and that detachments were stationed on the French coast, each one ready to start across the Channel whenever a chance might offer for escaping the British fleet. Marshal —— was, further, well aware that in entering into negotiations he was running no immediate risk, as his army doubled the garrison of London,

and the agitation in Ireland and elsewhere rendered its sudden increase impossible. Preliminaries, accordingly, were entered into, our government trusting that, whatever their present difficulties, the spirit of the British nation would never submit to so daring an insult, and that in the end not a Frenchman would leave our soil alive.

Unhappily the French Emperor had too well calculated the time of his declaration of war to allow these hopes to be realised. The most formidable difficulties beset the English Government the moment they began to attempt to rouse the spirit of the people. Though the upper and middle classes of England, as a body, were boiling with fury at the invasion, and the most splendid offers of money were made by many of the mercantile and noble classes, it was speedily apparent that the commercial body of the country, as a whole, would demand peace at any price. The prostration of the monied and manufacturing interests was already so lamentable, that any further pressure upon them could not fail to be productive of fatal results; and within two days of the French march upon London not less than one-quarter of the London bankers stopped payment. Panic spread in every direction, and every post was bringing fresh bad accounts from Ireland and the north, when a new impulse was given to the general alarm by two startling incidents. A truce had been agreed upon for seven days between the French and English commanders, the former having given distinct notice that on its expiration he should instantly commence hostilities, if no extension of the truce had been previously agreed upon. His game was well known to be this: that he would allow a *certain* delay to take place, in order to permit the elements of national disorder now harassing us to work their full result, without suffering any such prolonged postponement of hostilities as would give us time to recover our energies. With us, on the contrary, a lengthened delay was every thing. A permanent conquest of Great Britain was of course not to be thought of; but it would have been sufficient for the purpose of France if she could reduce us to the level of a second-rate power, by forcing on us a humiliating peace, breaking the connexion between the colonies and the mother country, and by permanently damaging our mercantile and manufacturing prosperity.

Hence Marshal —— resolved to lose no time in bringing matters to a crisis. The moment the truce was expired,—and through an accident it expired without provision for its renewal,—he prepared to give us a foretaste of the horrors he could inflict upon us in the course of a few days if we drove him to extremities. Five minutes after the expiration of the

truce he commenced throwing shells into two distinct parts of the metropolis, the skill of the French artillerymen enabling them almost to strike any single building they desired. For three hours a storm of bomb-shells rained upon Belgravia and the district round St. Paul's Cathedral, in the latter spot the shells being evidently aimed at the sacred building only. At the end of that time, Belgrave Square, Eaton Place, and the whole neighbourhood, were a heap of ruins; the dome of St. Paul's had totally disappeared, and the shattered walls of the cathedral alone remained, several houses in the proximity being also in flames.

No tongue can tell the amazement and fury of the people at this their first experience of the devastations of war. The lives lost were comparatively few, though some hundreds were slain before they could fly from the devoted spots. From every quarter cries for an instant assault on the French camp resounded throughout the city; but it was so manifest that its only consequence would have been a general bombardment of the whole metropolis, that the Commander-in-chief could not entertain the idea for a moment: and what can an unarmed and unmilitary population, even amounting to a million and a half, do against a fierce and well-disciplined army of 70,000 men?

At the end of three hours the bombardment ceased, and the French commander himself proposed the renewal of negotiations, with a threat that he would throw his shells among the shipping in the river and on the Bank of England, unless negotiations were instantly recommenced and carried on with the utmost vigour. What could be done in such an emergency? We had no alternative but to submit.

The next day a rumour got abroad which, if possible, struck more alarm into men's minds than the bombardment of St. Paul's and Belgravia, and which we have too good reason to know to have been well founded. The most serious doubts began to be felt as to the fidelity of large portions of the British army. It appears that the angry displays of Protestant feeling of the last few years, and the persecutions (petty as *we* may consider them) to which the Irish Catholic people and soldiery have been subjected, have been silently irritating the Irishmen among the troops (and they form no inconsiderable part of the whole) to an unexampled extent. Besides this, it is vain to attempt to conceal the fact that Socialism numbers its converts by thousands in the British army, and that it is accompanied by a spirit of disaffection to existing institutions which renders its adherents comparatively insensible to the national insult just received from the here-

ditary enemy of the British nation. Still further, it is well known that the feelings of these portions of the army are shared by a frightfully large part of the population of the metropolis. The insults which have of late been so frequent towards the professors and clergy of Catholicism, the commercial and domestic persecution which many of them have suffered, the destruction a few weeks ago of two of the metropolitan Catholic churches by a mob, instigated by a few hot-headed ultra-Protestant ministers, together with the unceasing fire of ridicule and abuse directed by the British press against the Romish hierarchy and priesthood, have so utterly alienated the minds of the Irish poor in London, and of many of the more influential of the English Catholic body (heretofore so distinguished for its loyalty), that they make no secret of the apathy with which they regard the struggle between France and that Protestant British Government, which they regard as their own deadly and implacable foe. Add to this the undisguised Socialism of multitudes of the non-Catholic mechanics and labourers; and we see in a moment the fearful emergency at which the destiny of England has arrived.

So soon as the British Government (ever slow to discern the most manifest facts) was convinced of the absolute necessity for tranquillising the Irish portion of the army in England, and of setting Ireland herself at rest, so as to allow of the recall of the greater part of the regiments now stationed there, it is understood that communications were made without delay to certain well-known members of the Romish hierarchy and priesthood, both in England and Ireland, with a view to obtain their co-operation in securing the peace of Ireland and the fidelity of the Irish soldiery. We are told that the persons consulted were unanimous in their replies. They informed the Government that, whatever their personal feelings, they could do nothing with the Catholic people until the great sources of irritation were removed. When asked what they meant by this, they answered that nothing less than the repeal of all the penal laws, and the destruction of the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, would be sufficient to pacify the people. The coolness, not to say the audacity of this proposal, was too much for the gentlemen who represented the Government on this occasion, and the interview was somewhat abruptly terminated; and the affair dropped for the time.

Meanwhile the negotiations with the French Commander-in-chief were procrastinated to the utmost possible extent, though several times on the point of being broken off, when on a sudden the movements of our Government were quick-

ened by the increase of our own internal difficulties. Notwithstanding the unparalleled efforts made in all parts of the kingdom to raise volunteer regiments, to place the militia on a serviceable footing, and to double the numbers of the regular army, it was as yet impossible to think of meeting the French in the open field. The rigid discipline also enforced by Marshal ——, which prevented the slightest irritation of the population through misconduct of the French soldiery, tended to diminish the fury aroused by the mere presence of the invading army; so that a spirit of *calculation* pervaded all ranks of English society to an extent which would previously have been thought impossible. At length, when the patience of the French commander seemed worn out, and the drilling of the new British troops was supposed to be nearly completed, the most disastrous news arrived from Canada. The entire provinces of Upper and Lower Canada were said to be in direct revolt; the moment the intelligence of the invasion of England had reached Montreal, the signal for insurrection was given, and within two days the governor had taken refuge in a war-steamer. A provisional government was in process of formation, the loyal party was absolutely crushed, and with the aid of the ultra-democratic exiles from France, the whole provinces were being stirred up to a willing rebellion. What the revolutionary party proposed, was not yet known; one thing alone was certain, that adherence to the English throne was not thought of; and the only question was between fraternisation with the United States, and the erection of an independent Canadian Republic. Bloody conflicts had been fought between the insurgents and the British troops, but it was every day becoming more difficult for the latter to hold any place in the country.

This disastrous news, though scarcely unexpected, communicated a resistless shock to the monied and trading interests in London, Liverpool, and elsewhere in England. Failure after failure of merchants and bankers was announced in swift succession; the run upon the Bank of England for gold, which had commenced from the moment of the declaration of war, induced a stoppage of cash-payments, which, necessary as it was, precipitated the commercial crisis, and compelled one house after another to declare itself bankrupt; and it was openly talked of that there was a doubt as to whether the Treasury would be in a condition to pay the next quarter's dividends in full.

Meanwhile the debates in Parliament grew more stormy every sitting. Notwithstanding the usual unanimity felt by all Englishmen in determination to shed their last drop of

blood in resisting a foreign enemy, it was too evident that a strong party were impressed with a sense of the frightful injury which the prolonged presence of the French army might inflict on the resources of the country, and were prepared to make considerable sacrifices for the sake of crushing them at once. Ireland was the theme to which the Opposition speakers incessantly returned. The communications which had passed between the Romish prelates and the Government were well known, and the demands made by the former began to wear a new aspect in the eyes of the most conservative of statesmen. The Opposition then threatened to introduce a bill for the destruction of the Irish Establishment; and the Government fearing to be behindhand, without a word of further communication with the Romish prelacy, in one night brought in bills for the abolition of the penal laws (permitting of course the assumption of the ecclesiastical titles forbidden in the law of 1851), and for the secularising the whole of the property of the Irish Church Establishment, saving a sufficient portion to supply very moderate incomes to such of the Protestant clergy as possessed numerous flocks under their superintendence. A violent debate followed, especially on the Establishment measure; but the bill was read a first time the same night, and on the following day the second reading was carried and the House went into committee. The ministry wisely insured the support of a large party, both in and out of doors, by proposing that the Church property to be secularised should be applied in the first instance to paying the expenses of the war, and *afterwards, when convenient*, should be funded for the purposes of general secular education, a sum equivalent to that which the war should swallow up being raised by special taxation.

We are not in a position to state what further, or whether any, negotiations took place between the Catholic prelacy and the ministry with reference to these measures, but certain it is, that so soon as they had been carried by triumphant majorities through the Lords and Commons, twenty thousand troops left Ireland for London, and recruiting went on with astonishing rapidity among the Irish, both in their own country and in London, Liverpool, and other cities where they are so largely congregated. It is evident, in fact, that the position of the Roman Church is no longer what it was in these countries. Common sense and common justice have at length triumphed in Ireland; and we shall ourselves rejoice to set an example of true Christian toleration to our fellow-Protestants, by abstaining from all vilification of the Catholic faith, however erroneous we may conscientiously deem it. We cannot do without the Catholics; and we had much better have them for our

friends than for our foes. We understand that the Archbishop of Westminster and his English colleagues have unanimously rejected all offers on the part of the English Government with respect to any connexion with the state, pecuniary or otherwise, and that this determination is participated by the Catholic Archbishop of Armagh and the Irish Catholic hierarchy.

The effect of these measures was soon manifest. Within a week after the destruction of the Irish Establishment, the army of London nearly equalled that of the invading forces; and but for one consideration a battle must have been fought, with what issue no Englishman can doubt. We dared not, however, attack the French army, for Marshal —— had signified to the ministry that at the first signs of preparation he would bombard and set fire to every part of London indiscriminately. No pen can describe the conflict of passion and feeling that raged in the popular mind when the state of the case became generally known. Though burning to wipe out the national insult in the blood of slaughtered Frenchmen, few were so lost to all power of reflection as to provoke so fatal a blow to the power of England. What would the annihilation of seventy thousand, or twice seventy thousand of her soldiery be to France, in comparison with the annihilation of the prosperity of England, through the conflagration of London, with its shipping, its buildings, its treasures, its archives, and, perhaps worst of all, its business-documents of every species? With the loss of Australia and Canada, which had now become morally certain; with the certainty of prolonged hostilities and an overwhelming expenditure of blood and treasure in India; with the disastrous condition of our manufacturing interests, through the successful rivalry of the German, French, and Belgian manufacturers,—it was evident that the culminating point of England's glory and prosperity had been reached and was already passed, and that *prudence* alone could save us from absolute degradation. With London in ashes, and an enormous army in France ready to sail at any moment to our shores; with Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull open to bombardment from any foreign fleet which by the aid of steam could gain a single day's advantage of our own squadrons,—a new fact became frightfully manifest to us all. That very abundance and magnificence of our sea-port and river cities, wherein lay the whole strength of our mercantile and marine greatness, had laid us open to something very like annihilation the moment our power upon the seas ceased to be literally *supreme*.

These considerations, then, weighing with the ministry, and being pressed in secret with clamorous urgency by all the monied classes of the country, what could we do, when the hos-

tile armies stood almost face to face prepared for battle? The bloody revenge we should have taken upon the invaders would have been purchased by national suicide. A treaty was our only rational alternative; and the preliminaries of that treaty were therefore speedily settled. Strange as it may seem, we believe that its chief article relates to the liberty of the press in England, though of course its real terms are not yet known. Certain it is, that a treaty is so far concluded, as to allow the admission (under certain restrictions) of large bodies of French troops into different parts of the metropolis; and certain it is, that our Government has found it impolitic to insist upon reparation for the horrible outrage perpetrated upon the conductors of this journal, an outrage which, as we have said, we *dare* not stigmatise in the terms it deserves.

What may be the final issue of the war, hitherto so disastrous to our prosperity and glory, no eye can foresee; but we fear it is futile to hope that England, now incontestably reduced to the second scale of European nations, will immediately recover the glorious rank she so lately held, and which she has lost, not through any faults of her people, but through the madness of her rulers. Well, indeed, may France be satisfied, though she has gained so little by the positive terms of the treaty. She remains what she was, with the glory accruing to her from her successful advance on London; and her most dreaded rival has fallen to the rank of a second-rate power."

MURDER IN ENGLAND AND IN IRELAND.

Who killed Mr. Bateson? "Dr. Cullen," replies the Protestant Briton.

In this question and answer we have in brief the popular sentiment with regard to Ireland and the Catholic religion. The process of reasoning by which "the most sensible nation in the world" arrives at this conclusion, may likewise be compressed in a few words. "Popery," it runs, "absolves men from all crimes, especially against Protestants, in confession; Popery also forbids the cultivation of the intellect, and fosters idleness and its attendant poverty; Popery, by its degrading superstitions, has reduced the Irish people to the depths of brutality and sensuality, and rooted out their natural conscience; Dr. Cullen is the chief upholder of this debasing system, opposing all knowledge, trampling on the majesty of Par-

liament, hating Protestantism and Protestants, and seeking only the advancement of priestcraft and superstition; *consequently* Dr. Cullen is virtually the murderer of Mr. Bateson."

Who can be familiar with the common talk and feelings of Protestant Englishmen and Irishmen, and not perceive that this is, on the whole, a true picture of their mode of accounting for the agrarian assassinations of Ireland? They see that these atrocities are almost unknown in Protestant England, and that they are far from unknown in Catholic Ireland. "Is not, then," they say, "their origin palpable to the simplest capacity? Evidently, Popery does it all. What *else* can account for the difference between the countries, governed by the same Queen and Parliament, and speaking the same language? If Popery is *not* the true assassin of landlords and agents, *what is?*"

We are not now about to enter on the general question of the comparative influence on morals of Protestantism and Catholicism, or to vindicate the confessional and the Archbishop of Armagh. We desire only to call the attention of reasonable Protestants, whether in England or Ireland, to the *real* contrast which exists between the popular crimes of Ireland and the popular crimes of England. If the two religions *are* to be judged by the number and character of the murderers in the two countries, *which* will prove to be the more ferocious and diabolical? Looking, then, to facts, it is impossible to deny that the stain of blood-shedding lies in tenfold deeper dye on the people of England than on the people of Ireland. If it is a horrible crime to shoot a landlord, even a tyrannous one, or a tithe-proctor, or a land-agent, the enormity is *comparatively* little in presence of those incredibly revolting crimes which not a week passes without our hearing of in different parts of prosperous Protestant England.

Landlord-killing, then, undoubtedly is a mortal sin in the sight of God, as it is a capital crime in the eyes of man. A person who deliberately assassinates another, even his greatest enemy, is a murderer. But though all murder is damnable, there are degrees of guilt even in murder; one murder is a proof of a far deeper depravation of the soul than another, though both are deserving of capital punishment on earth and eternal punishment in hell. There are circumstances in which the provocation may be so vehement, and the confusion of ideas on the liberty of self-preservation so bewildering, as to reduce the actual *guilt* of the criminal to the lowest degree of enormity possible in the perpetrator of deliberate slaughter. Nobody denies this, unless his passions are so aroused as to render him blind to the dictates of common sense, like a thorough Protestant judging an Irish assassin.

Granting, then, the eternally unjustifiable wickedness of these hideous Irish crimes, are we not compelled by facts to admit that in their case a degree of palliation does exist, which is rarely to be met with in crimes of a similar stamp under other circumstances? Of course we are not saying that this palliation, miserable as it may be, is to be alleged for all Irish agrarian atrocities. There may be examples in which the exhibition of depravity is as black as in any instance of murder which the records of human society present. We speak only of these atrocities as a class, when we allege that if any thing could excuse so awful a crime, the provocations which the Irish peasantry have endured would do so. Torments almost defying human nature to endure have combined with an unhappy confusion of ideas on the subject of law and justice, to stimulate men to take the lives of their fellow-creatures, while their *hearts* have remained far less seared with the passions of hell than is the case in the average of English murderers.

Step into the inside of that cottage, or hovel, at the extremity of this long straggling village in the county of ——. It is hardly a fit habitation for a decent English pig, yet its roof covers a half-starving family; and it is but one out of a hundred others in the same village, all wretched, all crowded with the poor, the sick, the famished, and the dying. The plots of land around and in the neighbourhood of the hovels are nearly desolate. Dirt, neglect, ignorance, and the potato-blight have stamped a visible curse on the place and its people. Some cannot pay their rent, some will not; some can and some will, but they are not improving tenants, only ragged, filthy, dung-heap-loving denizens of the soil, and the landlord loves them not.

Be it how it may, however, *all must go*. The landlord or his agent has decreed it, and against his law there is no appeal. If there is misery in the hovels, there is death without them; but what of that? The village is a nuisance, and a nursery (so says the agent) of idle vagabonds. In that last house the man's old mother lies dying; her mind is already gone, but her physical frame may yet endure for days or weeks. If she leaves this hut, where will she go? To the roadside, to die like a dog.

The whole village is in deep agitation, for the morning is arrived for *the eviction of the whole population*. The officers of the law are seen in the distance; they come near. Complaints, reproaches, entreaties, curses, threats, all are showered on them; in vain. The work goes on; the first house is unroofed; the dying woman is borne away by her maddened son, his children crying and moaning around him. One after an-

other the bleak winds of heaven are let in upon the dismantled hearths; a whole people are cast homeless and penniless on the world; and, as the last thatch is torn away, the aged woman yields her latest breath.

What avails it to remonstrate with her raging son, while his wife and children are weeping and shivering around, and the falling rain beats on the uncovered corpse of his dead mother? What is this, in *his* eyes, but an outrage on all law and justice? What has he ever known of law and justice exercised *on his behalf*, that he should believe he is living in a civilised and Christian land, where laws exist, and have a claim on his obedience? "Is Ireland," he argues, though in his own rude way, "a country in which any authority exists, or is it a place in which anarchy reigns, and every man must take the redress of grievances into his own hands? If law exists, where are its results? In the penal statutes which forbade the education of the people under frightful penalties? In the insolence, tyranny, and exactions of that Protestant Establishment which the people disown and abhor? In the absenteeism of its landlords, and the petty despotism of its middle-men? If there is law in Ireland, what is it," thinks the miserable outcast, "that has made me what I am? Poverty, drunkenness, idleness, ignorance have been *forced* upon me; and am I now to be punished for these things, to be driven out like a wild beast, and to see my wife and children starve, my mother murdered at my threshold?"

What, let us ask, is the natural conclusion drawn by an infuriated man from such reasonings as these, when the love of God is not sufficiently strong in his heart to strengthen him to endure all things? Is not the deed of the next night to be expected? The agent is riding along the high road; the travellers to and fro are many; at a sudden turn two men rush from behind a hedge, one seizes the horse's bridle, another blows out the rider's brains. A score of persons hear the shot, and start, and stand to listen. The murderers walk quietly through the midst of them, and words of recognition pass rapidly from one to another; but none touch the shedders of blood, who disappear at their leisure, and are no more to be found. Days and weeks go by, and no effort and no reward succeeds in securing the guilty men; and not a soul of those who almost saw the deed done will admit that they have the smallest suspicion as to the real murderers. There is a wild, fierce, deep, ineradicable conviction in the minds of the people, that the slaughter of the agent *was not a murder, but an act of justice.* They conceal their knowledge; if they dared, they would palliate the deed; though if an ordinary

English murder were perpetrated by one of themselves, they would rush to seize the criminal, and give him over to the hangman; because, in their eyes, the agrarian and lawless outrage began with their masters, and the murderers are only acting in justifiable self-defence.

"But," exclaims the horror-struck reader, "these Irish murders are so diabolically cold-blooded, so cruelly brutal, so dastardly in their cowardice. None but Irishmen could be guilty of *such* atrocities."

Nonsense insufferable! As to their circumstances, they vary; some being simple murders, and others attended by revolting additional barbarities. And is not this the case with English murders also? As to cowardice, does the murderer *ever* ask his victim to stand up in a fair fight? Did Thurtell, Burke, Rush, Tawell, or Manning, or any one of the bloody crew, do any thing else but plot silently against his victim, and slaughter him like a sheep when he had him in his power? The ferocity and the other aggravating circumstances which belong to Irish agrarian outrages, are found in all murders, as a class, in every country and every age.

Come now to these happier shores, where for 300 years Elizabethan Christianity has held almost undisputed sway, and the amenities of social life are cultivated to their purest perfection, under the benign influence of the fifteen thousand married gentlemen who, in clerical guise, are supposed to civilise and soften the urban and agricultural mind, till their parishes assume an almost paradisaical blessedness. Any chance newspaper will supply the illustrations we need; there is no necessity for long research into the annals of justice. The last-published weekly journal will probably have a list of some four or five murders, not, like the Irish crimes, perpetrated under a wild sense of retribution, or even of revenge, but *upon children, women, wives, husbands, fathers,* with deliberation, with calculation, and for purposes so utterly passing all ordinary limits of human depravity, that it would seem as if the devil himself had become incarnate in the murderers' persons. Here, in one place, it is the wife who is the victim; destroyed with circumstances of violent brutality so disgusting as not to bear detail. There, the wife has been putting poison in her husband's food. Here, it is a youth stabbing or drowning a girl upon whom, until now, his dearest affections have been fixed. There, again, it is a maiden's jealousy prompting her to take her lover's life. Here, a human demon dashes an infant to the floor, and beats it till it dies. There—most horrible of all horrible crimes—it is the most sacred and tender of all natural ties that is rent asunder; and for weeks, months,

years, it is the mother's own hand that prepares the subtle instrument of death; and for the sake of the fees of a burial-club, infant after infant perishes at the will of the author of its existence.

Honourable, candid, religious-minded Protestants! turn to facts like these, and say what is their frightful significance. You shudder at the recital of some startling Irish atrocity, and denounce the murderers as they deserve; and in your secret souls you thank God that you were born in a Protestant land, where these things are unknown. For a moment, then, be fair, even to Catholic and discontented Ireland. Does Ireland shew *such* enormities as our own English towns and villages almost weekly unfold? Are the most binding ties of humanity there violated by such crimes as these? Are the murderers those who sit by the hearth and share the affections of their victims? Do Irish mothers poison their children for gain? Granting *all* the atrocity of these agrarian horrors, can you, with any pretence at reason, class them with the murder of father, mother, wife, or child? Is it worse to kill a man for revenge than to kill him for money? Is it worse to shoot a man from behind a hedge than to mix poison in his dish while he sits by your side and smiles on you with love or friendship?

Far be it from us to say that the Catholic religion has done for the Irish poor all that is possible. Yet what could it do more? If the Irish Catholic Church has not done all she herself desires, and which you now reproach her for not doing, with whom is the blame? Who has persecuted her, trampled on her, robbed her, reviled her, outlawed her, and striven, by all the artifices of legal and social craft, to make her an outcast from the face of the land which has refused to forget her? *Your* creed has been for nearly 300 years all but universal in England, and dominant in Ireland. What has it done? In Ireland it has had power, wealth, and rank; in England it has had all these, and the allegiance of the people besides. *All* that man could give it, it has possessed alike in both countries; but the heart of the poor it never won in Ireland. Judge the two creeds then, if you will, by the crimes in the two lands; but judge them by the real crimes and by their true atrocity. If you will look at facts, you can but come to one opinion. Poor, desolate, disorganised, helpless, excitable, passionate, quarrelsome, and stained with occasional ferocious blood-shedding, the Irish poor are less ignorant than the herds of "barn-door savages" who throng the agricultural districts of England; their women are infinitely more chaste—and if their women, then also their men—than the English poor; they drink less than the people of proud, puritan Scotland; they endure fa-

mine and pestilence with a patience miraculous even in the eyes of their bitterest enemies; and hideous as are the Irish murders which from time to time affright us, they are very much less frequent in proportion to the relative populations of the two countries, and far less indicative of a deep-seated corruption of the human heart, than the crimes which week after week are perpetrated in the fields, the villages, the towns, and the cities of anti-Catholic England.

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

Chapter III. *The Fortune-Teller.*

The apartment into which Kattie was introduced by Mrs. Carty was that already described as occupied by Sheehan and his wife, forming, in fact, the attic-story of the Large House, two rooms of the floor being rented by the fortune-teller already mentioned, and by her let out ready-furnished to the persons enumerated in her address to Norry. The back room, which was so contracted that the two small beds which constituted its sole furniture almost touched each other, was tenanted by the Sheehans and "Sullivan's girl," a bold artful lass, whose days were lounged away in the court doing nothing, and who had left her parents' "place" on account of her father's strong objection to the "dance," which formed Nelly Sullivan's evening occupation, and was stretched so far into the night as on more than one occasion to compel Nell to pass the time on the stairs, until her mother went to the "walk," the paternal door being locked against her. To this the girl's companions advised her by no means to submit; and as they were warmly seconded by Florry Daly, with whom she had formed a fellowship, Nelly determined to consult Mrs. Carty, the great oracle of the "Buildings." The girl's locating herself with the old woman was the result of this mysterious interview; and it soon became the current gossip, that ere long "Florry Daly and Nell Sillivan would make a match of it." 'Tis true, the wiser portion of the inhabitants shook their heads, "hoped it ud come to good;" whilst Sheehan was heard to express his conviction that "Florry was too cute to hang such a log at his heels for life." Yet, in defiance of these opinions, Daly's attentions continued in the true Irish style, teazing, quarrelling, and coaxing, until Nelly regarded him as her exclusive property, and was disposed to look with no favourable eye on any

who might be so hardy as to monopolise the slightest degree of his favour.

This was the person whose couch the poor, innocent, confiding Kattie was to share, and to whom she was therefore particularly introduced on joining the group assembled round the embers of Mrs. Carty's smouldering fire. Intuitively shrinking from the reckless, repulsive countenance which met her gaze, her eyes gladly rested on that of the slumbering Mary, who, exhausted by labour, had fallen asleep on a low settle, her head resting against the wall, and presenting as marked a contrast to her fellow-lodgers as it was possible to imagine in those of one country, almost the same town. In the meantime Sheehan busied himself nursing the child, taking his short pipe every now and then from his mouth to indulge in a deep-drawn sigh, a tribute to his recent misfortunes; and two inverted fruit-baskets on either side of the grate were occupied, the one by "ould Biddy Sarchfield," the other by blind Murphy, whose grandson had not yet returned from hawking lucifers about the squares, &c., for the convenience of cigar-smokers; from the proceeds of which lucrative trade, eked out by the old man's parish allowance of half-a-crown weekly, the pair chiefly derived their support. In one corner of the room were some five or six noisy young Flanaghans, clustering round their mother (who had just returned from a day's work), peeping into her capacious pocket and large basket to see if they contained any thing edible; for, "barring the half-loaf father left when he went out to look for a job, they had eaten nothing all day." The young Burkes and Daly were out for a "spree;" —so that, of Mrs. Carty's seventeen permanent lodgers (the child was not counted), five were absent, a circumstance which caused that social hostess, as she prepared two cups for herself and Kattie, to fear "they'd have a dull evenin' of it." In this Nell Sullivan fully acquiesced; whilst Kattie, tired and hungry, silently swallowed the scraps of bread and black nauseous-looking liquid proffered for her acceptance.

"You'll like the taste of the tay betther whin you're used to it," said Mrs. Carty encouragingly. "Why, what a Gracian the child is!"

"Wait till I git a drop of milk," said Mary Sheehan, whose pretty eyes were now opened, producing a little bottle full of a thin blue-looking liquid, which Kattie would never have mistaken for the beverage in question, although the Londoners pay for it dearly, and swallow it with avidity.

"Ah, Mary dear, ye can afford to be ginerous," leered Mrs. Carty, with a provoking significance, which roused Pat from his apathetic indifference.

"What's that you mane, mother Carty?" he inquired, nettled by this covert attack on his wife; "it's neither just nor ginerous the likes of you iver was, as I'm tould."

"Hould your tongue, Pat, you omadhaun, and don't be afther gitting yersilf into a scrape," said Mary, with a look which her husband did not think it prudent to disregard. Mrs. Carty, who stood in some awe of Mrs. Sheehan, hastened to change the conversation.

"Who's for a little bisiness to-night?" she inquired, shuffling a dirty pack of cards, whilst at the same moment she peered into an empty tea-cup. "Come, Nell Sillivan, crass me hand with silver, an I'll tell you your wish, an what's past, an what's to be, an about the dark man, an ——"

"Now, none of your witch doings here, mother Carty," interrupted Sheehan. "Sure an how can ye go to the Mass on Sundays with a clane conscience, an you acting divil-worshipper all the week?"

"You didn't call me divil-worshipper whin you were coorting Mary," answered Mrs. Carty, in what she intended for a most insinuating tone; "an didn't I tell you thrue, Pat?"

"If you did, it was divil's work, all one," said Mrs. Sheehan; "an he'll have you one day for your pains, mother Carty. Didn't you rave and storm whin you got the fright tother night, and vowed you'd niver airn anither pinny, but go to the duty and live like a Christian? An what'll the tachers of the Prodistant school in the Hollow say, about dolatry and shuperstition, whin they hear the childer talk about your doings?"

"The childer have no bisiness there," answered Mrs. Carty, who was sufficiently severe when the failings of her neighbours were in question. "An that minds me, Mrs. Flanaghan, I heard your husband say he'd break ivry bone in your body, if you sint the childer to the Hollow ony more. There's a school for thim in the Buildings, with plinty of taching for this warld an the nixt; and Will said it's making liars and hypercrites of thim you are."

"I mint to tak thim away mecsilf nixt week," retorted the lady addressed, who was busily engaged thrusting masses of half-soaked bread into the mouth of a sickly-looking infant: "they're growing too big now; and I'd be sorry they'd lose their own religion, an git ane that's jist nothing at all in its room."

"Well," said old Murphy, for the first time joining in the conversation, "whin you're as ould as me, childrin, eighty-two come nixt month, an have been dark for twinty years, ye'll be sorry ye ivir filled the belly to pinch the sowl. Don't the Protestants shame you to your very face? don't they buy the chil-

der from you? don't they tache thim to laugh at you? don't they write books about your clargy? An can ye blame thim? —not at all! You desave the crathers, an are big thraitors to your own sowl into the bargain."

"You're right, Murphy," answered Biddy Sarchfield; "an so is Sheehan about the fortin-telling. Didn't Moll Carty promise Father Morgan, whin he came to see me tother day, she'd nivir handle a card again? Sure an it's meesilf knows enuff of the power of the divil. Wasn't me first cousin, Cornelius O'Callaghan, killed by the Evil Speerit, becase he wanted to pass a running sthrame, I'd like to know?"

"How was that? do tell us, Biddy!" exclaimed some five or six voices, whilst Mrs. Carty sat in sullen silence, dreading, yet not daring to gainsay the approaching tale.

"Why you see there was a witch in me native village who tould fortins (like Moll there), an thrue enuff they came too; she terpreted dhrames, an tould who sacked the hen-roosts, an set us all by the ears togither. Well, the good praste warned her and warned her agin; but whilst ane of us ud giv her ony think, she'd tell our fortins till the place was too hot to hould us all. Now as ill luck would have it, there was an ould rich farmer had married a purty young girl, a schoolmate of me own; an the jealous fule wint to have *his* fortin tould wid the rest. What passed betwixt thim is unknownt; some say there were *three* in the company, for the shadow of a fine bushy tail was seen aginst the wall. But the farmer grew darker an darker ivry day, an one fine arternoon he sthruck his purty young wife a violent blow; it didn't kill her at onst, but she drooped iver afther, an died jist in the fall. Ivry body blamed the witch, an the girl's peeple thritened hard; an ud have been as good as their words, but she stole a march in the night, an rid the village of hersilf, as we hoped. Her husband was in furrin parts, an it seems she was near her time; for three days afther, as some of the boys were crassing a field jist by the sthrame, who should they see in the ditch but the witch quite dead, wid her child by her side, an of course it wasn't baptised. Praps it was the fright killed her; some say she strangled hersilf; howiver, peeple from that day wint a mile round rayther than crass the rinning sthrame, unliss they were properly prepared. Of coorse all who wint to their duty and lived Chrestian lives had nothing to fear; they pessed to and fro over the little foot-bridge, and barring the shadow of a white doe which flitted before thim, nothing came of it: but with the ripribates it was anither thing; they came back so mauled and scratched, an could giv no count of thimsilves, that for more than twilve months the path was quite desarted. At last my good-for-no-

thing cousin, in one of his dhrunken frolics, made a bet wid his wild companions that he'd crass the sthrame an tackle the witch; he'd consorted ofthen enuff wid her alive, an he was not the boy that ud fear her dead."

"An was he killed?" inquired Kattie, who had hung with breathless interest on every word which issued from old Biddy's shrivelled lips.

"All in good time," answered the story-teller, with no small delight at the attention evinced by her young auditor. "The comrades of Corney, who were as graceless as himself, swore he'd never do it, an they well nigh came to blows beforehand. My poor ould aunt cried an prayed, for he was her ownly child, an bad as he was, her ownly support too; but it was all one: the dhrink an contradiction made him mad, an the curses an blasphemies of him were awful to hear. Not one that saw Corney crass the paddock that night iver expicted that his would be the fut to brush the dew from the grass nixt morning. An we were not desaved: we prayed to the Blessed Vargin all that livelong night; but he had offinded her all his life wid his sins, an how *could* she intersade for him now? Well, to cum to an ind—Cornelius O'Callaghan niver came back; an afther a day or two, his head was seen sailing down the sthrame, bolt upright, an glaring ghastly enuff at us to be sure. The witch had limbed him, that's sartin; for his arms an legs were found by the bridge, an brought home to his poor mother, who burried thim as dacently as she could. Now of coorse this was very much talked of, an the graceless companions of Corney began to reform; they were seen oftener at Mass, an less at the village public, but not ane ud crass the bridge, an the field was desarted. Farmer Clooney couldn't git a man to plough it, though he offered double wages, an ud stand a noggin of whisky into the bargain. Now this put the farmer beside himsilf, for the field was ane of his best; so he waited on the parish priest, an asked him to be good enuff to lay the ghost. Father Derry listened kindly to Clooney's request, an though he was an ould man an not very strong, promised to crass the bridge afther nightfall, an thry wud he see ony think worse nor himself,—betther he could not, that's sartin. Well, Father Derry set out that very night; an we young ones all followed him at a distance, taking care to keep his track exactly. It was a bright moonlight night, an jist as we had half crassed the field, we saw something white crouching close to the ditch; this sint the life out on us. Such a screeching an skirling as there was to be sure! Back we all ran into our own cabins, or any one's else, it was all one; an we scarce raised our heads for more than an hour, when Father Derry

came back. He had not been quite alone though. There was a sort of half nat'ral in the village, who always stuck to the good praste's heels whiniver he had a chance; an as we were all too scared to look afther him, he had followed the whole way, an came back safe an sound. He was an innocent poor crathur, so praps that counts for it: at ony rate, we didn't mind him thin, for our eyes were stuck into Father Derry. His face was deadly pale, though he was ginerally ruddy for so ould a man, and there was something very sad about him whin he smiled, not like himself at all.

"'God bless you all, my children,' he said very faintly; 'go to rest now; the ghost 'll niver thrubble you agin; an may this be a lesson to you niver to forget that the law of God forbids fortin-telling, an shuperstitious practices of all kinds whativer.' We were bursting with curiosity you may be sure, but none on us dared question Father Derry; an but for the omadhaun who had followed him, we'd be none the wiser to this day. At ony rate, the field was ploughed, the bridge was crassed, an the white doe was niver seen more; but no witch iver vintured to settle agin in the village of Knockcroghery, at laste in Father Derry's time,—an I came away jist afther he died, pace to his sowl!" Here the old woman crossed herself reverentially, and appeared for a few moments lost in deep reflection.

"Well but, Biddy," said Mary Sheehan eagerly, "did you never hear what passed between Father Derry and the ghost? do tell us."

"That's the very best part of the story, Mary," answered Mrs. Sarchfield; "an we'd have been ignorant of it to our dying day but for the omadhaun, who tould it in confidence to Farmer Clooney, who tould it to my mother, an she couldn't keep it ony how. Folks did say, howsomever, that the nat'ral was ownly putting his finger in our eyes for pastime; but we believed him: an why not? for ——"

"But what *did* happen?" once more interrupted Mary impatiently.

"Why, whin Father Derry came to the ditch, what should he see but a doe, as white—as white—as your new milk, Mary; an whin he came near, she jumped clane over and looked back, as much as to say, Follow me if you dare. The praste made no more to do, but afther her an away; she ran full gallop to the brink of the sthrame, jist at the fut of the little bridge.

"'You'll not crass that ony how, my lady,' said Father Derry. An sure enough she didn't; for she turned bolt round, and sat upright upon her hind-feet, wid her paws crassed

like a Christian, an her large eyes glaring in the praste's face.

"'By your lave,' said Father Derry very politely, and he laid hoult of her by the nape of the neck as a boy would dangle a kitten. 'I have you now, you vicious ould witch; an how dare you torment the peeple, an limb Cornelius O'Callaghan, an ——'

"'Cornelius O'Callaghan wasn't prepared, or I'd have no power over him,' answered the ghost, 'an that you're ware of, Father Derry; an now if you'll let me go, I'll not scathe you nor yours ony how.'

"'You haven't the power, or it's not to your good-will I'm indebted ony how,' said the praste angrily; 'an I'll not lit you go till you've given the word, that I know you daren't break, niver to thrubble these parts agin; an if you don't gree to that, I'll sarve you ——' an Father Derry whispered in its ear.

"'Now don't, don't, Father Derry,' shouted the ghost; 'I'll not hurt you nor yours.'

"'That'll not do,' said the praste. An thin there was a deal said that the omadhaun couldn't understand, till the witch scraitched out as if in great pain,

"'Don't, don't, Father Derry; I'll promise.'

"'An you'll give me the token?'

"'An I'll give the token.'

"'Will, thin, be quick about it,' answered he, 'and thin I'll crass the bridge; and don't let me find you here, marm, whin I return, that's all.' So saying, Father Derry loosened his hold, an the doe stood looking at him until the father became impatient, when the ground opened an in she popped; an out came a purty dove, who flew three times round the praste's head, brushing his forehead at ivry turn, and thin out of sight in a minute; an by the same token Father Derry's beautiful countenance was whitewashed to his dying day, an that, folks say, was hastened by the exartion of laying the ghost."

A dead pause succeeded Biddy Sarchfield's narration, during which Mother Carty slipped away the cards and busied herself in washing the tea-cups; Nell Sullivan hung her head; and Mrs. Sheehan looked significantly at her husband. While the tale was progressing, Flanaghan's baby had squalled itself to sleep, the Burkes and young Murphy had returned, and the two former now busied themselves in stowing away their wares for the night, and a basket of sprats and a rope of onions were thrust under one of the settle-beds, ready to be hawked on the morrow; whilst the women began to evince symptoms

of an early "retreat for the onst." "Where's that you're going, Nelly?" inquired Mary, as she spied the form of that young lady edging gradually towards the door, with an evident desire of avoiding observation; "it's too late intirely to be sneaking out in that manner, an meesilf an the Gracian are tired out, I'll vinture, ony how ——"

"I was ownly jist going out for a minute, Mrs. Sheehan, to ——"

"To watch Daly, I suppose," answered Sheehan, anxious to reinstate himself in his wife's good graces. "It's no go, girl, you're no mate for Florry; an I'll tell you, Nell, if you do go out, you don't cum into that room to-night, so that's plain, my lass."

This menace, which was backed by Mrs. Carty's threatening to lock-up, produced the desired effect. The picture of sullen ill humour, Nelly proceeded towards the "small room," already occupied by the Sheehans, followed in silence by the weary and spiritless Kattie. Sheehan had thrown himself down under the dirty rug, without undressing, and was already snoring audibly; Mary, having previously placed the sleeping child by his side, pushed a large box against the door. "There was no knowing, if the min were dhrunk, what ud be the upshot." She then merely removed her gown, to save time in the morning, and speedily followed her husband's example. Kate paused a moment. This was indeed the bitterest trial of her life; her eyes filled with tears as memory led her back to the small but neat chamber of her humble home. Every feeling of modesty revolted at the thought of passing the night in the same room with one of the opposite sex, even though protected by the presence of his wife; and then there were the lawless revellers, from whom she was only separated by a crazy plank, and whom even Mary, initiated as she was, seemed to fear. Was this London, the El Dorado of her thoughts, the golden city of her day-dreams? She glanced at the crazy bedstead, worm-eaten and dirty; the bundle of filthy rags spread for her accommodation, which gave fair promise of being tenanted by a busy race who had for years flourished unmolested; but all this was literally nothing to the bold bad girl who was to share the couch of the pious unsophisticated Kattie, and for whom she felt an invincible repugnance,—a feeling returned with interest by Miss Sullivan, who took no pains to conceal her dislike. There was, however, no help for it now; so turning her back on her disagreeable companion, whose eyes she *felt* were still upon her, the girl knelt down, and drawing from her bosom a string of beads which had belonged to her dead mother, she fervently and humbly entreated "Mary,

the comforter of the afflicted," to intercede for her who had no earthly stay, no human friend. She thought of the stable of Bethlehem, of Mary's poverty, and was consoled; she thought of Mary's happiness, and hope once more reanimated her bosom; again, as she had done from childhood, she resolved to imitate Mary's favourite virtues, and by humility and purity to merit the protection of her beloved patroness, and the favour of her divine Son. Alas, Kate, why were you not ever thus? Does not the mountain violet best flourish in its obscurity, delighting by its simple loveliness, and an odour distinct from the enervating perfume of more brilliant flowers? Yet tear it from its native shade, transplant it to a richer soil, it either withers and dies beneath the first fervid rays of an unclouded sun, or if it survives the change, loses in intrinsic worth what it acquires in lustre and beauty. Such was the type of the poor Irish girl; vanity and self-reliance were the flaws of her mind's jewel. No marvel, then, it was utterly destroyed when exposed in the trebly-heated furnace of temptation.

Kate Gearey's devotion was somewhat rudely disturbed by her companion, who coarsely asked her if she meant to be playing the hypocrite there all night? brutally adding, "It's not *here* you'll make a count of it; try it on with the quality to-morrow; though praps it'll suit you best to turn swaddler for a time."

Poor Kate rose from her knees, and reluctantly followed Nelly's example, by slowly removing some articles of her upper clothing. Displacing her cap, she proceeded to arrange a shower of rich auburn hair, the sight of which converted Nell Sullivan's previous dislike into downright hatred; but before her object was attained, an incident occurred which rooted her where she stood, a very personification of terror and surprise. Had an Indian war-cry resounded through the comparatively quiet Buildings, its effect could not have been more electric, or its sound more appalling. Sleepers were awakened, drunkards sobered, and some business of enthralling interest was evidently on foot. Ere Sheehan had sprung to his feet, the slight barrier placed by Mary gave way, the door fell inwards with a crash, and the male inhabitants of the outer apartment rushed tumultuously in, eager to gain a post of observation from the window, which commanded a view of the whole Buildings. The women, less prudent or more curious, had at once rushed to the scene of action, an example eagerly followed by Nell Sullivan, and at last by Mary Sheehan.

"What is it?" inquired Flanaghan.

"What is it?" asked the elder Burke. "What is it?"

re-echoed every one present; yet no one thought of volunteering a reply. A momentary pause ensued, when amongst the increasing tumult loud cries of "A desarter! A desarter!" were distinctly heard. This was enough; off went the men after their gentle better-halves (blind Murphy excepted), and Kate found herself and the still slumbering child the sole tenants of the little room. Our heroine, however, was a true daughter of Eve; her first fright over, she shook back her tresses and hastened to the window, opening her clear blue eyes with unfeigned astonishment at the scene which met their view. The court had literally poured forth its hundreds, women and children not excepted, whose scanty and ill-assorted attire afforded sufficiently evident proofs that they had quitted their beds to join the affray without bestowing any very superfluous attention on the elegancies of the toilette. A grotesque group of dames, whose charms had certainly passed their meridian, with in most cases bare legs, short petticoats, and coloured handkerchiefs tied under their chins, were strenuously exerting themselves about the centre of the Buildings, brandishing their brawny arms, dealing blows which would not have disgraced a prize-fighter, and showering a torrent of abuse in Irish on their opponents, mingled with occasional words of encouragement to some invisible object. To add to this Babel of sounds, the men, who lounged idly against the door-posts, and evidently avoided an active part in the affray, co-operated with their fair partners by clapping their hands, cheering, and giving about the same species of approbation as is bestowed by boys on a couple of snarling curs whom they are eager to bring to a "set-to" in good earnest.

The focus of attraction and mainspring of all this excitement was a body of men, whose dark-blue uniforms, bull's-eyed lanterns, and uplifted staves, pointed them out as the national guard of England, vulgarly styled policemen. On these the warlike fair ones seemed to expend their vigour; scratches, kicks, blows right and left, all the artillery of female warfare, were brought into full play. Unwilling to use their staves, the police, with exemplary patience, parried these attacks, and endeavoured to force their way towards the end of the Buildings, where the Large House was situated. It was all in vain; a compact female mass completely blocked the way, so close on each other's heels that to recede or advance was alike out of the question. Convinced of the impossibility of prosecuting their search, and fearful of a serious riot should the lords of the creation see fit to change their passive admiration into active participation, the police, with torn faces and aching sides, began to beat a retreat towards —— street. Whilst the main

body were thus employed, one of the number, well acquainted with the locality, in short up to any thing, observed a something white stealing in a crouching attitude close to the walls of the houses towards the upper end of the court; aware of the thoroughfare, the veteran silently detached himself from his companions and followed, but not so secretly as to elude the vigilance of the deserter's protecting friends.

"Save yersilf, Tim; you're tracked! Have at him, boys!" were the sounds which now rent the air, awakening public attention to pursuer and pursued. Both stood erect and motionless for a second, when the latter, clearing the intervening space with a single bound, disappeared in the intricate mazes of the Large House. The policeman was not to be thus baffled; he followed, though with a slackened pace; the force again pressed forward, uneasy concerning their comrade; the men suddenly woke to life, staves were now *really* used, and the battle began in good earnest.

The window at which Kate Gearey had stationed herself did not command the entry of the house, and a heavy rapid tread behind her was therefore the first intimation she received of the asylum chosen by the deserter. Turning hastily round, she observed a man panting with exertion, who, regardless of her presence, busied himself in wheeling one of the bedsteads from the wall, and who, in spite of the imminent risk in which she conceived him to stand, was literally laughing.

"I have it now," he exclaimed, shaking open the remnants of a door, which had been concealed by the displaced article of furniture; "I have it now; if any of the peeple are asleep, I'll jist jump over thim. Onst in the Hollow, I'll snap my fingers at the likes of thim. Tell the peeler not to pitch into the ould well, girl, or it'll not be good for his helth ony how."

The disappearance of the speaker was followed by the entrance of his pursuer, who seeing no one but our heroine, naturally concluded she had been instrumental in the concealment of the fugitive. "What have you done with him, girl?" he inquired, turning his bull's eye in every direction; "do you know you are harbouring one accused of desertion and robbery?"

Kate knew nothing about it; and without reply, turned on him a look so full of bewilderment, that the veteran was inclined for a moment to believe her as unconscious as she appeared to be. His long habits of suspicion, however, soon chased away this favourable opinion; and convincing himself the girl's stupidity was merely assumed, he grasped her arm roughly, saying as he did so,

"Come, come, my lass, no more shams; I tracked him to

this room, and here he must be. At any rate, if he escapes, I shall take you to the station-house; so come along."

The violent pull which accompanied these words completed the alarm of the terrified girl; almost beside herself, she uttered shriek after shriek with a vehemence which almost startled the policeman.

"Hold your tongue, you noisy hussy, and tell me where the fellow is," he exclaimed in a somewhat softened tone; but it was of no avail. Kate struggled and screamed more energetically than before, when a new actor appeared upon the scene. This was no other than Florry Daly, who, rather the worse for liquor, had followed the policeman into the Large House, and was (considering the character of the inhabitants) rather surprised at their being scared by the sight of a peeler.

The appearance of the young "Gracian" at once solved the mystery, and aroused the gallantry of Florry. The excessive yet childlike beauty of Kattie, her alarm, which he knew to be genuine, all went to his heart, and a well-aimed blow at the policeman's arm was the first announcement of his presence. The latter loosened his hold, and Kate would have sunk to the ground but for the protecting grasp of Florry. The springing of a rattle was now heard in an opposite direction, whilst at the same moment Mary Sheehan and Nelly Sullivan entered, and with one voice proclaimed, "The desarter had scaped down the Hollow, so they'd have some pace the remainder of the nite." The appearance of Kate produced an opposite feeling in the two women; whilst it awakened every sympathy in the bosom of the kind-hearted Mary, Nell Sullivan, in whose heart every evil passion had been unlocked by the master-key of jealousy, cordially wished that the deathlike swoon of the now perfectly senseless girl might indeed prove her last.

Chapter IV. *The Cousins.*

About the same hour that terminated our heroine's first night's adventure in London, the last carriage rolled from the door of a mansion in Grosvenor Square; and one of those dullest of all aristocratic dulnesses, a state-dinner, was brought to a close. The spacious saloon, with its glitter of lights and all the paraphernalia of wealth and fashion, was left untenanted save by four persons, who, however they differed in character and appearance, constituted the family of the Earl of Lindore, a nobleman distinguished not only for his services in the field and senate, but for his unbending adherence to the principles of "Church and State." In his private relations none bore a more unblemished character; he was a scholar and a gentle-

man. In his public career he was even more fortunate,—the organ of a powerful political party, and so staunch a Protestant as to view with grudging suspicion, and even alarm, every movement which he was pleased to term a papistical inroad. In fact, the progress of Catholicism in England was the one bitter drop in the otherwise overflowing cup of Lord Lindore's felicity, and it was a drop of such intense bitterness as to poison the whole. Did he hear of the opening of a Catholic church, the reception of a solitary convert, his brow wore a cloud which nothing could dispel; and he would confidently prognosticate that the time was not far distant when his native land would be tenanted by Italian brigands, when High Mass would be again sung in Westminster Abbey, and the thunders of the Vatican fulminated from the precincts of St. James's.

Of course, in the Earl's extensive circle there lacked not those who would foster and echo such sentiments; nor did they confine themselves to mere words. A passion for proselytising seized the whole party; and the destitute condition of the "Irish in London" appeared to promise a plentiful harvest to the seeds scattered in every direction by the apostles of Protestantism. A short experience, however, sufficed to convince them that the Irish were not adapted for conversion. District ladies were employed, Bible-societies set in motion; but the ladies were imposed upon, the Bibles pawned; and although the commencement of a severe winter appeared favourable to their wishes, its close found all the "converts" just where they were, or rather more anti-Protestant than ever. With their offspring, at least as far as show was concerned, Lord Lindore succeeded better. Lending all his rank and influence, and what was of still more consequence, a large portion of his wealth, to the establishment of ragged-schools, he began to hope that however obstinate the present generation, the next would be indeed staunch Protestants. There was scarcely an Irish neighbourhood in London in which these juvenile soul-traps were not baited: bribes, exhortations, and all the usual machinery, were tried on the parents; and where they failed, rewards and flattery succeeded in making the children at once disobedient and hypocritical. Then there were reports read in Exeter Hall, circulars issued from the City Mission, in which the grossest calumnies were propagated, the Catholic priests loaded with ridicule, and the truth and charity of the very gospel they pretended to uphold trampled recklessly under foot. Yet, somehow or other, no radical cure was effected; the schools were rarely without Irish children, yet they came and went, and were in most cases removed by the parents directly they became old enough, as the teachers affirmed, to reap any benefit

from the sound scriptural instruction they were so eager to impart. The tracts were received, but never read; the Bible-readers met with open insult, or were listened to in silent contempt; and although the committee boasted continually of the number of *ci-devant* Papists which their schools contained, they were secretly convinced of the uselessness of their efforts, as far as they went, to convert the Irish. Perhaps they were not aware of a peculiarity possessed by that people in a pre-eminent degree, with all their faults (and I seek not their extenuation),—of their firm, perfect, and undying faith. Surrounded by poverty, by temptation, they cling to their religion as the drowning man does to a reed, and laugh to scorn any serious idea of making a "Prodistant of them." Should, by any accident (and these are the exceptions, not the rule), one of their number really fall away, a brand as deep, as undying as that of Cain is fixed on the brow of the offender; the most needy and friendless shun all communication with him, and the apostate is regarded with universal detestation. In his dealings with a nation like this, it is scarcely surprising that Lord Lindore was exposed to repeated disappointments; while even in the diadem of his domestic felicity there was *one* false gem. Six years before the commencement of my tale, his pride, prejudices, and affection had received a wound both deep and lasting.

On the evening we speak of, the various time-pieces, with their sweet musical chimes, announced the hour of eleven; it therefore yet wanted an hour of the time when the family usually retired. The Earl paced to and fro, with moody countenance and unequal steps. Lady Lindore, who rarely allowed any thing to disturb her beautiful face, drew forth a net of gold-twist, and busied herself with a little bright hook, styled by ladies a crochet-needle. It was, however, to the two younger occupants of the apartment that Lord Lindore's attention seemed particularly directed, though there was certainly nothing in the appearance at least of one of them to cause the cloud which lowered on his brow. The young and lovely Lady Angela Malvern was indeed a daughter of whom any parent might be proud; yet perhaps her vehemently English father would have been better pleased had her beauty partaken less of a southern cast. As it was, the auburn tresses, dark eyes, and clear brown complexion of Angela savoured strongly of an Italian sky; whilst her ardent and impetuous disposition, unchecked by religion and fostered by indulgence, caused him more than once to envy the mental discipline which characterised her cousin Josephine. Take her all in all, however, a brighter or more fascinating being than Angela Mal-

vern never flourished at Almack's or graced a London season; and when, in addition to her numerous conquests, the close of her first spring saw the coronet of the wealthy Lord Norville laid at her feet, the triumph of Lady Lindore was complete.

Not so her father; there was something in the alliance which seemed to jar against his feelings. Yet Edgar Northland was his chosen friend, of his own politics and religious opinions, of an ancient and honourable descent, ten years older than Angela, and, to crown all, eminently handsome. At any rate, whatever the mystery, the Countess cared not, and Angela dared not, to make the attempt to penetrate it; so the usual announcements appeared in the *Morning Post*, though (as far as the definite period named) somewhat prematurely.

"Josephine," exclaimed the young beauty, shaking back her ringlets and pulling her cousin's sleeve, who, seated in a high-backed chair, was lost in a deep reverie,—"Josephine, how like a nun you look! You will run away from us some day, I'm sure."

"I *fear* not, Angela; I have at present no vocation."

"Ah! I have made you smile at last. Now, do listen;" and she threw herself on a low stool at her cousin's feet, and rested her pretty head on her lap. "Papa is dreadfully cross to-night; and do you know why?"

Josephine shook her head, and Angela continued:

"He was talking all dinner-time with that disagreeable Mr. Melford, and I heard your name mentioned more than once; and papa said he would see into the matter, and speak to aunt Selby, and ——"

"Well, Angela, and what of all this? You know I am not *very* timid; and it will be time enough to defend myself when accused, will it not?" And Josephine passed her little hand caressingly through the bright curls which were scattered over her own white robe in luxuriant profusion.

"You are too brave; and mamma says it is not becoming in one of your age and birth to go alone as you do amongst those dreadful people."

"I am four-and-twenty, Angela, and am by no means the only errant dame."

"Yes, but you have done it for some time; and I feel certain something will happen to you some day. You'll catch a fever, or be murdered, or ——"

"And who will murder me, Angela?"

"Why, these Irish, to be sure; though papa says you are in no danger, for although you are English, your religion forms your safeguard. And he told Mr. Melford, that if you ventured amongst Protestants of the same class, he would not in-

sure you from insult a single hour; but he added, that it was the very idolatry and superstition of the thing, and that it is the system altogether he condemns."

"I am at a loss for his meaning, Angela. If by 'system' he means gratitude, and would prefer seeing our poor in open arms against those exemplary men who dedicate their lives to their service, and we who strive to imitate their example, I cannot admire his code of morality, however orthodox it may sound in Protestant ears."

"Well, here he comes: now for the storm! Nay, do not compress your lips and look so very unbending, dearest Josephine." And Lady Angela glided away, throwing herself listlessly on an ottoman nearer her mother, apparently giving her whole attention to the progress of the crochet-net, though in reality devouring every syllable which passed between her father and cousin.

"Josephine!" exclaimed the Earl sternly, as he leant against the mantel-piece near which his niece was seated, "I am informed by my friend Mr. Melford that our very imperfect success in the ——— Mews school is to be attributed to you: the children have been either altogether withdrawn, or only allowed to remain whilst it suited the temporal convenience of their parents. There are the Toomeys, for instance: the woman promised, if we paid her score at the huckster's and allowed her coals for the winter, we should bring up the children our own way, and that she herself would receive instructions from one of the City missionaries; and now she has the effrontery to take the children from the school, because 'the eldest is near seven, and it is time she was taught *her duty to God.*' Nor is this all: when the missionary (who, by the by, is a countryman of her own) called as usual to expound the Scriptures, she told him (I use her own words) 'to hold his jaw, for she meant to lead a new life, and not play the hypocrite any longer; that she was sick of hearing God's blessed Word mouthed like an old ballad; that it ought to be taught by *priests* and holy men, not by such as him!' Her good visitor tried to remonstrate, when she flew into a towering passion, asked him how long it was since he cast his skin; said she knew his people, and that there was not a Protestant within thirty miles of the hovel where he was born. Now what do you say to this?"

"That the City missionary was rightly served, and that you are yourselves to blame for poor Peggy's hypocrisy. Did you ever hear an instance of our holding out bribes to induce the attendance of Protestant children at our schools?—and we often do violence to our own feelings, by allowing the neces-

sities of converts to remain unrelieved, lest the prospect of gain should induce them to sacrifice the integrity of their consciences, thereby disgracing the religion they profess, and destroying their immortal souls."

"You speak strongly, Josephine, and with *apparent* candour; but why then, may I inquire, is every art employed to inveigle the children into a Popish school, which, it seems, those more zealous than prudent, and more designing than either, have thought proper to establish in ——— Buildings? Now, whoever may be the instigators of these *unjustifiable* measures, I am informed you, Miss Bradshawe, my own sister's child, are one of the most unscrupulous agents in carrying them into effect."

"To what unjustifiable measures do you allude? What unscrupulous agents do you mean, Lord Lindore?" inquired Josephine calmly, though her usually pale countenance was illumined with a passing flush. "I was not aware St. Agnes' School contained any children but those not only born of Catholic parents, but baptised in that religion."

"Even were it so, Josephine," answered the Earl, "what right have you, or the parents of those benighted children, to insist on their attending a Catholic school, when a good temporal education and a thorough knowledge of Protestant Christianity are offered?"

"To say nothing of your tender care of their bodies, without which, I much fear, your Protestant Christianity would never be tolerated,—may I inquire, my dear uncle, what is your ultimate intention with regard to the education of Cyril?"

"To send him to Oxford, of course," answered Lord Lindore, somewhat surprised at a question so apparently foreign to the purpose; "and for the present to leave him where he is."

"And suppose Cyril, instead of pursuing his studies with Mr. Latimer, should insist on going to St. Edmund's College, what would you say?"

"What! at *his age?*" interrupted Lady Lindore; "the thing is quite ridiculous. Who ever heard of such a child having an opinion as to where he should receive his education?"

"Cyril is nearly twelve," answered Josephine gravely, "and has surely as much free will as our poor Catholic children; therefore, if he wished it, I see no objection to his studying at St. Edmund's."

"What! allow my only son, the heir of my name, to become the dupe of Jesuitical intrigue and priestly domination? Josephine, you are decidedly deranged," exclaimed Lord Lindore.

"But suppose Cyril insists; you would never use force: and he told Angela he thought he would become a Catholic, and marry me." Notwithstanding the tone of ridicule with which this speech was terminated, the countenance of Lord Lindore became perfectly livid.

"Rather," he exclaimed, in a concentrated passion, "would I see Cyril dead at my feet, rather would I welcome my scoundrel cousin as my heir, than see my boy so lost, so degraded, as ——"

"As *I* am, Lord Lindore. I thank you," answered Josephine haughtily. "Nay, listen but one moment. Do you think, though starving, despised, and loaded with the cares of life, the poor Catholic values the salvation of his offspring less than you do, high-born and wealthy though you be? Do you think, *knowing*, as we do, that for the apostate there is no peace in this world and eternal torments in the next, that the Irish peasant would entail this curse on his offspring? or has it never struck you, that the prospect of future happiness becomes doubly dear by its contrast with present misery? that when pining with hunger, shivering from cold, and bent by sickness, despair must and would seize on the heart, did not that religion you so strive to overthrow teach that, by sharing the sufferings of Him alone whose path was a path of sorrow, we may hope to share his glory?" The eyes of Josephine filled with tears, her face glowed with emotion, and there was a lofty fervour in her tone which was not without its effect on her uncle. Passionately fond of his niece, the Earl's bitterest trial in life had been what he regarded as her senseless apostacy; more especially as, by becoming a Catholic, the orphan and almost portionless Josephine had not only broken off a splendid alliance, but had torn herself from one to whom she was attached with all the ardour of her enthusiastic nature. Of this sacrifice her aunt and cousin were ignorant; in fact, the six years' difference in age between Angela and herself had then precluded that sort of confidence in which young ladies so much delight. Somewhat softened, however, by her appeal, Lord Lindore answered, willing to change the subject,

"At any rate, there is little doubt your Catholicity has answered one purpose, that of estranging you from your early friends; and I cannot say it has improved the taste of the once refined and fastidious Josephine Bradshawe."

"Nay, papa," exclaimed Lady Angela, breaking silence for the first time, "Josephine does not really like being so much amongst these people, and she does *not* teach in the schools at all; so I think Mr. Melford has not *quite* stuck to truth."

"Your cousin condescends to exert a moral influence over the masses of deluded individuals with whom she thinks proper to associate; and this, aided by the altar-denunciations of the Jesuit priests, must produce their full effect on an ignorant and superstitious people."

"All priests are not Jesuits, Lord Lindore," said Josephine, laughing outright; "and your altar-denunciations are a mere fable; of course we do not allow our children to be brought up in error if we can prevent it, upon the same principle as we should restrain them from plunging their little hands into a flaming furnace, even though attracted by the brilliancy of the blaze. Suppose we should imbibe your taste for proselytising, and employ bribes, threats, and so forth, to fill our schools with your young reformers. Exeter Hall would then ring indeed, and the City missionaries would find matter for their circulars for twelve months to come."

"But you evade my question, Josephine," said her cousin. "It is *not* possible that you, whom we considered so *very* exclusive in your associates, should really like to be continually with such people."

"It is not so painful, Angela; nor are they what you seem to imagine. Poverty and vice do not always go hand in hand; there is much good amongst them; in fact, considering the temptations to which they are exposed, their comparative freedom from gross immorality surprises me; and added to this, they are grateful and affectionate. In truth, their vices are those of circumstances; their virtues the offspring of religion; and I assure you the latter predominate."

"Why, Josephine, how can circumstances make them wicked?" listlessly inquired Lady Lindore, who was heartily tired of the discussion.

"My dear aunt, do but imagine your young and joyous Angela plunged without protector into the society of the idle, drunken, and dissolute; obliged to eat, drink, and sleep in one small room, with all ages and sexes; the room dirty, ill-furnished, or rather not furnished at all; with no beds, save a little straw or a few filthy rags on the floor;—do you suppose she would pass through such an ordeal as pure-minded and innocent as she now is."

"But why *do* they live in such places?" inquired Lady Angela naively.

"They have no choice," answered Josephine. "They are poor, and burdened with large families, and of course are obliged to locate together in the lowest and most unhealthy neighbourhoods, where the houses are so dilapidated and old

as to defy any attempt at cleanliness; added to which, the want of water is to the poor a serious evil."

"The want of water!" exclaimed Lady Lindore, to whom the scarcity of such an article appeared an impossibility.

"Yes, my dear aunt," answered Josephine: "there are many neighbourhoods, inhabited by hundreds of these poor creatures, where every drop of this precious element has to be brought from a great distance; and can you wonder that both parents and children remain from week to week unwashed, when the mother, after a day of severe toil, has to seek from afar the means of cleanliness?"

"And I suppose Josephine has some wise plan to remedy all these evils," said her uncle sarcastically.

"The remedy were easy, had we but the means. We could erect neat, clean, healthy buildings, well drained and ventilated (not alms-houses, from this the national pride would revolt), where, for half the sum they now pay, a family could be lodged with proper attention to the proprieties and decencies of life; as none would be admitted but those of good character, the virtuous would no longer be exposed to the contamination inseparable from bad example, whilst the wicked would have fewer opportunities of gratifying their evil passions."

"In other words, you would erect fortresses of Popery in the very heart of London," said her uncle angrily; "really, Josephine, I believe you to be a Jesuit in disguise."

"Why, my dear uncle, have you been studying Eugene Sue?" answered Miss Bradshawe, playfully. "But it is past midnight, and Angela's eyes have been closing this last half-hour."

"You do not decidedly leave us to-morrow; why not stay for a week or two?" inquired Angela, turning wistfully towards her father. Josephine looked dissent.

"Your cousin would but be unhappy here," exclaimed the Earl, with great pique in his manner; "she has entirely forgotten what she was once pleased to term her happy hours."

Miss Bradshawe could have reminded Lord Lindore of how those "happy hours" had been terminated; of the way in which she had been expelled her childhood's home, and in the zenith of youth, the very may-day of youth, consigned to the cheerless abode and uncongenial guardianship of Mrs. Selby, merely for following the dictates of her conscience: and to this she might have added, that the measure, harsh as it then appeared, had been her soul's best boon; that through its means those vivid imaginations, those keen and deep affections, which otherwise would have proved her life's temptation, were now directed

to their proper source, rendering her an independent being, with power to control her feelings, though not without power to feel. She was silent; and Angela, intent on attaining her object, eagerly repeated, "Josephine will have 'happy hours' here once more; you positively must not go, dear cousin, for an old friend of yours desires to renew his acquaintance."

"Whom do you mean?" inquired Josephine, rather absently, whilst Lord Lindore gazed uneasily towards his daughter.

"Why the other evening, at Mrs. Melford's, I was dancing with Lord Norville, and he began talking of you. He asked how it was he never met with you any where; told me you had been great friends when I was a little girl; and finally expressed a wish to meet you once more, if only to see if you are altered. But Josephine, are you tired? how very strange you look!"

The conclusion of his daughter's speech caused Lord Lindore to turn hastily towards his niece. A change had indeed passed over Josephine: her complexion, naturally transparent, had assumed the whiteness of marble, whilst her lofty brow and regular features seemed to have borrowed its rigidity; the only signs of animation were in her dark-blue eyes, now almost black from the intensity of her feelings. She had risen from her seat, and her slight childlike figure was drawn to its full height; yet whatever had thus moved, there were no signs of woman's weakness in the firmly compressed lips, and her voice had not one tremulous tone as she calmly answered, "I am not tired, Angela."

"Then what is the matter, or rather what *was?* for you now look yourself again."

"It was your excited imagination, Angela, and the reflection of that large chandelier under which Josephine was standing," said the Earl kindly; yet there was a something in his manner as if he did not quite credit his own words.

"Perhaps so," answered his daughter gaily. "But positively she must see Edgar; you know you will be friends again after our marriage."

"Are you quite sure it will ever take place, Angela?" inquired her father, in a tone which made Lady Lindore drop her crochet-needle, and hurriedly exclaim,

"What can prevent it, pray? Did you not give your consent? Is it not a match that ——"

"Well, I am no judge of a young lady's heart, if she really possesses such an article," answered the Earl; "but I sincerely hope you have not *talked* Angela into accepting Norville; for to my poor judgment she seems very much inclined to give him a rival in Charles Howard."

"I trust no daughter of mine would think of throwing herself away on a second son," said Lady Lindore haughtily; though the tell-tale blush on Lady Angela's cheek caused her father to exclaim,

"Well, my girl, if you *should* change your mind, I'll engage for Norville, and not be quite so severe as your mother on younger sons either. Now, good night to you both. God bless you, Josephine." So saying, he kissed his daughter's forehead; and laying his hand for a moment on Miss Bradshawe's head, closed the door after them, muttering as he did so something about the folly of match-making, which Lady Lindore either did not or would not understand.

The cousins ascended the stairs in silence, and paused for a moment in Angela's boudoir, which communicated with both their apartments. When about to separate for the night, Josephine took her cousin's hand, and in a tone the composure of which almost amounted to solemnity, exclaimed, "Angela, do you really love Lord Norville?"

"I suppose I do, Josephine," answered the girl, too taken aback to dissemble; "at any rate, I have made up my mind to marry him, for mamma says I shall never get so good a match."

On entering her room, Josephine closed the door, and, throwing herself into an easy chair, appeared for a few moments to struggle with some violent internal emotion. Her hands were clasped, her colour heightened, and her whole frame shook; still there were no tears, and no yielding to her feelings, and in a few moments all was calm. Taking from her bosom a little crucifix, she kissed it fervently, and grasping it firmly between her clasped hands, threw herself on her knees. Then the tears flowed; but they were sweet, calm, and soothing, such as a little child would pour into the bosom of an affectionate parent. In a short time she arose; her temptation, whatever its nature, was passed, and Josephine Bradshawe was at rest.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF THE ANCIENTS.

Plutarch somewhere tells an anecdote of a certain king, in whose dominions large quantities of gold had been discovered. The result was much as we have experienced in our own times; the rustic left his plough, the sailor his ship, the merchant his counting-house, and ran off to the diggings. Unfortunately,

the king was no wiser than his subjects; and instead of restraining their ardour, he encouraged it. The consequence was a natural one: the earth being left untilled, a famine ensued. Still the king himself had plenty to eat, and continued to keep his people in the mines; till the queen, more prudent than he, hit upon the following *argumentum ad ventrem*. She privately had a number of puddings and pies, loaves and fruits, —"dummies" of course—made of solid gold; and so when the king returned from hunting with the appetite of a Hercules, she ordered his metallic dinner to be served with all splendour and ceremony. To the expostulations of the king she quietly replied, that really the only article then to be procured was gold; as for corn, or meat, or any other necessary of life, they had simply vanished from the land; and that, if he expected to recover them, he must release his subjects from working day and night at the gold-mines.

There is a pleasant satire in this little story, which is by no means inapplicable to these days of speculation in gold-quartz companies, and to the present passion for exchanging the plough for the miner's pickaxe. It may not be uninteresting to give some brief account of the sources from which the ancients derived their supplies of gold. For this purpose we present our readers with some extracts from the careful and generally trustworthy writings of the Greek geographer Strabo, who flourished in the Augustan age. It will be observed that the gold-fields of which he gives such startling accounts have long ceased to yield the precious metal in any remunerative quantity. The possibility, therefore, of even Australian and Californian gold-districts being drained within no very remote period, may well be entertained by those who are disposed to believe in their unfailing resources.

It is a well-known fact, that in point of distribution over the face of the globe, gold is one of the commonest metals, just as tin is one of the rarest. It is the occurrence of the one in small pieces, and the other in vast deposits, that constitutes their relative value (independently of their intrinsic beauty or extensive application). Wherever gold does occur, it is invariably pure; that is, not, as in other metals, in the form of oxides or sulphates, but in virgin grains of greater or less size, and more or less in combination with the hard spar-like mineral known as quartz. In very many instances, as the quartz rocks containing gold become weather-worn, particles are detached, and carried down by mountain-torrents. It was from the beds of rivers, or fluviatile deposits, that all the gold of the ancients, or very nearly so, was obtained. Strabo distinctly says, that the enormous riches of Crœsus king of Lydia were derived

from the bed of the river Pactolus, by which it had been carried down from Mount Tmolus; adding, "but now the gold-dust is exhausted."* It is evident that the gold collected in river-beds must be the accumulation of thousands of years; and that when it has been once picked out, no second or growing supply can be looked for for ages to come. Thus only can we account for the total absence of gold (except, indeed, in very minute quantities in certain copper ores) from our native soil. Both Strabo† and Tacitus‡ assert its existence in our country; and this, though denied indeed by Cicero,§ is strongly confirmed by the massive torques of pure gold, of which so many have been dug up in our own times, the work doubtless of the ancient Celts, who must have collected the metal from the beds of mountain torrents.

In a curious work of the seventeenth century (neither the title nor the exact date of which can we give from memory), the author, an iron-master of the name of Dud Dudley, the first who substituted coal for charcoal in the smelting of iron ore, asserts that he had himself seen pieces of gold discovered in Scotland of no contemptible size. We are not aware that stream-gold is now found in any part of Great Britain.

In his account of ancient Gaul, speaking of the province of Aquitania, Strabo says:‖ "Here are the most important gold-works that exist; for in trenches dug only to a little depth are found flat masses of gold large enough to fill the hand, sometimes requiring but little refining. The rest is in dust and in clods" (*i.e.* imbedded in a stone matrix), "which also need but little working" (*i.e.* purifying). This gold appears to have been washed down from the Pyrenees. Of Spain the geographer writes¶ as follows; and we are tempted to quote the passage at some length, as being a *locus classicus* on the metallurgy of the ancients: "Neither gold, nor silver, nor copper, nor iron, in any part of the world is so abundant, or so good [as in the region of Turditania]. The gold is not only obtained from mines, but is brought down by streams. The rivers and the mountain torrents carry with them the gold-sand, which is often deposited also in dry places. There, however, it is less easily seen, whereas in ground washed by water the particles of gold glitter; wherefore, by carrying water to the dry diggings and dashing it on the soil, they cause the gold-dust to shine. Moreover, by digging pits and devising other means, they pick out the gold after washing the sand; and at

* Strabo, book xiii. chap. 4. The Tagus and the Hermus were celebrated also for their gold-dust.

† Book iv. chap. 5. ‡ Agricola, chap. 12. § Epist. ad Fam. vii. 7.

‖ Book iv. chap. 3. ¶ Book iii. chap. 2.

present there are more gold-washings, as they are called, than gold-diggings. They affirm that among the gold-dust lumps are sometimes found of half a pound in weight, requiring very little purifying. They even assert that, on breaking open stones, small clods are found resembling nipples. From the gold, on being refined and purified with a certain aluminous earth, the dross remaining is *electrum;* and this being again melted down, composed as it is of a mixture of silver and gold, the silver is burned away, and the gold forms the residuum.* For the stuff is easily fusible and separable; for which reason the gold is melted in preference by a fire of chaff, for the flame being feeble, can be regulated to suit that which easily yields and liquefies; but the charcoal wastes a good deal, over-melting it by its violence, and taking away somewhat from it. The metal is swept down by the torrents, and washed out on the spot in wooden bowels; or the soil is dug from a pit, and undergoes the same process. They make the chimneys of the silver furnaces very high, so that the vapour from the ore may be carried off aloft, for it is oppressive and deadly.† Some of the copper-mines are called gold-works (χρυσεῖα); whence it is conjectured that gold was formerly extracted from them."

Omitting a long and rather obscure account of silver-smelting, quoted by Strabo from Posidonius, in which the tin of the Cassiterides is mentioned, we may give Strabo's description, on the authority of Polybius, of the silver-mines in the neighbourhood of Carthago Nova. "They are distant from the city about two miles, enclosing a circuit of forty miles, wherein 40,000 workmen reside, contributing every day to the Roman people 25,000 drachmas.‡ I omit the general description of the silver-works, as being too long; but the silver-ore brought down by the rivers is said to be crushed, and sifted through sieves into water. The sediment is again stamped; and after passing again through the sieve, is pounded fine, while the water is being poured away. The fifth sediment being smelted, produces the silver pure, the lead being purged away. The silver mines exist to this day, but no

* This passage is surely deserving of attention. For a scientific explanation our readers must refer to those more learned in metallurgy than ourselves. The mixed metal *electrum* is mentioned by Sophocles, *Antig.* 1038, as coming from Sardis.

† This also is a curious remark. It appears to refer to the extraction of silver from lead-ore (*galena*). It may be observed, that Apollonius Rhodius (lib. ii. 1002) speaks of iron-foundries in terms reminding us of the smoky region of Wolverhampton.

‡ A drachma is about equal to a franc. The above account appears to be exaggerated.

longer as public property, either here or elsewhere; they have become private possessions, Most of the gold-mines, however, belong to the state. In two or three places there is a private lead-mine; and here also there is a small admixture of silver in the ore, but not in sufficient quantity to repay the cost of extraction."

One more passage may be quoted from the same author,* respecting the gold obtained in the Noric Alps: "Polybius says that a gold-district has been discovered, so productive that by merely scraping away the soil for only two feet, gold may at once be obtained by the spade. The diggings do not go deeper than fifteen feet. Some of the gold is found pure on the spot, in pieces as large as a bean or a lupine-seed, an eighth part only being waste; while some requires more refining, but is still very profitable. As the Italians worked together with the foreigners, in two months the price of gold was reduced by one-third over all Italy. The people of Turin, perceiving this, took the monopoly on themselves, ejecting those who had come to join in the works. Now, however, all the gold-mines are under the control of the Romans. Here also, as in Spain, the rivers bring down gold-dust, besides that obtained by digging, but not in equal quantity."

A clause in this last passage suggests one or two reflections. The discovery of gold in the north of Italy, we are told, immediately reduced the price of bullion *by one-third over all Italy*. Will the immense resources of California and Australia ever,—and if so, when,—affect the currency of the British dominions? Will a sovereign ever sink to the value of a shilling? Still more, will the two coins change places in relative value? Strange indeed would it be, to receive nineteen sovereigns odd in change for our shilling! No such dreams need be entertained. There are yet immense countries which can hardly be said to have any gold currency at all: France as yet uses comparatively little gold coin; Spain and Portugal by no means abound with it; America is almost devoid of a gold coinage,† and uses either notes or dollars in her mercantile transactions; Australia has to rely on such supply of English sovereigns as can be retained there in precarious circulation. It will take countless years before as much gold can be obtained as silver exists in the world; the aggregate quantity of which, according to Humboldt's estimate, would form a solid globe of eighty feet in diameter.

* Strabo, book iv. chap. 6.

† So, at least, we are informed by an intelligent American merchant, who lately shewed us some noble gold coins struck from the proceeds of Californian mines.

Reviews.

THE STUDY OF SAINTS' LIVES.

ST. TERESA'S LIFE OF HERSELF.

The Life of St. Teresa, written by Herself; and translated from the Spanish by the Rev. John Dalton. Dolman.

"What is the *use* of such a book as this? Is it not injudicious to translate it in a Protestant country, especially with all the present exasperation against us, and when hundreds of persons will lay hold of it as a proof of the preposterous nonsense and dreaming which the priests pass off upon the laity for pure Christianity? What practical good can it do to the plain, simple, unpretending Catholic to read a book full of mysticism, and utterly incomprehensible in many parts to any but saints and learned theologians? There is nothing here for us to imitate. We cannot understand it, much less copy St. Teresa in our own domestic and religious duties. For my part, I like the good old-fashioned *corrected* Saints' Lives; in which all that will shock Protestants and puzzle Catholics, and that does not tend to practical edification, is carefully expunged. These 'new lights' are dangerous things."

We trust none of our readers will conclude the perusal of St. Teresa's life with remonstrances such as these; but it cannot be denied that the notions thus uttered are occasionally felt, more or less, by some Catholics who have a right to every consideration, and whose judgment at least demands respect. At any rate, the question as to the utility of the study of the more miraculous lives of the saints is one well deserving of consideration, as it is undoubtedly full of interest.

In offering, at the same time, our thanks to Mr. Dalton for his most acceptable translation, we beg not to be understood as advocating any thing like an indiscriminate translation of Catholic writings, whether Saints' lives or otherwise. At present, however, it is not our object to enter upon the subject, though we cannot but believe that it demands very serious consideration. We wish merely to express our conviction, that the bare fact that a book is the life of a saint, or that it is a good book, or that it is written by a great theologian or even by a saint, is not a sufficient reason for introducing it in the English language to English Catholic readers in general. As to Protestant readers, we confess we do not think their censures of any weight. The edification of Catholics is to be the

first object of every one who has it in his power to aid in so happy a work; and if we are to consult the prejudices of unbelievers, there will be an end of the Catholic religion altogether.

With this proviso, then, on translations in general, we cannot but believe that there *is* a very substantial and most practical benefit to be gained by ordinary Catholics from the study of such supernatural events as are recorded in St. Teresa's life of herself, supposing of course that they are read in a devout and enlightened spirit. A devout spirit will preserve us from that vain, vulgar, and pernicious frivolity, which would reduce a saint's life to a piece of newspaper gossip, or a fragment of antiquarian and legendary lore. Persons who take up these wonderful histories merely to while away an idle hour, unimpressed with the awfully momentous character of the events they record, and who feel no more veneration for a saint *as such*, than they feel for their respectable and exemplary next-door neighbour, who pays his debts and goes to Mass on Sundays, run no little risk of injury to their souls. So far from being lifted up by such reading from earth to heaven, they will be led to degrade spiritual things to the level of temporal, and be tempted to give themselves to the pleasures and business of life with more gusto and devotedness than before.

An enlightened spirit is necessary to save the readers of miraculous lives from superstition, from incredulity, and from scrupulosity. A saint's life is the record of events wholly exceptional in the history even of the best ordinary Christians. Among multitudes of devout and admirable Catholics there are to be found but few *saints*. Some very pious and amiable people think every body a saint who hears Mass daily, communicates once or twice a week, is zealous for the propagation of religion, and in manner and language shews signs of habitual sincerity and earnestness. Such saints as these are happily by no means rare; but far more than this is needed to make the "saint," in the true sense of the word. Undoubtedly, indeed, many and many a saint, worthy of canonisation, or actually canonised, in the course of his life on earth appeared to his companions as nothing more than a humble, pious, zealous Christian of the usual stamp. Perhaps, moreover, after all, there has really been *nothing* extraordinary in his history, except the vigour of his faith, the ardour of his love, and the completeness of his self-mortification. A large proportion, however, of the saints whose lives have been written, have been distinguished from their fellow-Christians by peculiarities of conduct, or by being made the subjects of miraculous interpositions entirely beyond the experience of the

immense majority of the most holy persons. And it is, we think, of the highest importance, that in studying their biographies we should never forget this their exceptional character. They were, if we may so say, selected by Almighty God not only as objects of his special favour, but as subjects for extraordinary manifestations of his almighty power, and of the ever-living and manifold vitality of the cross of Christ as the source and instrument of man's salvation. They have been not only permitted, but authorised and inspired, to speak and act in ways which in the ordinary children of the Church would be wholly unjustifiable; they have received supernatural signs of the Divine Presence which it would be madness for Christians in general to look for in their own cases; their minds have been gifted with spiritual faculties (so to say) more or less superseding the common means for acquiring the knowledge of God which are possessed by every regenerated soul. The saint's life is thus a different thing *in kind* from ours; and if we meditate on it without a distinct knowledge of this difference, it will be scarcely possible to escape one of the three mischiefs we have specified—superstition, incredulity, or scrupulosity.

We shall fall into superstition by expecting something marvellous to occur in the commonest events of daily life. We shall look for angels or devils wherever we turn. We shall mistake the ordinary illuminations of divine grace for something bordering on positive inspiration. Every story we hear that is in the slightest degree singular, we shall unhesitatingly set down as unquestionably miraculous. Objects of devotion, such as images, pictures, beads, medals, and Agnus Dei's, we shall invest with powers for which the Church has given not the faintest sanction; and shall forget that whatever the Church "blesses," she blesses for a certain definite purpose.

Or, on the other hand, a difference in our natural characters may convert saints' lives into incitements to a pernicious incredulity. Perceiving that in our personal experience these marvels which we read of never occur, we set down the whole thing as a delusion and ignorant superstition. "Why," we may say, "if these things really are true, why do we never see similar wonders in our own houses, or hear of them in the cases of our personal acquaintances?" And with minds constituted in a certain way, questions of this nature produce a formidable effect. The right answer alone will satisfy them; and that answer is this, that the supernatural events in the lives of the saints are professedly and by their very nature so rare and exceptional, that the chances are ten thousand to

one against their being manifested to the personal cognizance of any one individual. We might as reasonably refuse to believe in the existence of comets, because, as a matter of fact, not one person in ten thousand in the whole British population ever beheld one with his own bodily eyes.

Moreover, there are peculiarities in the composition of most biographies of saints which require to be well understood by persons of critical disposition, if they would read them with practical profit. Viewed as precise and chronological *lives* of the holy persons who form their subjects, they are frequently constructed on a plan entirely dissimilar to that of ordinary modern biographies. Many are written more or less with reference to the canonisation of the saint, whether past or coming; many are the works of persons more distinguished for their piety than for their literary acumen; and constantly their aim is to present a general picture of the saint they describe as a whole, as a follower of Christ, as the subject of divine interposition, and as a model to be in some sort or other imitated by all Christians. Hence writers frequently set chronology at defiance. A saint is made to accomplish works simply impossible from the fact that there are but twenty-four hours in the day, and that even saints (except when miraculously supported, which is not pretended in the instances supposed) must eat, drink, and sleep like common persons. A man is described as uniting unheard-of fastings and other austerities with extraordinary labours and fatigue of body or mind; the truth being, that his acts at different periods of his life are thrown together by the biographer, as if they all took place contemporaneously, and as if what he did once or occasionally, he was in the habit of doing at all times. Of course, if an objector pleases, he may find fault with this mode of composition; but the merits of ordinary saints' lives as literary achievements we are not now discussing. The fact is that they are such; and our aim is to analyse their character, in order to meet the specious objections of those who would judge them by a standard by which it would be most unfair to try them.

Still further also, it is never pretended that every minute detail of these histories, whether miraculous in nature or otherwise, is undoubtedly true. Their authors are just as liable to make mistakes as to facts as any other writer of biographies who is equally competent and equally sincere. No doubt many of the stories told *are* either substantially incorrect, or do not really justify the interpretation which their narrator puts upon them. All that is pretended is, that the lives *as a whole* are true; that they give a true idea of the men or women whose heroic virtues they seek to perpetuate; that

even if this strange event was purely natural, or that inexplicable marvel is entirely fictitious, yet a large amount of what remains undeniably *is* true; that the holy men and women *were* what they are represented, and that Almighty God *did* display his omnipotence in their honour on certain occasions. Whether this or that particular miracle really took place, is a question for examination; but in the absence of any such examination, the value of the lives as a theme for devout meditation is no more destroyed or suspended, than the general trustworthiness of the best secular histories is rendered nugatory by the confessed fallibility and prepossessions of their authors.

Another peril run by the unenlightened reader of saints' lives is that of scrupulosity. A pious, zealous, and self-distrusting mind reads of the astonishing mortifications of the saints, of their burning love for God, of their untiring labours for their fellow-creatures, and straightway, smitten with a sense of its own shortcomings, it is tempted to try to copy the peculiarities of the saints' lives in modes which to any but a saint would be pernicious and preposterous. There is no end to the absurdities which may be perpetrated by a person who imagines that a saint's life is neither more nor less than a model for universal imitation. The devout soul will find herself so harassed with the importunities of her morbid conscience, that she will scarcely know a moment's rest, through fear lest she is running into mortal sin and resisting the guidance of the Holy Ghost. She will forget that the rules of the Church are to be her standard; and that her duty is to serve God in her vocation, *whatever that is*, even if it is to wear purple and gold, and sit at banquets, and receive the homage of admiring crowds. Unless we have a firm practical hold of the great truth, that we are to serve God exactly in the way that He pleases, and that it is his pleasure to be served in a thousand varying modes of *outward* service, the more we read the lives of the saints, the more shall we pervert that service of God, which is perfect freedom, into an abject and wretched slavery of body and soul.

"After all, then," perhaps the reader will say, "why read saints' lives at all? or at any rate, why read St. Teresa's life, or that of St. Catherine of Sienna or St. Rose of Lima, or of St. Francis of Assisi, or of any of those *most* extraordinary beings, whose whole existence seems to have been a reversal of the common laws of humanity, and who enjoyed something like a special divine revelation of their own?"

The great value, we think, of the study of such lives consists in the vivid and irresistible sense of the reality of the Divine Presence, of the power of the cross of Christ, and

the absolute nothingness of this life and its interests, which these wonderful histories work upon the mind. Living, as we ordinary persons are, in the midst of a visible world, where almost every thing tends to weaken faith in the unseen, and chill the heart's love for what is eternal, it is manifestly of the utmost importance to counteract this pernicious influence by familiarising the thoughts with scenes in which the usual course of nature has been broken in upon by the God of nature, and the invisible has become actually the visible. Every reflecting person knows by his own experience the enormous power of the senses and the imagination in resisting the will and the conscience of the most devout and sincere. Every such person knows what incessant efforts are necessary to obliterate the continual *impressions* (not the convictions) wrought upon us by the worldly talk and worldly lives of the great herd of our fellow-creatures, who to all appearance live for this life and this life only. To meet this baneful influence we want not mere abstract and general statements of doctrine; not mere declarations of the vanity of time, of the value of eternity, of the presence of God, and his power to annihilate time and space and all the laws of the physical universe: we want to see the operation of the great doctrines of Christianity carried out as it were before our eyes. We want to have the senses enlisted on the side of faith itself; to be compelled to acknowledge the hatefulness of sin and the power of the cross, by witnessing those awful demonstrations which are personally displayed in the lives of certain saints, in whom both the sufferings and the glories of our Blessed Lord's life on earth seem to be in a measure renewed. We want to have it forced upon us by examples, that the laws of nature are but the creations of that Omnipotence which can obliterate them in an instant, and communicate with his creatures by an instrumentality totally unknown to all our past experience. And although in the case of the immense majority of Christians outward singularity in any respect is to be avoided and condemned, yet it cannot be denied that where this singularity *is* sanctioned by Almighty God, it possesses an astonishing and most beneficial power, in witnessing to the presence of the Holy Ghost, and the reality of that unseen world whose ineffable importance it is so difficult to realise.

And just these happy results follow, we believe, from the simple-minded and enlightened study of such lives as that of St. Teresa, and others of a similar miraculous class. How near is God! we think to ourselves. How worthless is this life! How horrible is sin! How boundless and unfathomable is the love of Jesus! How inexplicable and yet how blessed is the

life of a saint even here in this life! How vain and helpless is the human intelligence in presence of the eternal Spirit, at whose will it was created! Such ideas as these our readers will recognise as having again and again occurred to their minds when studying these marvellous histories; and that not in a transient, superficial, unprofitable way, but with practical and enduring application to their own personal circumstances, as men involved in the struggles of this harassing life of trial. They feel as if for a moment the veil which shrouds the unseen had been lifted, and they had caught a glimpse of the working of those unseen powers which are hidden in the sacraments and ordinances of the Church, and a ray of the brightness which encircles the throne of God had pierced their souls. One person may like this saint's life, another may prefer that; one mind may be naturally critical, another simple and disposed to credulity; one may love the more supernatural lives, another the more commonplace; but all will agree that the life of a saint, as such, exerts a practical influence on his inward life so decided and so lasting, that no one who is in earnest about his future condition will willingly neglect so striking an aid to his progress in the spiritual life.

With many persons, few lives will produce these results with so peculiar a force as that of St. Teresa. Its character as an autobiography gives it an interest shared by no other book except St. Augustine's *Confessions*. Written at the positive command of her director, it enters into the details of her spiritual experience with a depth, a minuteness, and an accuracy, obviously impossible under other conditions. And even of saints, few *could* have written such an autobiography as St. Teresa. Few would have possessed sufficiently discriminating and exact powers of self-observation; and few would have possessed sufficient theological knowledge to have related with so much scientific precision the wonders of which they were made the subjects. St. Teresa is, on the contrary, almost a Doctor of the Church; and though her style is somewhat diffuse, and, as she herself says, she had not the art of explaining her meaning with pointed and scientific terseness, yet she was gifted with intellectual faculties of so rare and high an order, that of all her equals in sanctity, few could have written such a history of their own mind without miraculous assistance.

St. Teresa was, in truth, by nature as well as by grace, a person of unusual endowments. It is impossible not to see that to most agreeable manners, and a sensitive, loving, and refined disposition, she united a strength of will, an energy of thought, a solidity of understanding, a quickness of perception, and a soundness of judgment, to an extent rarely found in either

men or women. Her history, accordingly, possesses a double value; both as displaying one of the most astonishing examples of the miraculous nature of the life of many Saints, and as being known to us with a certainty unattainable in all ordinary cases.

Much of her experience is necessarily only partially intelligible to those who are not favoured by Almighty God with at least some portion of the gifts with which St. Teresa herself was endowed. Her exposition of the characters of the different kinds of prayer to which she was raised by the Divine Spirit, cannot possibly be thoroughly comprehended except through a personal participation in the same mysterious modes of communion with Almighty God. Still, much may be understood in a degree; and even those whose inward life presents no features beyond that of the average class of devout Catholics, may catch glimpses of the unspeakable glory and sweetness of that rapturous intercourse by which St. Teresa was permitted to anticipate in some measure the wonders of the beatific vision.

The unbelieving or narrow-minded reader will perhaps turn away from her accounts of her various kinds of prayer with a smile or a look of disgust, accounting it all so much fantastic reverie, no more worthy of serious consideration than the visions of a somnambulist or an excited dreamer. That her mystical communion with our Blessed Lord was in every respect true and real, we are not now proving; the question is, of course, simply one of evidence. They who scorn St. Teresa as a visionary will be found, however, never even to look into the case as a question for evidence at all. They assume that such things are absurd and impossible. Yet why so? Is it for any creature to assume that Almighty God *cannot* hold intercourse with the human intelligence in any other way than that by which He ordinarily communicates his will to man? Is it *impossible* for Him to speak to the soul except through the medium of the corporeal senses? Can any thing be conceived more ludicrous than the supposition that He who created the mind *must* speak to it in Latin, or Spanish, or English, or in some other of the tongues of men? And if God *can* speak to us in other ways, can He not also furnish us with tests by which we may ascertain that it *is* He who is speaking, and that we are not the sport of the delusions of our own disordered brain? Yet this preposterous absurdity is the basis of all that mass of prejudice, which induces the "philosophical" sceptic to treat the experiences of saints like St. Teresa as palpable hallucinations, not worthy a moment's serious attention.

For ourselves, we who are Catholics, by the goodness of God, have been set free from this shallowness of the boasting world, whose platitudes are ever ringing in our ears. We know that God is not man, and that to measure his powers by our own is simply absurd. As well might we pretend to form a perfect conception of the universe from the inspection of a grain of sand and a drop of water, as to estimate the limits of Divine Omnipotence by the faculties of our own minds and the range of our senses. And we turn to the history of St. Teresa with grateful and affectionate reverence, and meditate on her marvellous experiences, giving thanks to her Lord and ours, that even in this dull, uniform, struggling existence, He vouchsafes at times to lay bare for an instant the might of his power, and to lift one of us his creatures to so marvellous a knowledge of his own incommunicable perfections.

Of Mr. Dalton's translation of the life we may speak in very favourable terms. The task has been a difficult one; and though we are unable to test the version by a reference to the original Spanish, we may venture on saying that it *reads* like a faithful, though not a slavishly literal, translation. It has certainly been a labour of love, as Mr. Dalton says in his modest and interesting preface; and we trust he will be encouraged to complete his proposed translation of some others of the Saint's writings. In this expectation we must call his attention, and that of most other translators of the present day, to one little matter, which mars the beauty of so many of the recently-translated books of devotion,—we mean the use of the *plural* pronoun as applied to Almighty God in prayer. The idiom of the English language in this respect varies from the French and Italian, to mention none others. With a Frenchman, it is a mark of the extremest familiarity to address another with the singular pronoun; and the moment he wishes to shew respect, much less reverence, he drops the *thou* and *thee* and *thine*, and says *you* and *your*. Thus Napoleon would not endure that his old companions in arms should *tutoyer* him when he rose to his sovereign power. With us, on the contrary, nobody but a Quaker in modern times thinks of saying *thee* and *thou* to a fellow-creature on earth. We reserve the singular pronoun for Almighty God and the Saints, not using it even towards a sovereign prince. Unfortunately, however, these peculiarities are not always remembered by translators, who, in their anxiety to be literal, forget that what is a token of respect in one language is a token of familiarity in another. We are not competent to say how far it is a love for literalness which has betrayed Mr. Dalton into this

error; but whatever be the Spanish idiom, he has certainly rendered St. Teresa's prayers in words which are foreign to the genius of the English tongue. Occasionally he even alternates the *thou* and the *you* in the very same prayer. The blemish in many persons' eyes would be a very small one; but at any rate there is no reason why a saint who by the confession of non-Catholic critics wrote the purest Castilian, should not speak equally good English when interpreted into our language. We sincerely trust that the whole of the first edition of Mr. Dalton's translation will so speedily be called for, as to encourage him to issue a second with this little fault amended.

YRIARTE'S LITERARY FABLES.

Literary Fables, from the Spanish of Yriarte. By Robert Rockliff. Longmans.

"Don Tomas de Yriarte," says Mr. Rockliff in his preface, "died in 1790. His works are voluminous; but with the exception of a didactic poem on music, his *Fabulas Literarias* is the only one of them whose popularity has extended beyond his own country. Both have been successfully translated into various languages."

These fables are unlike ordinary fables in the complete originality of their subject. They refer solely to books, writers, readers, and critics, for the follies and absurdities of all of whom Don Tomas de Yriarte has a very keen eye.

In the days of our grandfathers, indeed, these follies were more rampant even than now; at least they were more talked about, for we question whether that sapient and many-headed monster, "my pensive public," was ever more pitiably destitute of common sense in all matters of opinion than in this most scientific and self-applauding nineteenth century. However, in former days the venality of authors, the virulence and unfairness of critics, and the unreasonableness of readers, were topics much more favourite than they are just now; and some of the ablest writers of past times expended not a little of their wit and wisdom on the popular theme.

Few writers have obtained more complete success in this line than the author of these fables; and few foreign authors *on any subject* have been so fortunate in their English translator. The undertaking was somewhat perilous, for nothing but *complete* success could render the somewhat antiquated

form of the "fable" palatable to the modern taste; while metrical translations are proverbially (in most instances) unattractive and dull to the last degree. With these perils before him, Mr. Rockliff has wisely not bound himself to an exactly literal transcript from the Spanish, substituting occasionally such phrases and allusions as would convey to the English reader the same *idea* as that conveyed to the Spanish reader by the original. On the whole, he has been eminently successful in his task. We do not know a book which reads less like a translation, while (which, in these days of every-man-his-own-maker-of-metres versification, is no mean praise) few living writers would excel Mr. Rockliff in that finished liveliness of style and variety of stanza which are essential to the perfection of the metrical fable. The defects of Mr. Rockliff's version are, the extent to which he has paraphrased rather than translated the original, and the introduction of occasional puns, poor enough in themselves, and quite out of place besides.

The fables, of course, vary in intrinsic merit, nor can we expect of any translator an equal amount of happy brilliancy in every poem to which he applies his pen. A very large number of them are, however, extremely good, and many are capital. Such is the following clever apologue of

THE EGGS.

"There is an island, which perhaps
May not be mention'd in the maps,
It is so very little;
But Mendes Pinto* could, no doubt,
If question'd of its 'whereabout,'
Describe it to a tittle.

This island, by some strange neglect
Of fortune (though in one respect
The goddess had been gracious,
And bless'd it with a breed of owls),
Was wholly destitute of fowls—
I mean the gallinaceous.

Nor could an egg, however much
An epicure had sigh'd for such,
Be had for love or pence there;
Till, tempest-driven from his way,
A captain touch'd at it one day,
And left some cocks and hens there.

* "Fernan Mendes Pinto, a traveller famous for his want of veracity. Many of his descriptions of the places which he professes to have visited are altogether imaginary."

No more confined within a coop,
But fluttering forth all cock-a-hoop,
The fowls, on reaching dry land,
Began without delay to pair,
And eggs, of course, no longer were
Unknown throughout the island.

The natives found them newly laid;
And though at first they felt afraid
To taste the strange production,
Ere long a good old grandame crack'd
A shell, and managed to extract
The yolk by simple suction.

When, imitating what they saw,
And seizing them uncook'd and raw,
They suck'd the eggs with pleasure,
Pronounced their granny wondrous wise,
And thought they ne'er enough could prize
The gastronomic treasure.

But when, in course of time, a man
Contrived to boil an egg, the plan
Was deem'd a vast improvement;
The dame discarded and despised,
They bless'd the genius that devised
This culinary movement.

And when a further scheme was broach'd,
And eggs were delicately poach'd,
The public, still more grateful,
Exclaim'd that these were eggs indeed;
And raw or boil'd, they now agreed,
Were absolutely hateful.

But ere another month had gone,
An egg was fried; and every one
So much approved the flavour,
The dish became a favourite, till
A fashion more luxurious still
Supplanted it in favour:

For when within a crust of paste,
And spiced and sweeten'd to the taste,
The custard was presented,
The gift was welcomed with delight,
And blessings lavish'd on the wight
By whom it was invented.

But butter'd eggs succeeded soon,
A still more appetising boon,

Which all pronounced delicious—
A rare receipt—a happy hit—
A master-piece of cookery, fit
To set before Apicius.

Yet though, successful for a while,
Its fame extended through the isle,
And spread from hall to hovel,
Ere long the public loathed the dish,
'Twas superseded, and a wish
Was felt for something novel.

So when, one lucky Shrovetide hour,
An artiste mix'd with milk and flour
His eggs into a batter,
From house to house the fashion ran,
And cakes were toss'd in every pan,
And smoked on every platter.

At once the daring fancy, which
Had soar'd to so sublime a pitch
Of esculent invention,
Was praised by all; and many thought
The author of the pancake ought
To have a public pension.

But innovation egg'd them on—
The pancake ceased to please anon,
And every roof resounded
With pæans loud and louder still,
When, by a further feat of skill,
The omlet was compounded.

In short, a hundred different schemes,
Whips, trifles, syllabubs, and creams,
As fickle fancy goaded,
Prevail'd in turn throughout the isle,
Were each applauded for a while,
And each in turn exploded.

Till, vex'd to find that every change,
Howe'er preposterous and strange,
Was hail'd with acclamation,
A sage, reverting to the past
With fond remembrance, thus at last
Address'd the noisy nation:

'Though cooks deserve our thanks,' he cried,
And eggs, it cannot be denied,
Are better for the dressing,
The man who brought unto our coast
The cocks and hens, methinks, is most
Entitled to a blessing.'

So they who teach their fellow-men
Some useful truth unknown till then,
Deserve far greater praises
Than they whose utmost end and aim
Is merely to repeat the same
In other forms and phrases."

"The Big Bell and the Little Bell" is a pretty little thing in another strain, and shews Mr. Rockliff's readiness in adapting the style of his metre to the subject of the verse.

"Within an old cathedral hung
A mighty bell,
Which never, save at Easter, swung
One solemn knell;
And then, so sternly all around
Its echoes fell,
The peasants trembled at the sound
Of that big bell.

Not far from the cathedral stood
A hermit's cell,
And in its belfry-tower of wood
A little bell;
Whose daily tinklings through the year
So faintly fell,
The peasants hardly gave an ear
To that small bell.

The hermit—he who own'd the same,
And loved it well—
Resolved that it should share the fame
Of the big bell;
So tolling it but once a year
With one brief knell,
He taught the peasants to revere
His little bell.

And there are fools in vast repute,
Who, strange to tell,
Acquire their fame by being mute,
Like that small bell;
These would-be sages rarely speak,
For they know well
That frequent utterance would break
The solemn spell."

The moral of the subjoined may be earnestly recommended to nine-tenths of the writers of this present and all ages:

THE FROG AND THE HEN.

"As once a frog,
Who all day long had chatter'd from his bog,
Began to close
His mouth and eyes, and drop into a dose,
He chanced just then
To hear the sudden cackle of a hen.
'What sound is this?'
He cried. 'Dear madam, what can be amiss,
That thus you scream,
And keep a quiet neighbour from his dream?'
The hen replied,
Her feathers fluttering with maternal pride,
'I humbly beg
Your pardon, sir; but having laid an egg,
I could not choose
To let you sleep in ignorance of the news.'—
'What! all this clatter
About a single egg!—so small a matter!'—
'True, neighbour, true,
'Tis but a single egg,—a small one too;
But if you blame
The rout that I have made about the same,
'Tis doubly wrong
In you to croak for nothing all day long.
The egg's of use,
And therefore I may brag with some excuse;
But the dull brute
That's unproductive should be also mute.'"

We give two more, both for their original wit and as proofs of the translator's ingenuity in giving the *spirit* of a foreign writer in characteristic English phrase.

THE PORTRAIT-PAINTER.

"The swarms of Gallic phrases which of late
Have crept, like wasps, into the Spanish hive,
And spoil'd our honied idiom, are my hate;
Nor less I hate those writers who revive
Dead diction that was worthless when alive.
These lovers of the obsolete and vile
Remind me of a tale, in which I'll strive—
By telling it in their own motley style,
Half modern, half antique—to make my reader smile.

A certain painter, seeing with despight
How much mankind were prone to overrate
The ancient artists, fancied that he might,
By mimicking their quaint costume, amate

His picturals with those of olden date;
So being bidden on a time to take
The semblaunt of a knight of high estate,
He thought, for greater fame and lucre's sake,
To paint it in a garb of antiquated make.

So whenas he had cunningly pourtray'd
The visnomie as like as like mote be,
And, limning forth the figure, had array'd
The same in vestiments most strange to see,
In sort as they were fashion'd formerlie—
He took the picture, certain of success,
Unto the knight, who view'd with mickle gree
The perfect pourtraicture, but nathëless
Y-marvell'd much to find it dight in such a dress.

But eftsoons he avized within his mind
A method to discharge the painter's score,
By which he mote apay him kind for kind;
For recollecting that he had a store
Of coins which had been stricken long afore,
In times ere Spain, the thrall of Moorish sway,
Expell'd the swarthy paynim from her shore,
He fet them from the scryne in which they lay,
And tender'd them unto the painter for his pay.

'Why, this barbaric coin,' the painter cried,
'Will buy ne meat, ne drink—I'll none of it.'
'None other hast thou earn'd,' the knight replied,
'For n'is that dress, thou man of little wit,
For modern usance equally unfit?
A dress which now—albé it whilom might
Have graced a king or kezar, I admit—
Beseems an alguazil, but not a knight:
Thy wage is like thy work, and thou art well acquight.

But take the portraict back, amend its guise,
Transmew the plumy helm into a hat,
Reduce that sword to half its present size,
And doff the collar for a plain cravat;
For certes, if in gere the like of that
I were to go abroad, my sibs would say,
'What sort of wight is this? we know him nat.'
Then when the whole is set in right array,
Thy guerdon shall be paid in coinage of the day.'

Now turn we from the pencil to the pen:
And, reader, if the painter's folly raise
Thy smile, bestow a smile on authors, when
They copy, with the hope to win thy praise,

The phraseology of ancient days ;
As if the refuse and the trash of yore—
Each coarse habiliment or coarser phrase,
Coeval with the Cid Compeador—
Deserved to be revived, and last for evermore."

THE CAT, THE LIZARD, AND THE CRICKET.

" Some animals are very scientific,
And have for every ailment a specific ;
In fact, they regulate their whole organic
Construction by a process quite botanic.
They know each herb, and whether diuretic,
Cathartic, or narcotic, or emetic ;
If febrifuge, or styptic, or prolific,
Cephalic, sedative, or sudorific.

A cat, a most pedantic rhetorician,
In points of science, too, a strict precisian,
Who always spoke in diction as emphatic
As any rhymster ranting in his attic,
One day address'd himself unto a lizard
In terms that would have posed a witch or wizard :
' My friend, when I feel turgid or hydropic,
I always masticate some heliotropic.'

The lizard, though she knew her own vernacular,
Was puzzled by a sentence so oracular,
And understood as little of the topic
As if the cat had talk'd in Æthiopic ;
Till having chanced to notice her eccentrical
Companion cramming what he call'd his ventricle
With sunflower leaves, ' Ha, ha,' she cried ecstatically,
' I have it, though you talk so enigmatically—
The sunflower, I suppose, is heliotropic,
And you, just now, I guess, sir, are hydropic.
But, since the meaning of a speech or lecture
Should not, I think, be left unto conjecture,
I'll frankly say, without the least apology,
That I prefer more simple phraseology.'

But, thinking differently, a tasteless cricket
Who heard the speech from an adjoining thicket,
And, though he found it quite incomprehensible,
Concluded from the sound that it was sensible,
Extoll'd, in terms the most encomiastic,
A cat who spoke in language so scholastic.

Some writers, thus, especially of lyrics,
Are, like the cat, ridiculous empirics,

And use a style so hard and cabalistical
That any meaning which they have is mystical—
A bloated style, preposterously pedantic,
With words of sound uncouth and bulk gigantic,
Enough to drive a common reader frantic.
To lash these lovers of the hyperbolic,
I have devised this fable; and, in frolic,
To point its application more sarcastically,
Have mimick'd them, and written it bombastically."

MR. MAYHEW AMONG THE THIEVES.

London Labour and the London Poor. Vol. I.
By Henry Mayhew.

THERE are no lies like the lies told by facts. If you want to make a speech in favour of *any* side of *any* question, go to your books of statistics and "undeniable authorities," and you will not find the smallest difficulty in proving that the French won the battle of Waterloo, that John Bull is what a certain class calls "Catholic-minded," and that the earth is square.

The real state of the case, of course, is, that *truth* is got at by the *interpretation* of facts; and moreover, that on any subject, save pure mathematics, facts can be adduced on both sides of the question: so that to get at truth we need not only a multiplicity of facts on both sides, but an acute judgment to ascertain what facts *tell* upon the point we want to know, and what are trivial or irrelevant. And as the world in general neither is in possession of this body of facts on any topic, nor of the judgment to try them, it is obvious that the world will seldom go so lamentably astray as when it thinks its notions are based on the most incontrovertible realities.

There are two subjects on which facts are pre-eminently made to tell lies. One is *the Catholic Church*, and the other is *the poor*. Every man with eyes and ears in his head, who chooses to read a Catholic book, or to go into a Catholic Church, or to visit a Catholic country, can pick up some few undeniable facts about Catholicism. But see the use he makes of them, even when (a rare supposition) he is honest. *We* know and see plainly enough that such a man is often more totally in the dark as to the true nature of the Catholic faith and the habits and feelings of Catholics, than another who has sat at home and invented the whole of his anti-

Catholic view. He has picked up a stone, and from its shape has fancied he knows the entire size, outline, and geology of the mighty mountain whence it came.

And so it is with the poor. If you judge by the publications sold usually by the Religious Tract-Society, you will believe that "the million" is a devout worshipper of Luther and Calvin. If you go by Mr. Colquhoun and other such statists, you will conclude that there is hardly a virtuous woman in all London. And no doubt it *is* most difficult for those who are not poor themselves to learn *the truth* about the poor. Yet who can be insensible to the immense importance of an accurate knowledge of the habits, feelings, and opinions of that gigantic multitude, scarcely hidden from our sight in the alleys, lanes, courts, cellars, and garrets of our overgrown cities? Who does not see that on them hangs the fate of this kingdom; and that whoever becomes their master and father, becomes virtually the arbiter of the destinies of Great Britain and Ireland.

Sensible in a measure of this truth, the reading public has welcomed Mr. Mayhew's singular work on *London Labour and the London Poor* with a more cordial warmth than it usually vouchsafes to so painful and unaristocratic a theme. Those, too, who are most sensitive to the deceiving nature of many facts and statistics, have accorded to him the praise of a remarkable impartiality and comprehensiveness in the details he has gathered together, and have valued his labours all the more because, like so few dealers in statistics, he has abstained from pressing them into the service of some favourite theory, and has left his readers to meditate and judge for themselves.

In a former number of the *Rambler* we gave the result of some of Mr. Mayhew's experiences among the *Irish* poor in London, and most interesting they were. He has now completed his first volume, and we think our readers will be glad to have a specimen of the contents of its later portions. The volume does not nearly complete the entire subject of the "Street-folk," a second being required to include, among others, the *Street-buyers*, the *Street-finders*, the *Street-perfumers*, the *Street-artisans*, the *Street-labourers*, the *Street-jews*, the *Street-foreigners*, and the *Street-mechanics*. So far as the work has yet been finished, it abounds in curious details, telling one story above all the rest, that is, the story of *the hard life* of the poor.

Some of the most singular results of Mr. Mayhew's inquiries are connected with the morals and religion of the Street-People; and one thing he notes again and again, namely, that, on the whole, the only classes who have *any*

religion are the Irish Catholics. Perhaps the most characteristic extract we can select will be his account of an extraordinary assemblage of young thieves collected by him at the British Union School-room, in Shadwell. The sketch will not bear much compression, but we cannot find room for the whole. Such as we give it, however, it presents undoubtedly one of the most curious scenes ever witnessed in the motley world of our great Babylon.

No fewer than one hundred and fifty youthful thieves assembled on the occasion.

"Some were young men, and some mere children; one, who styled himself a 'cadger,' was six years of age, and several who confessed themselves 'prigs' were only ten. The countenances of the boys were of various characters. Many were not only good-looking, but had a frank, ingenuous expression that seemed in no way connected with innate roguery. Many, on the other hand, had the deep-sunk and half-averted eye which are so characteristic of natural dishonesty and cunning. Some had the regular features of lads born of parents in easy circumstances. The hair of most of the lads was cut very close to the head, shewing their recent liberation from prison; indeed, one might tell by the comparative length of the crop, the time that each boy had been out of gaol. All but a few of the elder boys were remarkable, amidst the rags, filth, and wretchedness of their external appearance, for the mirth and carelessness impressed upon their countenances. At first their behaviour was very noisy and disorderly: coarse and ribald jokes were freely cracked, exciting general bursts of laughter; while howls, cat-calls, and all manner of unearthly and indescribable yells threatened for some time to render the object of the meeting utterly abortive. At one moment a lad would imitate the bray of a jackass, and immediately the whole hundred and fifty would fall to braying. Then some ragged urchin would crow like a cock, whereupon the place would echo again with a hundred and fifty cock-crows. Then, as a black boy entered the room, one of the young vagabonds would shout out 'swe-ee-op.' This would be received with peals of laughter, and followed by a general repetition of the same cry. Next, a hundred and fifty cat-calls of the shrillest possible description would almost split the ears. These would be succeeded by cries of 'Strike up, you catgut scrapers!' 'Go on with your barrow!' 'Flare up, my never-sweats!' and a variety of other street sayings. Indeed, the uproar which went on before the meeting began will be best understood if we compare it to the scene presented by a public menagerie at feeding-time."

After eliciting all the facts he could in the mass respecting their ages and early education, Mr. Mayhew called some of them on to the platform to relate their individual histories.

"The novelty of their position as speech-makers seemed pecu-

liarly exciting to the speakers themselves, and provoked much merriment and interest amongst the lads. Their antics and buffoonery in commencing their addresses were certainly of the most ludicrous character. The first speaker, a lad seventeen years of age, ascended the platform, dressed in a torn 'wide-a-awake' hat, and a dirty smock-frock. He began:—Gentlemen [*immense applause and laughter*], I am a Brummagem lad [*laughter*]. My father has been dead three years, and my mother seven. When my father died, I had to go and live along with my aunt. I fell out of employment, and went round about the town, and fell into the company of a lot of chaps, and went picking ladies' pockets. Then I was in prison once or twice, and I came to London, and have been in several prisons here. I have been in London three years; but I have been out of it several times in that time. I can't get any thing honest to do; and I wish I could get something at sea, or in any foreign land. I don't care what or where it is [*cheers and yells*].

"Another lad about sixteen, clad in a ragged coat, with a dirty face and matted hair, next came forward and said:—My father was a soldier, and when I growed up to about ten years I joined the regiment as a drummer in the Grenadier Guards. I went on and got myself into trouble, till at last I got turned away, and my father left the regiment. I then went out with some more chaps and went thieving, and have been thieving about two years now. [*Several voices*—'Very good;' 'that's beautiful;' 'I hope you do it well.']"

Another speaker

"was about eighteen years of age, and appeared a very sharp, intelligent lad. After making a very grave but irresistibly comical prefatory bow, by placing his hand at the back of his head, and so (as it were) forcing it to give a nod, he proceeded: My father is an engineer's labourer, and the first cause of my thieving was that he kept me without grub, and walloped me [*laughter*]. Well, I was at work at the same time that he was, and I kept pilfering, and at last they bowled me out [*loud cheers*]. I got a showing up, and at last they turned me away; and, not liking to go home to my father, I ran away. I went to Margate, where I had some friends, with a shilling in my pocket. I never stopped till I got to Ramsgate, and I had no lodging except under the trees, and had only the bits of bread I could pick up. When I got there, my grandfather took me in and kept me for a twelvemonth. My mother's brother's wife had a spite against me, and tried to get me turned away. I did not know what thieving was then; and I used to pray that her heart might be turned, because I did not know what would become of me if my grandfather turned me away. But she got other people to complain of me, and say I was a nuisance to the town; but I knowed there was no fault in me; but, however, my grandfather said he could put up with me no longer, and turned me away. So after that I came back to London, and goes to the union. The first night I went there I got tore up [*cheers and laughter*].

Every thing was torn off my back, and the bread was taken away from me; and because I said a word, I got well walloped [*renewed laughter*]. They 'small-ganged' me; and afterwards I went seven days to prison because others tore my clothes. When I went in there—this was the first time—a man said to me, 'What are you here for?' I said, 'for tearing up.' The man said to another, 'What are you here for?' and the other made answer, 'For a handkerchief.' The man then said, 'Ah, that's something like;' and he said to me, 'Why are you not a thief?—you will only get to prison for that.' I said, 'I will.' Well, after that I went pilfering small things, worth a penny or twopence at first; but I soon saw better things were as easy to be got as them, so I took them [*laughter*]. I picked up with one that knowed more than me. He fairly kept me for some time, and I learnt as well as him. I picked him up in a London workhouse. After that I thought I would try my friends again, and I went to my uncle at Dover, but he could do nothing for me; so I got a place at a butcher's, where I fancied myself fairly blessed, for I had 2*s.* a week and my board and washing. I kept a twelvemonth there honest, without thieving. At last my master and I fell out, and I left again; so I was forced to come up to London, and there I found my old companions in the Smithfield pens—they were not living anywhere. I used to go to the workhouse, and used to tear up and refuse to work, and used to get sent to 'quod,' and I used to curse the day when it was my turn to go out. The governor of the prison used to say he hoped he wouldn't see my face there again; but I used to answer, 'I shall be here again to-night, because it's the only place I've got.' That's all I've got to say.

"The next lad, who said he had been fourteen times in prison, was a taller, cleaner, and more intelligent-looking youth than any that had preceded him. After making a low affected bow, over the railing, to the company below, and uttering a preliminary a-hem or two with the most ludicrous mock gravity, he began by saying:—'I am a native of London. My father is a poor labouring man, with 15*s.* a week—little enough, I think, to keep a home for four, and find candle-light [*laughter*]. I was at work looking after a boiler at a paper-stainer's in Old-Street Road, at 6*s.* a week, when one night they bowled me out. I got the sack, and a bag to take it home in [*laughter*]. I got my wages, and ran away from home; but in four days, being hungry, and having no money, I went back again. I got a towelling, but it did not do me much good. My father did not like to turn me out of doors, so he tied me to the leg of the bedstead [*laughter*]. He tied my hands and feet so that I could hardly move, but I managed somehow to turn my gob (mouth) round and gnawed it away. I ran down stairs and got out at the back door and over a neighbour's wall, and never went home for nine months. I never bolted with any thing; I never took any thing that was too hot for me. The captain of a man-of-war about this time took me into his service, where I remained five weeks,

till I took a fever, and was obliged to go to the hospital. When I recovered, the captain was gone to Africa; and not liking to go home, I stepped away, and have been from home ever since. I was in Brummagem, and was seven days in the new 'stir' (prison), and nearly broke my neck. When I came out, I fell into bad company, and went cadging, and have been cadging ever since; but if I could leave off, and go to the Isle of Dogs, the Isle of Man, or the Isle of Woman [*laughter*], or any other foreign place, I would embrace the opportunity as soon as I could. And if so be that any gentleman would take me in hand, and send me out, I would be very thankful to him indeed. And so good night' [*cheers*]. * * *

"A lad about twenty was here about to volunteer a statement concerning the lodging-houses, by which he declared he had been brought to his ruin, but he was instantly assailed with cries of 'Come down!' 'Hold your tongue!' and these became so general, and were in so menacing a tone, that he said he was afraid to make any disclosures, because he believed if he did so he would have perhaps two or three dozen of the other chaps on to him [*great confusion*].

"Mr. Mayhew: Will it hurt any of you here if he says any thing against the lodging-houses? [Yes, yes!] How will it do so?

"A Voice: They will not allow stolen property to come into them if it is told.

"Mr. Mayhew: But would you not all gladly quit your present course of life? [Yes, yes, yes!] Then why not have the lodging-house system, the principal cause of all your misery, exposed?

"A Voice: If they shut up the lodging-houses, where are we to go? If a poor boy gets to the workhouse, he catches a fever, and is starved into the bargain.

"Mr. Mayhew: Are not you all tired of the lives you now lead? [*Vociferous cries of* 'Yes, yes; we wish to better ourselves!' *from all parts of the room.*] However much you dread the exposure of the lodging-houses, you know, my lads, as well as I do, that it is in them you meet your companions, and ruin, if not begun there, is at least completed in such places. If a boy runs away from home, he is encouraged there, and kept secreted from his parents. And do not the parties who keep these places grow rich on your degradation and your peril? [*Loud cries of* 'Yes, yes!'] Then why don't you all come forward now, and by exposing them to the public, who know nothing of the iniquities and vice practised in such places, put an end to these dens at once? There is not one of you here—not one, at least, of the elder boys, who has found out the mistake of his present life, who would not, I verily believe, become honest, and earn his living by his industry, if he could. You might have thought a roving life a pleasant thing enough at first, but you now know that a vagabond's life is full of suffering, care, peril, and privation; you are not so happy as you thought you would be, and are tired and disgusted with your present course. This is what I hear from you all. Am I not stating the fact? [*Renewed cries of* 'Yes, yes, yes!' *and a voice:* 'The fact of it is, sir,

we don't see our folly till it is too late.'] Now I and many hundreds and thousands really wish you well, and would gladly do any thing we could to get you to earn an honest living. All, or nearly all, your misery, I know, proceeds from the low lodging-houses ['Yes, yes, it does, master! it does']; and I am determined, with your help, to effect their utter destruction. [A voice, 'I am glad of it, sir—you are quite right; and I pray God to assist you.']

"The elder boys were then asked what they thought would be the best mode of effecting their deliverance from their present degraded position. Some thought emigration the best means; for if they started afresh in a new colony, they said they would leave behind them their bad characters, which closed every avenue to employment against them at home. Others thought there would be difficulties in obtaining work in the colonies in sufficient time to prevent their being driven to support themselves by their old practices. Many again thought the temptations which surrounded them in England rendered their reformation impossible; whilst many more considered that the same temptations would assail them abroad which existed at home.

"Mr. Mayhew then addressed them on another point. He said he had seen many notorious thieves in the course of his investigations. Since then he had received them at all hours into his house—men of the most desperate and women of the most abandoned characters—but he had never lost a 6*d.* worth of his property by them. One thief he had entrusted with a sovereign to get changed, and the lad returned and gave him back the full amount in silver. He had since gone out to America. Now he would ask all those present, whether, if he were to give them a sovereign, they would do the same? [Several voices here called out that they would, and others that they would not. Others, again, said that they would to him, but to no one else.]

"Here one of the most desperate characters present, a boy who had been twenty-six times in prison, was singled out from the rest, and a sovereign given to him to get changed, in order to make the experiment whether he would have the honesty to return the change or abscond with it in his possession. He was informed, on receiving it, that if he chose to decamp with it, no proceedings should be taken against him. He left the room amid the cheers of his companions; and when he had been absent a few moments, all eyes were turned towards the door each time it opened, anxiously expecting his arrival, to prove his trustworthiness. Never was such interest displayed by any body of individuals. They mounted the forms in their eagerness to obtain the first glimpse of his return. It was clear that their honour was at stake; and several said they would kill the lad in the morning if he made off with the money. Many minutes elapsed in almost painful suspense, and some of his companions began to fear that so large a sum of money had proved too great a temptation for the boy. At last, however, a tremendous burst of cheering announced the lad's return. The delight of his

companions broke forth again and again, in long and loud peals of applause, and the youth advanced amidst triumphant shouts to the platform, and gave up the money in full.

"The assemblage was then interrogated as to the effect of flogging as a punishment; and the general feeling appeared to be, that it hardened the criminal instead of checking his depravity, and excited the deadliest enmity in his bosom at the time towards the person inflicting it. When asked whether they had seen any public executions, they almost all cried out that they had seen Manning and his wife hung; others said that they had seen Rush and Sarah Thomas executed. They stated that they liked to go a 'death-hunting,' after seeing one or two executed. It hardened them to it, and at last they all got to thieve under the gallows. They felt rather shocked at the sight of an execution at first; but, after a few repetitions, it soon wore off. * * *

"A little boy, dressed in the garb of a sailor, came up to Mr. Mayhew crying bitterly, and implored him to allow him to say a word. He stated—I am here starving all my time. Last night I was out in the cold and nearly froze to death. When I got up I was quite stiff, and could hardly walk. I slept in Whitechapel under a form where they sell meat. I was an apprentice on board of a fishing smack, and ran away because I was ill-treated. After I ran away I broke into my master's house because I was hungry. He gave me twelvemonths, and now he is in the union himself; he failed in business and got broken up. I have been out of prison three months, starving; and I would rather do any thing than thieve. If I see a little thing I take it, because I can't get any thing to eat without it. [Here the child, still weeping piteously, uncovered his breast, and shewed his bones starting through his skin. He said he was anxious to get out of the country.]" * * *

Others spoke in similar strains, and at length the proceedings terminated.

"The assemblage, which had become more rational and manageable towards the close, dispersed, quite peaceably it should be added, and the boys were evidently sincerely grateful for the efforts being made to bring their misfortunes before the notice of those in whose power it may be to alleviate them.

"Before they were dismissed, as much money was dispensed to each as would defray his night's lodging."

Such are, by their own shewing, the young thieves of London. What but the *true* Church of God can rescue them? A benevolent Protestantism may pity them, and reform here and there a few; but who but she who comes from God, and has the power of God to help her, can *save* them from such literally *helpless* misery and sin?

FATHER GAVAZZI.

The Preston Guardian, January 24th and 31st.

"A BURNT child fears the fire," is an old adage whose truth few persons in the ordinary affairs of life are disposed to call in question. The bigotry of our Protestant fellow-countrymen, however, is continually furnishing us with at least one exception to the rule. As the blind infatuation of their hatred against Catholicism leads them to violate the laws of common sense in their arguments and (too often) the laws of Christian charity in their conduct, so also it leads them, almost in spite of themselves, to forget and set at nought the lessons even of their own bitter experience. The faintest rumour of a conversion from Popery to Protestantism, or rather of something far less than this, of a man who has been once a Catholic, but who now declaims against Catholicism, is a bait which they cannot withstand. In vain does their memory recall dim visions of former heroes of the same class, who once occupied a prominent position in the (so-called) religious world, but afterwards came to an inglorious end; in vain does some more sober-minded neighbour proceed to specify instances, one after the other, to remind them how they were once taken in by such and such a man, or how grievously they were once disappointed in such another: it is all to no purpose; the temptation is too strong for their philosophy; they will hope even against hope that the present case will at least prove to be an exception; they *must* go and hear what he has to say; they *must* parade him from one end of the country to the other, and make a lion of him, even though in their secret souls they cannot altogether stifle some very serious apprehensions and misgivings.

These reflections have been suggested to us by watching the effect that has been produced upon the Protestant mind in different parts of the country by the recent "progress" of "Father Gavazzi" through some of the principal cities in the provinces. Every where he has been listened to by most numerous audiences, or rather (to borrow the more appropriate language of the theatre) every where he has commanded an overflowing house; yet every where there have been indications, more or less decided, of a certain degree of unwillingness to be altogether committed to the new lion. In some places there has been at first a little hesitation on the part of her Majesty's clergy to have any thing at all to do with him; in others, even

those ministers (of whatever persuasion they may have been) who have undertaken to introduce him to the public, have distinctly repudiated all idea of being responsible for his opinions, or even for every thing that he might say. This was done by the chairman (a Baptist minister, we believe) of the only meeting of the kind at which we have been ourselves present; and the same thing seems to have been very common generally.

At Preston, the Rev. Vicar is reported to have contented himself with saying merely that the meeting was held

"for the purpose of introducing the gentleman who is now seated at my left hand, *known by the name of Father Gavazzi*. . . . Our object, I hope, is the honour and glory of the Lord, and therefore I trust the feeling in all our minds will be an earnest desire to discern the truth, and to uphold it against all error of whatever kind."

At a second meeting in the same town, the Independent minister introduced the hero of the evening with a very ominous allusion to Dean Swift's well-known saying, that Protestants would do well not to be so eager in picking up the weeds that the Pope chose to throw over his garden-wall. He endeavoured, however, to counteract the very uncomfortable impression which these words were calculated to make upon his audience, by expressing his own belief that

"from all I have been able to read of Father Gavazzi, he is an honest man. . . . I take the chair to-night in the fullest confidence, *so far as my judgment can go*, that the gentleman on my left is an honest man, who desires with all his heart the destruction of the Papal system."

And this is a fair sample of the way in which he has been spoken of and introduced to the public, even by his own sponsors throughout the country.

Yet still, spite of these ill-concealed, not to say acknowledged, misgivings as to the real nature of the performer, neither the clergy of the Establishment, nor those of any other Protestant denomination that we have heard of, have been able successfully to resist the temptation of patronising these anti-Catholic performances. "We don't know what he is, and we don't care; he hates the Papists, and so do we; and that's quite enough for us; we shall go and hear him ourselves, and persuade every body else to do the same." This has been the practical language of "enlightened and liberal" English Protestants with reference to Gavazzi, and will be so, we may safely venture to predict, with reference to every other adventurer of equally unknown origin and doubtful antecedents who may choose to follow in the same track for many a long year

to come. "Something strong against Popery:" this is the bait; the luscious treat stands ready prepared before them; and how can they be expected to abstain from so rich and tempting a morsel merely because the memory of past events suggests some inconvenient scruples as to whether there may not be a secret subtle poison lurking at the bottom of the bowl? Nay more, what care they though they be positively unable to taste with their own palates the delicate viands on the table? at any rate they have the satisfaction of knowing that the "*rale thing*" is before them; and though the foreign cookery prevents their partaking of it themselves, they can be made to enjoy it by the force of their own vivid imagination, and by a sort of mysterious sympathy floating in the air, much in the same way as a Mesmeric patient may be made perfectly intoxicated merely by sipping a few teaspoonsful of pure water administered by the operator.

Yet when one comes to think of it more seriously, truly it is a sad and sickening spectacle which has been exhibited in all our principal cities during the past few weeks; hundreds and thousands of persons, of all classes and degrees of education, apparently in the highest state of enjoyment, simply from a consciousness that a person, of whom they know nothing, and whose very language they do not understand, is employed in desperate abuse of the Pope and Church of Rome. The orator speaks with uncommon volubility, and *acts* what he speaks; and no doubt his action (which is extravagant, however, even for a Neapolitan Pulcinello) has something to do with the vociferous applause which he obtains; nevertheless the main secret of his success, the real charm of his eloquence to those who flock to hear him, is the assurance that he is abusing or ridiculing the doctrines, or practices, or most venerated personages, of Christ's Church. Even those who have conducted these exhibitions, and in the eyes of the public are responsible for them, by presiding upon the platform and taking part in the proceedings, have generally acknowledged their inability to understand what has been said; and as to the audience at large, it is only necessary to stand, as we have done, at the back of the orator, and so to have a full view of the whole company, in order to be thoroughly satisfied that there was scarcely one amongst them who understood him at all. At Preston, the Rev. R. Slate (Independent), "who had great pleasure in co-operating with the Rev. Chairman (the Vicar of the parish) on this occasion in supporting Christian truth and the cause of Protestantism (!), said that, from his little knowledge of Latin and French, he could gather a good deal of Father Gavazzi's address; but he was fully persuaded that if

they had been a company of Italians, they should have been completely carried away by the force of his language." How far the smattering of Latin and French retained by an elderly gentleman whose school-days have long been over will help him towards following an Italian oration, delivered with the most extraordinary rapidity; and again, what proportion of "the Father's" audiences at Preston, Bristol, Manchester, and elsewhere, may be expected to have had even this poor assistance towards understanding what they heard, we will leave to our readers to conjecture; but it must be perfectly clear to every reflecting person, that, if a performance of this kind can be made palatable to the English public on a large scale,—and we see that it is generally pronounced to have been eminently successful,—it can only be through the medium of their intense feelings of hatred and animosity against Catholics, which are thereby gratified, even though it be after a most senseless fashion. If any man would take the trouble of teaching a parrot some of those terse denunciations of Popery,—more terse than Christian,—with which the walls of our houses and the very pavements of our streets have been of late so liberally ornamented, he might produce an exhibition of the same kind, though scarcely so effective perhaps as that which is produced by Father Gavazzi; and we do not doubt, moreover, but that the parrot would make his owner's fortune, if its acquirements came to be extensively known amongst what are called the respectable classes of society; at least, for ourselves, we can see no material difference between listening to words which we understand spoken by one who does not understand them, and listening to words which we do not understand spoken by one who does understand them; if any thing, the advantage would seem to be decidedly in favour of the former arrangement, that is, in favour of the parrot.

But some of our readers may be tempted to inquire whether the speeches of the anti-Catholic orator are not duly "done into English" by some competent interpreter for the benefit of the unlearned; and whether his lectures do not thus become a rational and legitimate instrument for the support of Protestantism. We believe that when Father Gavazzi first entered upon this line of business, translations of his lectures (or what were called such) appeared from the pen of the too notorious Father Prout—*par nobile fratrum;* and at a later period, if we remember rightly, his speeches were also translated (or said to be translated) by an interpreter, sentence by sentence, as they were delivered. His present practice, however, is to bring with him in manuscript, or even printed in a newspaper, the report of a speech delivered by him else-

where, perhaps a fortnight since, or perhaps ten times within the last fortnight in different places, upon the same subject; and this is read to the audience by some one on the platform, as a condensed report of what they have just heard in Italian. A German Lutheran, whose letter appears in the *Preston Guardian* of January 31, says, "When Gavazzi ceased, the Vicar read what the audience were to believe a translation of the lecture, but the Padre had said ten times as much." It was the same also when we heard him; and not only had the Padre said ten times as much, but the supposed translation also contained a very great deal which the Padre had never said at all. We listened to his speech very attentively (it was on the Papal Aggression), in order that we might gather from it, if possible, some definite idea of his own creed; and we observed that there was not a word in it which a bad Catholic might not have said; we mean that, whereas there was a great deal of buffoonery and ridicule of sacred things and persons, and abuse of individuals, &c., there was not a word distinctly contradicting any article of the faith: in the English translation, however, which was afterwards read, he was made to scoff at relics, not only at this or that particular relic as being unauthenticated, but at the whole subject; and altogether he was much more Protestant in many ways. Whether this seasoning was judiciously added by the individual who had prepared it for the English palate, or whether the Padre himself had really indulged in that sort of talk on some former occasion, we have no means of knowing; the circumstance is worth mentioning, however, as we see it is mentioned by one of the correspondents of the paper already referred to, that "this holy man (Gavazzi) has not as yet abandoned Popery; for when enjoying the hospitality of Brindle Lodge, he paid a visit to the Catholic chapel there, and knelt down and said his prayers in the presence of the Blessed Sacrament;" whereupon the correspondent proposes the very obvious question, "What will Protestantism gain by the agency of such an inconsistent impostor?" The German Lutheran too, whose letter has been already quoted, and who, like ourselves, first made Gavazzi's acquaintance under very different circumstances, as a political demagogue haranguing soldiers and people in the public streets of Rome, says, that when he spoke of the picture of our Blessed Lady of Rimini, "he passed a beautiful Italian panegyric on the Mother of Christ." Had his audience been capable of understanding this panegyric, we wonder how many of them would have agreed with the German in thinking it "beautiful." We wish it had been our good fortune to have been present upon that occasion; it would have been a strange and novel sight,

worthy of a more particular commemoration,—a mixed multitude of anti-Catholic Anythingarians applauding an apostate friar who was singing the praises of the ever-blessed Mother of God. But really, in sad and sober earnestness, we would ask our Protestant fellow-countrymen, what possible good can be expected to result from so senseless, so incongruous an exhibition as this which has been going the round of the country under their special patronage during the last two or three months, and may be going on still for aught we know? Father Gavazzi is "neither fish, flesh, nor fowl, nor yet good red herring:" in his outward man, he retains his former habit of a Barnabite, garnished with a few crosses of his own devising in the Italian revolutionary tricolor; in his language, he is sometimes profane, sometimes Protestant, sometimes Catholic, always frivolous and superficial; but in his secret thoughts—what is he? who shall dare to say, save He only who knows what is in man? You tell us that he professes to be come hither "to observe the religious forms of English Protestants, and to learn their religious opinions, and to mark the state of parties in this country;" and you carry him about the country from one great town to another like some strange beast, and you make him *roar* in each place, greatly to the edification of the beholders, who believe that he is roaring against Popery, whilst all the while he may be pronouncing "a beautiful Italian panegyric" on her whom you delight to contemn and to abuse. Hear how an intelligent foreigner, himself too an enemy to Catholics, describes the scene in writing to an English friend, and say whether this is not also the judgment of reason and common sense. "The scene of Wednesday suited truly your English word *humbug*—an assembly of respectable men and women, headed by their vicar, listening to blasphemy and obscenity in an unknown tongue from a Popish friar. If through conviction he truly embraced the reformed faith, I would be the first to offer him my meed of praise; but when it is not known to what creed he belongs, I think it derogatory to any Church to countenance such language towards another body of believers."

Then, again, look at the matter which he is reported to have said, even according to his English translator, who (we may be sure) has not failed to make the best of it, and to put it forth in the most palatable shape for consumption in the English market. There is no word at all adequate to describe its character, but that which has been very freely used by Protestant critics upon his performances, viz. buffoonery. His lectures do not consist of philosophical arguments or historical facts, scarcely even of declamatory assertions; they are simple

buffoonery, only rendered the more perfect by his gestures and all the other *paraphernalia* for producing stage effect. "Are you going to hear Father Gavazzi to-night?" asked a Protestant gentleman the other day of his friend, a Catholic priest. "No, I am not; for we ecclesiastics are not allowed to frequent theatrical representations," was the ready reply; and it was as apt as it was ready. Gavazzi's lectures can be properly described only in the language of the stage; and the particular branch of dramatic performances to which they more strictly belong is low comedy. Some of his jokes we have ourselves heard before now in a French theatre; and there are few amongst them which rise above this standard in the scale of wit. Take the following as a sample:

"Amongst the relics which Dr. Newman patronises and preaches, and would propagate, if he could, by means of his prophetic geniuses, the miracle-mongering Oratorians, is 'the holy manger.' But if there is a holy manger, I should like to know where is the ass? Father Newman himself is the ass."

"The lecturer next alluded to the winking picture of the Madonna at Rimini, and observed that it was not comely for the Virgin to wink. The Virgin Mary was a holy woman, but holy women were not in the habit of leering."

"Cardinals were the inmates of courts, and even if they were good men before they were made cardinals, they had no chance of remaining so, for not even a saint can in courts preserve his sanctity; look at the example of St. Peter, who is said to have been the first Pope; he never got into a court but once, and then he cursed and swore and blasphemed."

"In Italy the Pope has enacted a fearful tragedy; in England he has produced a comedy. In the year of the Great Exhibition, curiosities were coming from all quarters. A package came from Italy, and the royal commissioners, anxious to see what precious work of art Italy had sent, hastened to open the box, carefully unfolded the enclosures; and what came out? Twelve bishops, with mitres on their reverend heads, and robes rich and sanctified on their anointed bodies, and—singular curiosity—a cardinal!"

We will not disgust our readers by quoting other specimens of such ribaldry as this; yet this is the stuff which Protestant ministers of all denominations, and Protestant ladies and gentlemen of all classes, meet together to hear and applaud, and express a "hope" that in so doing their only "object is the honour and glory of the Lord, and that they are actuated by an earnest desire to discern His truth and to uphold it against all error of whatsoever kind." After listening for an hour and a half to such stuff as this, these reverend gentlemen, Anglican parsons and Wesleyan-Association ministers, Inde-

pendents and Baptists, Socinians, and we know not who besides, publicly congratulate one another upon the platform for having sunk their little differences of opinion in order that they might "co-operate in supporting Christian truth and the cause of Protestantism." Again we say, what a sad and sickening spectacle! what a miserable exhibition of the deadening effects of a blind, fanatical, anti-Catholic prejudice! Hundreds and thousands of individuals, each one possibly a reasonable and respectable being in all other relations of life, met together to hear, or rather to see, a man ridiculing Catholics and Catholicism, and believing that they are thereby doing God service!

There is one feature in these performances, however, which it is consoling to observe; and that is, that the more wicked and simply malicious portions of them seem to meet with no sympathy from the audience. This was very remarkably the case where we were ourselves present; and if we may trust the reports of the several provincial papers which have reached us, the same phenomenon was to be noticed elsewhere also. The ribald jokes and the display of histrionic action elicited rapturous applause; but when the orator proceeded to impute malicious and even diabolical motives to individuals, *e. g.* to his Eminence the Archbishop of Westminster, a most ominous silence was preserved throughout the whole assembly. We saw him mimic the way in which Catholics are in the habit of receiving a prince of the Church, bending the knee and asking his blessing; then we saw him spreading out his cloak to its utmost limits, like a peacock spreading out his tail, to represent the other side of the picture, the haughtiness of demeanour which he would have his audience believe was the ordinary characteristic of such high dignitaries, and of our own in particular; and the audience, feeling no reverence for the dignity that was being laughed at, themselves laughed heartily at the show. But it was far otherwise when he went on to say that the Cardinal was

"the fitting representative of the pride, the impiety, the rancour, and the malignity of the court of Satan. Yes, he repeated, of Satan. Look at the recent bloodshed at Liverpool; the murder of a Protestant policeman at Birkenhead in connexion with this very Papal aggression. What had this Cardinal Wiseman done? He had not publicly disapproved of this diabolical deed. No! I fancy I see him now stooping to gather up in his hands the blood of this murdered Protestant, and baptising therewith this Papal aggression and his own cardinalate."

This sentence, which we know not how to characterise as it deserves, was received in the deepest silence, not only when it was delivered in Italian by the orator himself, when of course

it was not understood, but also when it was read in English with all the additional advantage of the most careful and emphatic enunciation on the part of the interpreter. It was even repeated at the second meeting held in each town; he told them again that English blood had flowed in the streets by the hands of Papists; but it was all in vain; not a single cheer was to be heard; it would have been of course far better had it been received with one universal shout of execration; but this, we suppose, was too much to expect from an English audience listening to a hired calumniator of Catholics. With the same silence was received another most wicked and lying and mischievous sentence: "He forewarned them that if England was to be thus infested by the Jesuits, the evil would sink deeper, until such a catastrophe again happens *which the monument of London tells of;*" and many others that could be pointed out. On the whole, therefore, though the exhibitions of Father Gavazzi reflect the very deepest disgrace on all those who have any hand in promoting them, we do not believe that he is doing real injury to Catholics, or even putting the smallest impediment in the way of the advance of Catholic truth in this country at the present moment; on the contrary, we shall be very much surprised if the use of such an instrument to support "the cause of Protestantism" has not the effect, sooner or later, of opening the eyes of many of its more thoughtful adherents.

Ecclesiastical Register.

THE REV. JOHN KIRK, D.D., OF LICHFIELD.

The Rev. Dr. Kirk, whom to know was to admire and love, died at Lichfield on the night of the 21st of December, in the 92d year of his age, and on the 67th anniversary of his first Mass, said in Rome on the Feast of St. Thomas the Apostle. Of patriarchal age and patriarchal simplicity of manners, ranging through near a century of Catholic affairs, with many of which he was actively and intimately identified—*quorum pars magna fuit*—he moved a living chronicle of persons, places, and facts, which our little English Church will long desiderate, perhaps never replace.

John Kirk was born at Acton Burnell, a village near Shrewsbury, in the county of Salop, on the 13th of April 1760. At ten years of age he was sent to that dear nursery of religion and the priesthood, Sedgley Park School, which only seven years before had, in spite of infinite opposition, and of other difficulties, which seemed at the time insurmount-

able, been established, in the spring of 1763, by the Rev. Wm. Errington, the friend and constant companion of the venerable Bishop Challoner, who was himself the original projector, and, while he lived, the powerful supporter of it. It was then under the government of its first master and president, the Rev. Hugo Kendall, who, in times of great difficulty, governed the establishment with admirable prudence and ability till his death, on the 2d of July 1781. His early inclination to the ecclesiastical state, united with his talents and proficiency in every branch of elementary knowledge, soon recommended him to his superiors as a fit subject to be sent to our English College at Rome, where, during his ten years' residence, he finished his humanity studies with great applause, and prosecuted those of philosophy and divinity.

John Kirk left England for Rome on the 8th of February 1773, and was received into the College just six months before the suppression of the Jesuits by Clement XIV., in the August of that year, being the last student there received before the dissolution of the Order.

It will be known to many of our readers, that ever since the year 1579, after the death of Dr. Maurice Clenock, to whom the administration of the College was at first committed, and who was a secular priest, and Bishop elect, in the reign of Queen Mary, our English College was governed by the fathers of the society until the year 1773. In the August of that year, the society being suppressed, the College was placed under the administration of Italian secular priests, Monsignor Foggini, Abatè Magnani, and Abatè Felice; and this government continued until the final suppression of the college itself by the French army, under Berthier, in 1798. It was restored to the English clergy twenty years afterwards by his Holiness Pope Pius VII., and the Rev. Robert Gradwell was appointed the first rector on the 8th of March 1818.

When on his voyage from England, Mr. Kirk accidentally fell overboard, and only escaped drowning by the intrepidity of the second mate, who jumped into the sea and rescued him.

Many circumstances shew that Mr. Kirk's talents and application were justly appreciated at the Roman College, and that he had become a great favourite with his superiors; and the writer of this memoir has often heard him say that it was owing to the friendship of the then rector, who, during his course of philosophy, kindly permitted him access to his private library, that he first became acquainted with Dodd's works, and especially his *Church History*, which he read with avidity and re-read, and thence acquired that decided taste and particular bent of study which gave the tone and character to his literary pursuits in after life.

In 1782 he was attacked with fever, when in the midst of his divinity course; his life was despaired of, and the physicians recommended their patient to receive the last sacraments.

The Rev. Dr. Oliver, of Exeter, has kindly communicated to the writer of this memoir extracts from three letters of Father John Thorpe of the society, who lived in Rome from 1786 until his death in 1792, which touch upon some facts of interest, and bespeak the estimation in which Mr. Kirk was held at the time in the English college. In the first letter, dated Rome, 10th July 1782, he says, "Mr. Kirk, the most promising youth of the English college, received the Viaticum yesterday." In another letter, dated Rome, 21st December 1784, he says, "We were present at Mr. Kirk's first Mass." He had been ordained by Cardinal Corsini, the protector of the English college, on the 18th of December 1784, in the Cardinal's private chapel. In a third letter again, dated June 1785, Father Thorpe thus comments upon him: "This modest,

devout priest, and well disposed to maintain that character, has left Rome for England." He landed at Dover August 17th, 1785. His first mission was in Shropshire, at Aldenham Hall, in the family of Sir Richard Acton. Here he remained only three months, leaving Aldenham to become chaplain at Sedgley Park School, where, in 1786, he succeeded the Rev. John Roe, and assisted as Vice-President the Rev. Thomas Southworth, who, in the year 1781, had succeeded his maternal uncle, the Rev. Hugo Kendall, in the presidentship of that now rising and important establishment. The valuable services which Mr. Kirk rendered to Sedgley Park at that period were afterwards more substantially confirmed and extended when he returned a second time to conduct the establishment in the capacity of president. Meanwhile, however, on the retirement of the Rev. Robert Tindall to Kilvington, in Yorkshire, Mr. Kirk removed to the small mission at Pipe Hall, near Lichfield, tenanted by Mr. Clement Weetman, on an estate belonging to the Weld family. Here he also took upon himself the charge of the congregation about Tamworth, and enlarged the little chapel at Pipe Hall so as to accommodate the tenants and their labourers on the Weld estate, and the few Catholics resident in Lichfield.

But a new field better suited to his peculiar habits of business was now opened to him at Sedgley Park by the proposed resignation of the presidentship, voluntarily made by the Rev. Thomas Southworth, which offer both Bishops Talbot and Berington pressed Mr. Kirk to accept. He did accept it accordingly, but on condition that Mr. Southworth should remain to conduct the spiritual department of the house.

In the year 1795 died Dr. Thomas Talbot, Vicar-Apostolic of the Midland District. He was succeeded by Dr. Charles Berington, who had been his coadjutor ever since the year 1786. This Prelate, knowing Mr. Kirk's peculiar aptitude for business, summoned him from Sedgley Park to assist him as chaplain and private secretary in the general management of the district. This removal took place in July 1797. In the June of the following year (1798) Bishop Berington died by a stroke of apoplexy, on his return from Sedgley Park to Longbirch. Feeling himself seriously ill, he with difficulty dismounted from his horse, and died in the arms of his secretary, the subject of the present memoir.

The district was then for nearly two years, as the writer believes, administered by the Rev. Dr. Bew, President of Oscott College, who had been Vicar-General of the deceased Prelate, during which time Mr. Kirk remained at Longbirch, until the appointment to the vicariate of Dr. Gregory Stapleton, who, bringing down with him from the College of Old Hall Green his friend and confidant, the Rev. Thomas Walsh, then in deacon's orders, Mr. Kirk removed from Longbirch to make way for the new secretary in 1801. It was now that Bishop Stapleton proposed to him that, as the Pipe Hall estate had been sold, and the chapel closed, and as he had formerly the care of the Pipe Hall and Lichfield congregations, that he should repair to Lichfield for the express purpose of building a chapel there, and a residentiary house for the incumbent. He accordingly undertook the charge with spirits brighter than his prospects, which, it must be owned, were not very encouraging, as neither were the difficulties few nor trivial that beset his path.

We have said that the Pipe Hall estate had been sold by Mr. Weld during his (Mr. Kirk's) absence from it; that a Protestant had succeeded the Catholic tenant, and that the chapel had been closed. The vestments, however, and whatever else belonged to the chapel, with 200*l.* in money, had been made over by the late proprietor to Sir Thomas Constable, then T. Clifford, Esq., of Tixall; and with this sum, and about

480*l.* more which he himself had collected, he purchased an old house in Lichfield, and by throwing two rooms into one, made a chapel sufficiently capacious.

Sua laus cuique. With a hearty good-will and a characteristic energy of purpose, Mr. Kirk set himself to the work for which Bishop Stapleton had sent him in 1801, and was fortunate enough to find a piece of freehold land on the London road, and in a most convenient situation for the Pipe Hall, Lichfield, and Hopwas congregations, which then became permanently united. This land he purchased, and built on it a respectable house and chapel, which he opened on the 11th of November, 1803. Many of the Catholic nobility and gentry handsomely contributed on this occasion, for even then Dr. Kirk was well known and greatly respected. The chapel was afterwards refronted and considerably enlarged, and came out, in 1834, the neat little Norman church of St. Cross, Lichfield. The altar-piece, representing the "Crucifixion," in *chiaro oscuro*, is much admired. It was the gift of Thomas Weld, Esq., and is a *chef-d'œuvre* of De Bruyn, a Flemish painter of great celebrity.

To these proofs of his disinterested zeal for religion must be added his successful care in erecting a small decent chapel for the poor Catholics of Hopwas in the neighbourhood of Tamworth; and finally in the purchasing from old Sir Robert Peel, in 1829, a small freehold property in Tamworth itself, and building thereon, in an eligible position, a large commodious Grecian church and an excellent presbytery and school, where Catholicity is in a flourishing state under the care of the Rev. James Kelly. This quiet humble priest, by his zealous and disinterested exertions, has greatly extended the congregation, and fully justified the character which the late Dr. Doyle transmitted to Dr. Kirk, after ordaining him specially at the request of Dr. Walsh for this important post.

These undertakings, it will be admitted, form no ordinary claims for the Rev. Dr. Kirk on the gratitude of the district, and the respect of the active missioner. His soul was always in and upon the Church. He formed a perfect specimen of the olden times, a type of the fine old English priest; methodical, dignified, devout; adorning religion, and inculcating it at once by precept and by practice. Placed as he was in the ice-bound regions of a cathedral city,—condemned, as such places usually are, to perpetual sterility,—his mission seemed conservative rather than diffusive; and he laboured to consolidate and to perfect what he found, where no great facilities existed to extend the faith. His labours accordingly were in the cabinet rather than in the field, in the study rather than in the pulpit. Not but that also there he was most exemplary and exact, but that his peculiar position developed a bias which taste and inclination had very early formed, and which eventuated in results that have greatly promoted the cause of religion. During his residence in Rome, and for upwards of forty years of his long life, he was preparing materials for a continuation of Dodd's *Church History of England.* It was his daily, and long, and dear occupation. Every leisure moment of his time, excepting only a few years which his necessities obliged him to devote to private tuition, for which his character and great talents procured him some distinguished pupils,—but with this abatement every leisure moment was, with little relaxation, devoted to the accomplishment of this constant and warmest wish of his heart. With infinite labour he had at various times transcribed or collected, and methodically arranged, letters, tracts, annals, records, diaries, and innumerable miscellaneous papers, forming upwards of fifty volumes in folio and quarto. An account of all these, specifically arranged under

distinct heads, was published by him in a letter to the Rev. Joseph Berington, respecting the continuation of Dodd's *Church History of England*, Lichfield, September 1826. But the pressure of years, and many prudent misgivings, deterred him from attempting actual publication; so that, after restoring to the bishops, colleges, and to other private owners, their respective portions, Dr. Kirk assigned what was properly his own to the Rev. M. A. Tierney.

Whilst detailing Dr. Kirk's herculean labours of transcription, &c. for Dodd's *Church History*, we must not omit a very tedious task which, with no small trial both of patience and of eyesight, he undertook about the year 1794 and the following years, at the request of his friend the late Sir Thomas Constable, in deciphering and copying, and preparing for publication, the curious and interesting state papers and letters of Sir Ralph Sadler, the "right trusty and well-beloved counsellor" of Queen Elizabeth, and one of the royal gaolers of the unfortunate Mary Queen of Scots during her confinement in Tutbury Castle. The original papers were in the possession of the Cliffords of Tixall, who inherited, through the Astons, from Sir Ralph Sadler, and were published by Arthur Clifford, Esq., in 1809, in three large quarto volumes, with a biographical sketch by Sir Walter Scott. Amongst the persons to whom, in his advertisement, Mr. Clifford makes acknowledgment for papers and information contributed, he thus writes of the subject of our memoir: "In particular, I have to acknowledge the infinite obligation which I owe to my very learned and amiable friend the Rev. John Kirk, of Lichfield, without whose kindness, zeal, and ability in copying the original papers, this work would, most probably, have never seen the light."

But that which stamps his character, and will commend his memory to the gratitude of Catholic posterity, is the work which he undertook, in conjunction with the Rev. Joseph Berington, to supply a recognised deficiency in our popular controversy, entitled *The Faith of Catholics confirmed by Scripture, and attested by the Fathers of the Five First Centuries.* The work is now familiar to every Catholic, and has been freely referred to, and specially made use of, by almost every controversial writer and preacher since its publication, and is deservedly considered one of the most useful and learned works of modern times. It does good service by the side of Milner's immortal work *The End of Religious Controversy*, and acts a subsidiary part in the battle of argument, with a crushing weight of authority. As a library book, it has been greatly augmented and improved by the Rev. Dr. Waterworth, of Newark, who has revised the whole, and has added two volumes of well-sifted material to the original matter.

As some exceptions had been taken against the accuracy of the "Propositions" which form the heading of the work, Mr. Kirk published in 1815 a very interesting pamphlet, of nearly a hundred pages, entitled *Roman Catholic Principles in reference to God and the King; first published in the year* 1680: *to which is prefixed an Inquiry respecting the Editions and the Author of that valuable Tract.* It evinces great industry of research, and felicitously proves, from circumstantial evidence, that the "Principles" were drawn up by the Rev. James Corker, a Benedictine monk, and Abbot of Lambspring, a fellow-prisoner with Archbishop Plunkett and Lord Stafford, the innocent victims to the frightful perjuries of that fanatical time.

The "Principles" had been published in a variety of shapes, and had gone through numerous editions, but profound theologians questioned their entire accuracy; and, with all his great respect for Dr. Kirk, the

late Bishop Milner would have preferred the adoption of a more authoritative formula, such as the Creed of Pope Pius IV.

In addition to the above literary labours, Dr. Kirk's active pen and well-stored mind furnished many useful contributions to the periodicals of the day, and were always ready at the service of any of his brethren who were engaged in subjects of English ecclesiastical history, and who wanted dates and facts and verification. He enjoyed the friendship and intimacy of all the great lights of our English Church, and never made a valuable acquaintance which he had not the rare fortune to preserve.

As a well-merited compliment for his many useful labours, the Rev. John Kirk received, by diploma from his late Holiness Pope Gregory XVI., the degree of Doctor of Divinity. The diploma was dated Nov. 9, 1841.

To complete his character, we may add that Dr. Kirk was a correct accountant and an able financier. The clergy highly appreciated his merits in this department, and were immensely indebted to him for the care with which he nursed their funds, and for the improvement of those funds under his judicious administration.

In person Dr. Kirk was the model of a fine man. His physical frame and mental faculties were freely and favourably developed, and he possessed the *sound mind in the sound body*. To the very last his faculties were clear, and his memory distinctly retentive; and though his frame was impaired by infirmity, it was not shattered. Neither had he suffered, otherwise than in a mitigated form, the labour and dolour pronounced by the Psalmist to be the ordinary lot of those who linger beyond the term of eighty years. His was rather the old age described by King Solomon, "a crown of dignity, when it is found in the ways of justice." *Corona dignitatis senectus, quæ in viis justitiæ reperietur* (Prov. xvi. 31). "I suppose," writes a distinguished ecclesiastic, "that with our poor friend we have lost the father of the secular clergy. At all events, we have lost one whose place, in many respects, it will not be easy to supply." And a still more *eminent* personage condescendingly writes, "I have to-day offered up the adorable Sacrifice for the truly venerable and estimable Dr. Kirk. I had a letter from him a few weeks ago, which shewed no decay; but he was indeed a ripe fruit, and is gone to enjoy his Christmas in a better place."

It had been the wish of the Bishop and of the clergy to have brought his remains to the cathedral church of Birmingham, that he might have honourably reposed under the sanctuary of St. Chad's; but his relatives strongly pleaded for St. Cross, Lichfield, where he himself had prepared a vault, and where he had expressed a strong desire to be buried. Accordingly it was thought right to yield to this desire, though at the sacrifice of a certain solemnity which would have accompanied his funeral at St. Chad's. All, however, was done that under circumstances could be done. The clergy of the neighbourhood assembled, and a solemn Mass of Requiem was sung in the little church of St. Cross, Lichfield, by his friend the Rev. Dr. Weedall, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Moore, and the clergy and choir of St. Mary's College, Oscott.

Peace be to his soul! May his lengthened life have been, from God, a pledge of his bright destiny, and have proved a title to an immortal crown. *Longitudine dierum replebo eum, et ostendam illi salutare meum* (Ps. xc. 16).

THE ECCLESIASTICAL TITLES BILL AND THE CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

Brook-Green House, Hammersmith,
January 7, 1852.

My dear Sir,—I readily comply with your desire to be furnished with information regarding the present relations of her Majesty's Catholic subjects towards the Committee of Privy Council on Education.

You are aware that, from the institution of that Committee in 1839 down to 1847, the Parliamentary grant for education, amounting in the aggregate to £507,282 2*s*., was employed in aiding the erection of schools. From the whole of the benefits arising from the distribution of this large amount of public money Catholics were entirely excluded, by a regulation imposing on all aided schools the use of the Protestant translation of the Bible. In 1847, the application of the Parliamentary grant was extended beyond the original building outlay, so as to comprise aid towards the annual expenses of schools. From this extended aid, Catholics, who had been led to expect fairer treatment, were shut out, by means which attracted so much notice at the time that little need be said now. You will remember that the course adopted by Government formed the subject of very strong observations in the House of Commons, and was reprobated by the leader of the Conservative party no less than by independent Liberal members. A change of policy was thus effected, but not perhaps carried out with any remarkable show of alacrity. However, a minute of Council, admitting Catholic schools to share in the aid administered by their lordships, and recognising the Catholic Poor-School Committee, was passed in December 1847, and confirmed by Parliament in the session of 1848 by the adoption of the education vote. The minute so confirmed is of the most simple and unobjectionable character, and contains no allusion to conditions, the subsequent imposition of which has proved so detrimental. As soon as the vote of 1848 was taken, the Secretary to the Committee of Council desired to confer with the Chairman of the Poor-School Committee, the Hon. C. Langdale, whose name, you will give me leave to say, can never be mentioned without feelings of the highest respect and gratitude by those who, like myself, are acquainted with the disinterested and religious devotion which, from day to day, he gives to the cause of Catholic education. The chairman was then informed for the first time of a principle declared to be universal and indispensable in cases of building-grants, viz. that aided schools should not only be conveyed in legal form to safe trustees—a provision in itself most desirable—but that the deed constituting the trust shall provide for the management of the school by a mixed and complicated machinery. I beg your particular attention to the words in which the requirement was communicated to Mr. Langdale, and accepted by the Poor-School Committee. They are these: "Local management of the school to be partly clerical and partly lay. Management and instruction, where directly or indirectly connected with religion or morality, to be solely under the authority of clerical members; and in case of any question arising thereon, an appeal to the Roman Catholic Bishop of the District." The years 1849 and 1850 were spent in arranging questions of detail, and at length, in December of the latter year, a management-clause was proposed by the Privy Council, and accepted by the Poor-School Committee, which, like all the previous documents, contained reference to the name and authority of the "Roman Catholic Bishop of the District." A school deed comprehending the settled clause was submitted in May 1851. I need not remind you how Parliament was

employed in that year. You, at least, are not answerable for the act against our Bishops and its disastrous consequences. The mischief, however, was done, spite of the noble resistance made by the friends of justice and religious freedom; and in the end of last November the Privy Council announced that the law-officers of the Crown had been consulted upon our school deed, and had advised their lordships that the words "Roman Catholic Bishop of the District" are contrary to the Titles Act, suggesting in their room the use of the words "officiating as a Bishop of the Church of Rome, and as Ecclesiastical Superior of the persons in communion with that Church residing within the district." The chairman has at once rejected this suggestion as derogatory; and we have been likewise informed by our legal advisers, that in their opinion, the phrase recommended, though it be by such eminent authority, is as contrary to the statute as the words sought to be superseded. Such is our position at present. Words imposed in 1849 as part of an essential requirement of the Privy Council, and adopted without remark in December 1850, together with all similar words referring to the Roman Catholic Bishop, have been made of doubtful legality by the Titles Act, which is thus operating to deprive our poor children of the educational benefits extended to them by Parliament. The Lords of the Privy Council—in other words, her Majesty's Ministers—comprehend in their school machinery, as a matter of obligation, the authority of the Catholic Bishop, and the same ministers make that authority void by their Titles Act.

And thus, out of £475,000 voted since 1847, in addition to the £507,282 before mentioned, Catholics have received nothing to help them in providing schools.

Nevertheless, the hope of obtaining such aid, which our schools were quite justified in entertaining, has led to many claims; and a Parliamentary paper of 1851 names the following Roman Catholic schools as having applied in this way between September 1848 and August 1850. (See page 181 of enclosed *Catholic School.*)

These schools, which when built will provide education for about 8000 children, are all returned as "awaiting the settlement of a model trust-deed." In some cases conditional grants have been announced, as I am informed; *e. g.*:—

To Kemerton, £52 10*s.*; Liverpool, St. Ann, £700; Manchester, St. Chad, £600; and in the last case the greatest inconvenience is felt.

Such is the barren result of the main division of Government aid to schools.

In grants towards the annual expenses of schools we have a brighter tale to tell.

In December 1848, Mr. T. W. Marshall received the appointment of her Majesty's Inspector of Roman Catholic Schools, and for the last three years has laboured most beneficially amongst our schools.

Sixty of our teachers have honourably obtained the Certificate of Merit in Mr. Marshall's examinations, and are entitled to receive in annual augmentation of their salaries upwards of £1000.

As assistant-teachers, we have more than 200 young men and women apprenticed to capable school-masters and mistresses, and earning amongst them £3000 a year, while they are being trained under the eye of the clergy in the acquisition of sound knowledge and proficiency in the art of teaching.

Towards the purchase of books and maps, so far as my information extends, our schools have claimed about £300, in addition to a free gift of books to the Poor-School Committee.

You are well aware that these annual grants are open to every Ca-

tholic school, and you know the high value they possess in raising and extending the course of education. It would give me great satisfaction to know that Carlisle had distinguished itself in this way by the success of its schools.

I must not conclude without mentioning that towards the Training School now happily established by the Poor-School Committee, to provide Catholic England with competent skilled masters, the Privy Council have promised a grant of £1676; and that our students, if as successful in the examination as we hope, will hereafter draw from the same source a good round sum towards the heavy annual expenditure of the establishment.—Believe me, &c.

SCOTT NASMYTH STOKES.

P. H. Howard, Esq., M.P.

In connexion with the above, the following should be well noted:

ROMAN CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.—MANAGEMENT CLAUSES. (No. 20.)

Committee of Council on Education,
Dec. 17, 1850.

SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 29th ult., which I have had the honour of submitting to the Lord President on his return to London, I am directed by his lordship to express the satisfaction of the Committee of Council on Education at the settlement of the questions which have been so long under discussion between the Roman Catholic Poor-School Committee and their lordships.—I have, &c.

R. R. W. LINGEN.

The Hon. Charles Langdale.

THE FRENCH CARDINALS SENATORS.

CARDINAL GOUSSET.

Thomas Gousset was born on the 1st of May, 1792, at Montigny-les-Cherlieu, a humble village of the department of the Upper Saone. His father, now dead, was a farmer. His mother, who is still living, brought up with the greatest care the numerous family with which the Almighty had blessed her. Thomas Gousset worked in the fields until 1809, when he commenced his Latin studies in a private school at Amance, a village situated six leagues north-east of Vesoul. In the course of three years he presented himself before the Academy of Besançon, and received the diploma of Bachelor of Letters. He next entered the Grand Seminary, and soon became the first scholar in an establishment remarkable for the many distinguished theologians it produced. He had scarcely finished his studies, when the directors charged him with the conferences intended to teach the youngest pupils the mode of learning. On the 22d of July, 1817, he was ordained Priest by M. de Latil, then Bishop of Amyclea *in partibus*, whom he was afterwards to succeed as Archbishop of Rheims. He was named Vicar at Lure, a difficult post in many respects, which he filled with much success, when the diocesan authority recalled him nine months afterwards to Besançon to profess moral theology. He occupied that chair during fourteen years. In 1830, Cardinal de Rohan, who appreciated his merit, conferred on him the title of Grand Vicar, which he preserved under the administration of Messrs. Dubourg and Mathieu, that is, until the period of his elevation to the episcopacy. A royal ordinance of the 6th of October, 1835, appointed him to the see of Perigueux. On the 1st of February following he was confirmed by the

Pope, and consecrated on the 6th of March, in the church of the Carmelites, by M. de Quelen, Archbishop of Paris, assisted by two other Bishops, MM. de Forbin Janson and Mazenod. He took possession of the see on the 18th; and during the five years he filled it he secured to himself universal affection and admiration. The death of Cardinal de Latil having left vacant the archbishopric of Rheims, he was elevated to it by a royal ordinance of the 25th of May, 1840, and solemnly installed on the 26th of August. His promotion to the dignity of Cardinal took place in 1851. Cardinal Gousset has published a number of esteemed works; namely — 1st, an edition of "The Conferences of Angers," with notes and dissertations, in 26 vols. 1823; 2d, "An Exposition of the Doctrine of the Church respecting Loans on Interest," 1825; 3d, "The Ritual of Toulon," with comments and explanations; 4th, an edition of "The Theological Dictionary of Bergier," with notes; 5th, "The Civil Code," with comments on its relations with moral theology, of which three editions appeared in 1827, 1829, and 1834; 6th, "The Justification of the Theology of St. Liguori;" 7th, "Letter to Abbé Blanc on the Communion of Individuals sentenced to Death;" 8th, "Compendium of the Ritual of Perigueux;" 9th, "Observations on the Project of Law relative to Liberty of Instruction;" 10th, "Moral Theology," 2 vols. 8vo. The Academy of Besançon elected M. Gousset one of its members in 1831. He was already one of the directors of the library and museum, councillor of the university, and member of the committee charged with examining the manuscripts of Cardinal de Grandville. He received the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the 3d of May, 1840.

CARDINAL DU PONT.

Jaques Marie Antoine Celestin Du Pont was born on the 2d of February, 1772, at Iglesias, in Sardinia. His father, Benoit Du Pont, was naval commissioner of the first class. His family, originally French, settled at Villa Franca towards the year 1738. When ten years of age he entered the seminary of the Doctrinarian Fathers, where he studied with so much success, that at seventeen he was appointed member of the Academy of Arcades. He published at the time some Italian and Latin poetry, which is not deficient in charm. Feeling an early vocation for the ecclesiastical life, he entered the Seminary of Nice, where he followed during four years lectures on theology, and thence removed to the Seminary of St. Irenée at Lyons, where he studied another year. On the 16th of January, 1813, he was ordained Sub-Deacon by Cardinal Fesch, Deacon on the 2d of July following, and Priest on the 24th of September, 1814. Monsignor Colonna d'Istria, a friend of his father, chose him for his private secretary. Shortly afterwards, on the 10th of April, 1815, M. du Pont was received doctor *in utroque jure* in the University of Turin. In 1817, M. de la Fare cast his eyes upon him; but as that prelate could not take possession of the see of Sens before 1821, it was only then he appointed him Canon of his metropolitan church. A year afterwards he nominated him Vicar-General, Archdeacon, and Official; and on the 7th of November of the same year, Louis XVIII. named him honorary member of the Chapter of St. Denis. When Cardinal de la Fare repaired to the conclave at which Leo XII. was elected, he chose him for his first assistant, and M. de Rohan for the second. During his stay at Rome, Louis XVIII. demanded and obtained for him the title of Bishop of Somosate *in partibus;* and on the 29th of June, 1823, he was consecrated in Paris by Cardinal de la Fare, assisted by the Bishops of Autun and St. Brieuc. Lest the temporary expatriation of his family should lead to any diffi-

culty, he solicited letters of naturalisation, which the King granted him on the 23d of June, 1824. After his consecration he continued to reside at Sens, being entrusted by the Cardinal with the direction of the diocese. As Preacher to the King he delivered before the court a sermon on the Last Supper, on the 3d of August, 1828; and another on Pentecost, on the 7th of June, 1829. At the death of the Cardinal, Charles X. offered M. du Pont the bishopric of St. Die, on the 9th of May, 1830. The good deeds he accomplished in that diocese during nine years are well known. On the 1st of May, 1839, he was elevated to the archiepiscopal see of Avignon, which he solemnly took possession of on the 3d of October. He was subsequently transferred from the see of Avignon to that of Bourges, after the demise of M. de Villele. He is a Knight of the Orders of Malta, Christ, and the Legion of Honour, and was lately raised to the dignity of Cardinal.

CARDINAL DE BONALD.

Louis Jacques Maurice de Bonald was born at Milhau, in Rouergue, on the 30th of October, 1787, of Louis Gabriel Amboise Viscount de Bonald and Elizabeth de Guibel de Combescuro. He accompanied his family into exile at the period of the Revolution; and having returned to France at the close of 1797, he continued, under the direction of his illustrious father, the studies he had commenced at the University of Heidelberg. He afterwards entered the Seminary of St. Sulpice at Paris. On leaving the seminary, M. de Pressigny, Archbishop of Besançon, took him as his secretary, and brought him to Rome, where he was charged with the negotiation of the new Concordat. The Abbé de Bonald had been Clerk of the Chapel of the Emperor Napoleon, with MM. de Quelen and Feutrier. In 1817 M. de Latil named him Vicar-General of Chartres. The sermons he preached there during Lent in 1822 are considered masterpieces of eloquence. On the 27th of April, 1823, he was appointed Bishop of Puy, and consecrated at Chartres by Cardinal de Latil, assisted by the Bishops of Evreux and Amiens. The royal ordinance nominating him Archbishop of Lyons and Vienne, and Primate of Gaul, in the room of Cardinal Fesch, appeared on the 14th of December, 1839; and he was recently invested with the purple.

CARDINAL MATHIEU.

Jacques Marie Adrien Cesaire Mathieu was born at Paris in 1796. His father at first carried on the silk-trade at Lyons, and was afterwards commission-agent at Paris. He belongs by his mother to the Montalan family. His brother, Captain Mathieu, is one of the most distinguished officers of the French navy. After completing his theological studies, M. Mathieu received holy orders, and became secretary of M. du Chatellier, Bishop of Evreux, who soon chose him for his Vicar-General. He was named Bishop of Langres on the 7th of April, 1833, proclaimed in the Consistory on the 7th of May following, and consecrated at Paris by Archbishop de Quelen, assisted by MM. Cottret and de Prilly, Bishops of Beauvais and Chalons. On the 16th of July, 1834, he was transferred to Besançon, and was lately promoted to the dignity of Cardinal.—*Times.*

MARRIED, on the 19th inst., at the Roman Catholic church, Worksop, Notts, by the Rev. James Jones, GEORGE, youngest son of the late James Young, Esq., of Kingerby House, Lincolnshire, to SOPHIA MARY, eldest daughter of the late Henry Owen, Esq., of Worksop.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

O. H. Declined, with thanks.

J. D. D. Paraphrase of the 6th Penitential Psalm. Declined, with thanks.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Lambert.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. IX. APRIL 1852. PART LII.

THE STRUGGLES OF CATHOLIC LITERATURE.

SOME few years ago there was a cry raised amongst us English Catholics against the inordinate rates at which Catholic books were sold. "Down with the prices!" was exclaimed by almost every zealous person whose poverty, whose cupidity, or whose compassion for the needy, prompted him to wish to see Catholic books "as cheap as dirt." We do not dispute that there might have been some ground for the cry; we do not pretend that the old system of publishing was precisely what it ought to have been, and might prudently have been. No doubt we were in a grievous condition of drowsiness, if not of absolute slumber, in all that concerned the multiplication of good books at a reasonable cost. It boots not, however, to turn to the past, and grumble over it: our concern is with things as they are. The fact is, that Catholic books *have* been cheapened, and that a swarm of diminutive little volumes, unreadable save to strong and youthful eyes, ugly in form, villanous in illustration, and tending to dilapidation after a week's wear, has been poured over the country, at a price suicidally low, till it has become almost a proverb that the worst-looking and most ill-got-up publications in the kingdom are (with certain exceptions) the books in use among the English Catholic body. As to the ordinary Irish Catholic books, we are not so well acquainted with them; but we have seen specimens with illustrations so ludicrously hideous, and altogether turned out in so utterly disreputable a style, that we suspect a competent judge would be puzzled to decide between the competing demerits of the average of Catholic books on the two sides of the Irish Channel.

To all this we should have little to say, were the evil confined to the simple existence of a few hundred thousands of useless literary deformities. If publishers like to issue, and

purchasers like to buy, a library full of unreadable, ill-translated, ill-punctuated, ill-printed, and ill-bound books, by all means let them have their way, so long as no mischief is really done to better books, and to the cause of Catholic literature generally. But, unhappily, this is not the case. What with one thing and another, between the rivalry of booksellers, the general rage for cheapness in books of all kinds, and the poverty of Catholics, a notion has got possession of too many amongst us, to the effect that it is the duty of publishers and authors to present their works to the public for a sum little more than *nothing*. With a most unreasonable ignorance, they judge of the price of a book, not by the cost of its production, and the laws which govern all business and trading transactions, but by their own pocket and wishes, or by—what is often an equally delusive guide—the size of the book compared with the size of publications of a totally different character. The sentiments often expressed by purchasers would be incredible, as coming from persons of good feeling and sense, were it not that they are for the most part based upon a total misconception of the true facts of the case, and upon an oversight of certain subsidiary considerations which are of primary importance to the very existence of a Catholic literature. Were they cognisant of the mischief they are doing, and of the absolute impossibility of complying with their demands, there can be no doubt that they would be the first to repudiate the notions which, as it is, they are foremost in maintaining and disseminating. For the sake, then, of the cause which we all hold dear, we beg their attention to the few remarks we now have to offer on the subject.

We need not remind our readers of the exceeding great importance of the cultivation of a thoroughly Catholic English literature, not only directly religious, but also secular in subject and Catholic in principle. If the English branch of the Catholic Church is to do her duty to her children, rich and poor, and to the unbelieving multitudes around her, she *must* make use of that most formidable engine, for good or for evil, the press. By elaborate treatises; by regular histories; by popular sketches; by works of science, imagination and fiction; by books of devotion; by books for gentlemen and ladies, and for the labouring classes; by school-books; by tracts, magazines, reviews, and newspapers; by every device that the ingenuity of the day has set in motion for the working upon the mind of the age, *we* must take our place among our fellow-countrymen, and employ for our own advantage, as well as for theirs, that tremendous power which,

so sure as the sun is now in heaven, will work us the most frightful of evils, if we do not turn its energies to the glory of God and the instruction and edification of souls. It is idle to dream of going on as the world went on in a past generation. We cannot fight against the decrees of Providence, and sit down with antiquated bigotry, our hands folded on our lap, and with solemn, reproving countenance lament that such trouble and sacrifices are called for in the days in which we have the misfortune to exist. We cannot do without the press; for if it is not our servant, it will be our most dangerous enemy. Nobody who has not looked into the question can form an idea of the mischief that is daily wrought in the minds of many of *all classes* amongst us, by the present deficiencies in our own literature, by which we are driven to be perpetually reading the books of men, who, if they do not hate the Church of God, at least will unconsciously introduce evil into their writings at every turn. The whole *mind* of the younger members of the upper classes of Catholics especially, and of very many of all ages among the poor, is at this time in a condition of ferment, and of openness to new ideas, whether good or the reverse, to an extent which we are persuaded few have realised. And do what we will, *nothing* can remedy the present evils, and provide against far greater evils to come, except the creation of a literature at once Catholic in doctrine and morals, elevated and liberal in ideas, refined in feeling, and acute, profound, and exact in thought. In truth, the fact is so obvious, that we have perhaps wasted words in even thus briefly recurring to the subject.

Granting this, then, is it not equally obvious that such a literature cannot be got for nothing, any more than a man can have breakfast, dinner, and supper every day without paying for it? Is it not simply silly to look for a race of benevolent publishers, blest with ample private fortunes, who will bring out annually a long catalogue of good books, and give them away for less than they have cost in the production? And as for that poor forgotten drudge, the author, is it a fact in natural history that he can live upon air, and clothe himself without fear of tailor's bills, and live rent-free in some aërial almshouse for literary men? True, he is used to be trodden upon, and trodden upon pretty hard; his demands are not exorbitant, and his endurance marvellous; but there must be some limit to cuffs and kicks, even on the most long-suffering of patients. In short, book-producing and bookselling must be conducted on the same principles as law-selling, justice-selling, physic-selling, corn-selling, and coat-selling, or it cannot be carried on at all.

Nor will it suffice to remunerate booksellers and authors at the same rate at which you would remunerate greengrocers and shoe-blacks. Book-publishing and selling is, *and must be*, one of the most gentlemanly of trades, and its profits must therefore be higher than those which would suffice for a dealer in apples and gingerbread. From the nature of the case, the business cannot be properly carried on except by persons of a certain standard of intelligence and character, and holding a certain position in the social scale, and therefore requiring a proportionate income to enable them to live accordingly.

Moreover, the book-publishing and book-selling trade is far more precarious and speculative than most others. No trade feels so much the fluctuations in the income of purchasers, or the excitements of political, social, and religious agitation. A revolution in Paris, a Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, an Anti-papal-aggression agitation, or any such source of violent feeling in the country in general, will often be enough to destroy the bookselling business for the time being. The demand for books, too, is a thing almost impossible to calculate on beforehand. One work will hit the public taste, while another, far its superior, and, in the judgment of the experienced, very likely to succeed, does not find a hundred buyers, and ends its days at the trunk-maker's or butterman's. And these circumstances require an outlay of capital, and a perpetual expenditure in all the machinery necessary to get a book off in the market, which no man will furnish unless with a pretty sure prospect of a good return of annual income.

"With all this," the reader will say, "who thrives like a great London publisher? Look at Paternoster Row, Albemarle Street, and New Burlington Street, and ask the autocrats who there reign whether bookselling is not a trade on which to laugh and grow fat?" Undoubtedly in *their* case it is. Booksellers, as the saying is, drink claret out of authors' skulls; and with Paternoster Row before us, and not one author out of twenty making a living by his brains, who shall deny it? Nevertheless, these lords of the book-trade are, after all, the exceptions to the rule, and every now and then one of the most distinguished and liberal of the body gets into the *Gazette* as a bankrupt.

It is not, however, of the Protestant publishers that we are speaking, but of the Catholic; and of these, we have not the least hesitation in saying that they one and all experience at times a difficulty in carrying on their affairs as men of integrity and respectability, owing to the exaggerated demand

for cheapness which has seized upon the general purchasing Catholic body. We have not the slightest reason for doubting that every one of them is prosperous, if by prosperity is meant a freedom from fear of insolvency. But if by prosperity is meant the receipt of such profits as they *ought* to receive, we do not believe that there is a Catholic publisher in Great Britain and Ireland whose business-income is what he has a right to expect from his capital, labour, risk, and position.

And if this preposterous notion respecting cheap books does mischief to publishers, it does ten times as much to authors; and, in fact, it goes very far to stifle the growth of a Catholic literature in its very infancy. If our readers could see laid before them a statement of the sums received by Catholic writers during the last five or ten years, of the amount of time and thought expended by them in the composition of the works they have produced, they would lift up their eyes in amazement. In a large number of cases, the publishers' profits on the books are so slender, owing to their low price and small sale, that they literally *can* give the writers little or *nothing;* while the cases in which the remuneration approximates (though distantly) to its proper amount are extremely few. We believe, indeed, that we are only stating an undeniable fact, when we say, that *no Catholic book has been published for many years in this country for which the writer has received any thing like an adequate remuneration for the labour it has cost him.*

The result we see before us in every Catholic bookseller's shop. Here and there a good book, original and not translated, is issued, well printed on good paper, and decently bound. These, moreover, our readers should know, are for the most part published at the risk of the authors, who chance to have the means to pay the printer's and paper-maker's bills, and are willing, not to *run the risk*, but to incur *the almost inevitable certainty*, of a serious loss, instead of a gain. Besides these, we can point to an occasional well got-up and well-executed compilation or translation. But beyond this, and looking at the great mass of our Catholic publications, it would be an abuse of words to call it *a Catholic literature.* A very large portion of it consists of translations from French, German, Italian, and Latin, half of them utterly unworthy of translation at all, or not called for in the present state of our affairs, and not one out of ten among them translated by a competent person. Others are reprints, turned out in such a style that no respectable Protestant bookseller would like them to lie upon his counter; printed in such a type that not one poor man or woman (for the poor need larger type than the rich,) out of a dozen can read them with comfort, and nobody

above the age of forty can read them without straining his eyes; full of typographical errors; and on paper and done up in covers so flimsy that they begin to fall to pieces after a few days' use. In fact, men who are capable of writing cannot, and booksellers dare not, bring out such works as the necessities of the time are urgently demanding; because of the Catholic public some few cannot, and very many will not, buy the books they ought to buy, or pay a proper price for those they do buy.

By way of reply to these facts it is sometimes implied that the sale of some Catholic books would be much larger were their price much lower. Under this plausibility lurks a fatal fallacy. With a large class of writings, however cheap they were, the sale could never go beyond a very limited number of readers. Supposing that *all* Catholics in England who could understand them were to purchase books of that high character which every educated Catholic is crying out for, there would remain no remuneration for the writers if they were sold at the price which popular unreasonableness demands. Such books as we speak of, by the nature of the case cannot be appreciated by the multitude, and the multitude would not buy them if they were almost given away. Take such a work as Dr. Russell's recently published version of Leibnitz's *System of Theology*, a work possessing great attractions for the Catholic theologian, historian, and man of science, what would be its prospects if its price were reduced to a half-a-crown or to a shilling? The *ordinary* Catholic reader, it is obvious, would not look at it, if he could get it for nothing. Imagine St. Thomas Aquinas in the form and at the price of a "Railway Library" or "Parlour Library" series. Would it sell extensively at such a cost? No one can fancy so for a moment. It is clear, therefore, that books of a high standard must be issued at a price in proportion to the paucity of Catholic purchasers. We *cannot* have books as cheap as the popular libraries and Protestant reprints, which find readers by the tens of thousands. When we can reckon our educated Catholics by tens of thousands, then, but not till then, will be the time for lowering the prices of good Catholic publications.

To another obstacle in the way of the success of some Catholic publications, and especially of periodicals, our readers will pardon us for alluding, though it is only indirectly connected with the question of cheapness. It can hardly be doubted that there is to be found among some of our body a degree of prejudice and intolerance which presents a most formidable barrier to the prosperity of any publication treating of subjects of present and practical interest. There are

certain topics on which it is hopeless to expect that all Catholics will ever agree. Some of these are of considerable importance, some of little; some are questions of art, some of ceremonial, some of the relation between the Church and the world, some of education, and so forth; but it is quite certain that they are also questions on which good Catholics may lawfully disagree. Undoubtedly, if our body were sufficiently numerous, all the varying shades of opinion on these and similar topics might each have their own publications, representing, or coinciding with, their separate views. But situated as we are, any such multiplication of periodicals is totally out of the question; and therefore if *any* Catholic publications are to be maintained, it is essential that those who may dissent from the views of any existing journal on such open questions should nevertheless give it their support, provided its general character is such as to merit their esteem *as Catholics*. Obvious as this truth is, unhappily instances too often occur in which a reader is so indignant that the conductors of a publication take different views from himself on one or two points, that he instantly withdraws his countenance, and so far renders the very existence of Catholic journals an impossibility. We may rest assured that these disagreements on certain details will never cease. They result very often from constitutional differences in the natural character; and until it shall please Almighty God to create all men on precisely one unvarying type, we must be prepared to find the most vehement controversies going on amongst us on points where the Church herself has not closed the question. What we plead for therefore is, that we should all cheerfully permit in our fellow-Catholics that liberty of maintaining their theories which we demand for the defence of our own; and that when journals or books are distinguished for orthodoxy, zeal, learning, and ability, they should receive a cordial support *on the whole* from those who have the means to aid them.

As there is nothing like illustration by way of confirming general statements, we shall now venture to acquaint our readers with the results of the balance-sheet of two Catholic publications of the present day, in order to shew them still more clearly how matters stand. It would be manifestly unfair to select, as proofs of the ruinous condition of Catholic authorship and publishing, any work which had professedly or notoriously proved a failure. It is also desirable to select such as are the property of their authors or editors, and not of any individual in the bookselling trade. We shall accordingly, in friendly confidence, unfold the present pecuniary position of this journal itself, and of the series known by the

name of the *Clifton Tracts*. The *Rambler*, then, is what is considered an unusually successful periodical, as Catholic matters go. We have reason to believe that it has a larger circulation than that of any Church-of-England monthly or quarterly, not including, of course, such publications as the *Edinburgh* or *Quarterly Reviews*, which are purely secular in their character. The *Rambler* has now existed more than four years: it is, we need not say, extremely well printed, and on paper good, but not extravagantly and needlessly expensive. The prices paid to the printer, paper-maker, and bookbinder, are very moderate, and quite as low as would be charged by any respectable tradesmen who pay their work-people fitting wages. The publisher, also, has from the first received a lower percentage, as publisher, than is usual in the "trade," and for some time he further assisted the journal by a payment of money. At first, few of its contributors received any remuneration; and even now many give occasional gratuitous aid. Yet how do matters stand with the editor and proprietor? He is still between four and five hundred pounds *out of pocket* by the expenses, to say nothing of four years' incessant and most anxious thought and labour, for which he has not received one single shilling. This loss is, further, reckoned, after allowing for pecuniary aid to some extent from private friends. And this is *success!* And why is this? Because many Catholics might and could become subscribers, who do not and will not; and because, if the price were higher, still fewer would subscribe. The price in truth is *too* low already. For four shillings and sixpence (the price of three numbers of the *Rambler*) we give almost as much matter, and as many pages, and as good print and paper, as Quarterly Reviews give for six shillings, while our expenses for binding and advertising are *higher* than theirs. After this statement we need hardly add how thankfully we acknowledge the kindness of such of our friends as make our interests their own, and do any thing that they can to increase our list of subscribers.

Let us turn now to the *Clifton Tracts*. This publication is unquestionably the most successful of any of the kind which has issued from the English Catholic press. Every one likes the Tracts; they run counter to nobody's views or prejudices; they appear with the full amount of sanction or authority which is ever accorded to similar undertakings; and their circulation far exceeds that of any other Catholic tracts. Of some of them have been sold eight or ten thousand copies; and the average sale has been above 5000. Some persons imagine that their editors have realised quite a little fortune;

but what is the fact? At the present time the editors have *lost* between sixty and seventy pounds in the mere expenses of printing, paper, &c., without having paid as yet one farthing to the writers of the tracts, and without receiving one farthing themselves for all their labour and risk. They have received, indeed, some aid towards the cost from a few private friends; but this makes no difference in the amount of loss involved in the publication. The Tracts are also being reprinted in America, but, in the absence of any international copyright between England and America, the English editors and writers receive not the slightest benefit from this appropriation of their labours. On the contrary, they are injured by it.* We feel sure that after such a statement, our readers will hasten to aid in every way the sale of a series so excellent, and so important in the present juncture of Catholic affairs.

As to the general considerations which we have now laid before them, there surely can be but one opinion. Are we to remain in the same apathetic, paralysed, self-destructive, condition as hitherto, or no? When shall we open our eyes to the great fact of the day, that the *thought* of our own body, and of the whole European world, is anxiously, vigorously, and incessantly *at work* on subjects the most pregnant in their character and the most momentous in their consequences, and that what we want *first* is not buildings, not ornaments, not societies, nor any one of those developments which should follow, and not precede, the culture of the mind, but a thorough Catholic and liberal *education* of those who need it in our own body, and the creation of such a literature as shall at once produce this happy end, and spread its influence on the unbelieving myriads around us? How long are we to remain niggards and slumberers in all that relates to books, dealing with their writers and publishers as we would deal with a Jew money-lender, to whom no man would have recourse unless compelled, and with whom his one great aim would be to drive as hard a bargain as might be possible? For ourselves, we never can cease to regret the day when the reviving and expanding energies of English Catholicism devoted themselves to bricks and mortar, instead of to the improved culture of that youthful mind of the rich and poor which alone can give significance or real beauty to the most superb creations of art and skill. We look upon the rise of the building mania, now happily, we trust, on the wane, as one of the most serious misfortunes which could have befallen the English Catholic

* In the same way, the *Four Years' Experience of the Catholic Religion*, which originally appeared in this journal, was reprinted in America, and an edition of 2000 copies sold off before the author even knew of its existence.

body at such a period. About as reasonably might the parents of the new-born child send off for the tailor or milliner, and order superb court-dresses for the helpless infant, instead of consigning it to the arms of the nurse, to be fed and clothed as its age required. What, let any thinking man decide—what would have been our present condition, if we had devoted ourselves in the *first* place to books and schools, and in the *second* place to buildings? What *have* we gained as it is? A certain number of churches and other edifices, of which a very few will stand the test of mere artistic criticism, and still fewer are adapted to the rubrics and customs and traditions of the *living* Church, with an enormous, overpowering, crushing, killing debt. And as to ourselves, the men and women, high and low, who use these buildings and have to bear these debts, how much are we better than our fathers?

MASTERS AND WORKMEN IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A THOUSAND years ago, when England was ruled by Ethelred the Anglo-Saxon king, the law of the country was thus declared:

"We all zealously hold one Christianity; and the ordinance of our Lord and the 'witan' is, that just laws be set up, and that every man be entitled to right; and that peace and friendship be observed; and let every injustice be carefully cast out from the country; and let fraudulent deeds and hateful wrongs be earnestly shunned; and let God's law be zealously loved by word and deed: then will God be merciful soon to this nation. And let Sunday's festival be rightly kept, and marketings and workings be abstained from on that holy day; and let all St. Mary's feast-tides be strictly honoured, first with fasting, and afterwards with feasting; and at the celebration of every Apostle let there be fasting and feasting; and let the other festivals and fasts be observed; and the holy tides of the Ember-days and Advent (until the Octave of the Epiphany), and from Septuagesima until fifteen days after Easter. And let us diligently turn from sin, and confess our misdeeds, and strictly make compensation. And let every man, poor or rich, be considered worthy of right; and let every man do to others the justice which he desires shall be rendered to him, according as it is reasonable. And ever as any one shall be more powerful here in the world, so shall he pay for every

misdeed more dearly; because the strong and the weak are not alike, and cannot raise a like burden; nor is the hale like unto the unhale; and discreetly are to be distinguished rich and poor, weak and strong. And if a money-penalty arise, let it belong, by direction of the bishops, to the behoof of the poor. And let mercy be shewn for fear of God, and those be protected who need it, because we all need that our Lord oft grant his mercy to us."

Similar was the character of the laws of Alfred, who in his ordinances recited the precepts of the Mosaic law, marked as it was by the most careful consideration for the poor, and a systematic favouring of poverty as against property, and commanding that the same judgment be given for rich and poor; the king also incorporating in his code the New Testament precepts, embodying them all in the comprehensive principle that every one should do unto others what he would wish done unto himself.

Asser, in his *Life of Alfred*, shews that his example amply illustrated his laws; for he gave a great part of his revenues to the poor, and was to their interests wonderfully attentive. The biographer adds: "The poor had beside him few protectors in the country, for the powerful turned their thoughts rather to secular than heavenly things, more bent on their own profit than the common good." So, Guizot says, that the principles of justice and beneficence acted on by the Church, explain why the people were always so anxious to be placed under her domination: lay proprietors being far from watching so carefully over the interest of the inhabitants of their domains, looking chiefly to their own profit. These instances exhibit the different ways in which the Church and the world deal with the poor,—that is, those who live by their labour: a difference displayed in all ages down to the present time, at which, indeed, perhaps it is more marked and more important than ever.

When the Church first founded her divine kingdom in this realm, there existed the institution of serfdom as respects the labourers in husbandry, which was not absolutely abolished, but which was deprived of its evil by the influence of her benign principles, as above expressed, and embodied in the law. Another view which the Church inculcated is conveyed in the ordinance of Louis le Huten abolishing such servitude in France. "Since according to the right of nature every one should be born free, but by certain usages and customs which have been kept from great antiquity in our kingdom, many of our common people have fallen into condition of servitude, which greatly displeases us, we ordain that such servitude be

abolished, and freedom given on good and just condition to all who are fallen into it." But so contented were the people under Catholic lords, that they scarcely cared for the offered enfranchisement. And the spirit which in this country characterised the system under the influence of the Church is shewn in the simple fact, that if a serf were made to work on a Sunday or festival, he was *ipso facto* emancipated.

The author of *Mores Catholici* truly says: "In the middle ages the social state was no doubt imperfect: Christianity had not terminated its work; but was it not better to be one of the people then, than to be so now, in the nineteenth century? He was a *serf*, it is true; but is he not now a *workman?*" It is our object to answer these questions, by shewing that the workman now is worse off than the serf was then.

The same author observes: "The peasant then held to something: a moral tie attached him to his master and the Church; at whose door he assumed all the dignity of a man and of a Christian; and which offered him an asylum against the world. There was a community of faith and feeling among high and low, rich and poor.

"In a Catholic state one might have looked upon every person in every rank as one of a great but closely-united family, possessing the same feelings and acting from the same motives: the poor labourer, the young apprentice, the student, the artisan, the soldier, and the sovereign, all had the same sources of instruction and consolation as himself. In the tribunal of penance they had all been taught the same lessons, and had been directed to the same end. In every other state, heathen or modern, each man has his own motives, his own end in view; perhaps he thinks virtues what you regard sins; and sins what you regard as virtues. In Catholic states there was only one standard of morality; there was only one faith. What an increase of public and social happiness resulted from such unity!"

The same author shews how the spirit of the Church, so essentially social, led to the formation, from a very early period, for all trades and manufactures, of confraternities or societies, which included *both the masters and the men;* and which regulated, by amicable arbitrement, all those questions that have, for a long course of years, proved in this country fruitful in fatal dissensions between the employer and the employed,—the case of unskilled labour, the admission of apprentices, the amount of wages, and the hours of work. Guardians were actually appointed to see that the men had their meals properly, and worked neither too early nor too late. These "guilds" or confraternities are of very ancient origin, and are

mentioned in our Anglo-Saxon laws. They were of a religious character; and all their rules were based upon religious principles. The common condition of admission was to "work well and honestly;" and any misconduct forfeited the privileges attaching to them. The men were not to work late: why? because the work could not be so well done at night. The masters could not employ men who had not been brought up to the business: why? because the work would not be well done. So again, the master could not have more than a certain number of apprentices with each workman: why? because otherwise they would not be well taught. It will be seen how the principles of honesty and equity were applied; and with what truth our author observes, "that under such a system there could not exist (as in our own age and country) a state of continued (concealed or open) war between masters and men."

It will be observed that the Church did not leave the masters and the men to settle all matters separately, each individual for himself; or as two classes, each class for itself; but blended both the masters and the men together in common confraternities, with a common interest and fellow-feeling: so favourable was the Church to association, so hostile to separation. Guizot testifies to the marvellous unity produced by the Church in the middle ages; and the latest of his productions proves isolation to be identified with infidelity, and destructive of the greatness and happiness of man. And De Haller truly says, that the Catholic religion alone secures a union of hearts and minds; being founded on that reciprocal sacrifice of one for another, which is the bond of all society; not on egotism or selfishness, which is its solvent and destruction: on the bond of an immense community united by the same faith and law; not on a principle of hatred, isolation, and law. It is obvious how admirably all this was illustrated by these confraternities; and how much the reverse of all this is exhibited in a system of hostile combinations of masters and men as separate classes, with opposite interests; each acting unrestrainedly on the selfish instincts of human nature. Under these associations it was not allowed to any master, for his selfish aggrandisement, to make his men work later than others; nor for any man, from the same selfish motive, to offer so to work; as it was considered that thereby an unfair advantage would be gained at the expense of the general good. It is obvious that the Church alone, with her supernatural system, could induce men to sacrifice their selfish interests, and act in concert, instead of each seeking "his own."

And, indeed, as already has been intimated, these societies

were essentially religious, having each its patron saint: the embroiderers, Our Lady; the carpenters, St. Joseph; the tent-makers, St. Paul; the bookbinders, St. John; and so on; the feasts of the Saints being kept with great devotion. The law no further acted than by enforcing among the members of the confraternities the engagements they had thereby contracted to each other; just as to this day penalties levied by "byelaws" are recoverable at common law. But the erection of these confraternities, and the entering into them, were purely voluntary; and the work of the Church, who infused into society the spirit of fraternity, which led to their formation. In our Statute-book many references may be seen to these "guilds" or "fraternities," as simply recognised by the law; and in one act they are described as having been erected by the people "merely out of devotion;" which is a clear legislative recognition of the credit of their establishment being exclusively due to the Church; the "devotion" she had created and kept up among the people.

And thus things were, so long as society continued true to the Church; and thus they would have remained, had not the Church been interfered with, or rather checked, controlled, and counteracted, and all her good work of unity and peace marred, defeated, and defaced, by the selfish legislation of the State. Prompted by the selfish feelings of those who "cared not for the poor," nor for the Church, who was their protector, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked." An evil generation arose, who, wearied of the Church, envied her her endowments, which she shared with the poor, and hated the power she exercised for their protection; and when this evil spirit of covetousness and selfishness was in the hearts of the "great men," it was inevitable that they should assail the poor and the Church together; that they who coveted the property of the Church should grudge the wages of the poor; that those who sought to cripple her power, should seek also to enslave those on whose behalf she exercised it. And it was so. It cannot be merely a coincidence: it is an important, instructive, and pregnant fact, that at the period when took place the first formal legislative encroachments on the Church, arose the first legislative aggression upon the poor. So it is. The first statute of mortmain, directed against the religious houses, to prevent their acquiring land, passed in the reign of Henry III.; in whose reign the Parliament made the first declaration of a feeling adverse to the authority of the Church. To appreciate the significance of the statute of mortmain upon this subject, it is requisite to remark that the precepts and example of the religious led to the greatest liberality towards the poor, and of

course tended to keep up the rate of wages. The voice of history, and the recitals of the acts of Parliament themselves, alike attest that these resources were principally expended in charity and hospitality; and although, of course, the obligations of religion, and dictates of reason, would prevent them from maintaining in idleness those who were able but averse to work, their alms would protect the poor from that pressure of poverty which compels them to take whatever wages are offered, however inadequate. Hence, the statutes of mortmain, though directly and immediately affecting the religious houses, indirectly and remotely, but not the less really, bore upon the poor, and affected the rate of wages; for the more the resources of the religious houses were restrained, the less relief could be dispensed to the poor, the greater would be the pressure upon them, and the more unfavourable the condition of labour.* It was not long, however, ere direct legislation was resorted to against the poor, precisely in the reign in which passed the first act against the Holy See.

In the reign of Edward III. an act was passed against alms-giving, reciting, that "Because many valiant beggars, as long as they may live of begging, do refuse to labour, giving themselves to idleness and vice, and sometimes to theft and other abominations; none, upon the pain of imprisonment, shall, under colour of pity or alms, give any thing to such which may labour, so that thereby they may be compelled to labour." This was quite of a piece with the statutes of mortmain: both were acts against alms-giving; the one against alms (of land) to the Church, the other against alms (of money or meat) to the poor. The object, nature, and effect, were much the same in both cases and as to each class of statutes, viz. love of money. In a former series of papers, *On the Encroachments of the State upon the Church*, we shewed that this "root of all evil" was the "root of bitterness" which wrought and rankled into the fatal schism of the Reformation. And we shall see the same spirit actuating the legislation designed to depress the poor beneath the rich.

Concurrently with a series of acts of Parliament directed against the Church, commenced another series directed against the rights of the labouring classes. An act of Edward III.

* An act of Henry V. recites "that many hospitals founded by the kings of this realm, and lords spiritual and temporal, to which the founders had given a great part of their moveable goods, and lands and tenements, to sustain impotent men and women, and to nourish, relieve, and refresh other poor people" (*i. e.* those not impotent — "able-bodied" labourers), "be now for the most part decayed, and the goods and profits of the same, by divers persons, spiritual and temporal, withdrawn and spent on other uses, whereby many men and women have died in great misery, for default of living, aid, and succour." Of course the effect of this must have been to increase the competition for wages, along with the poverty and distress of the poor.

recites, "Because many, seeing the necessity of masters, and the great scarcity of servants, will not serve unless they may receive excessive wages, and some rather willing to beg in idleness than by labour to get their living; we, considering the grievous incommodities which of the lack especially of ploughmen and such labourers may come;" and then proceeds to enact, "that every man and woman able in body, and not having of his own whereof he may live, if he be required to serve, shall be bounden to serve him who shall so him require, and take only the wages which were accustomed to be given in the places where he oweth to serve in the twentieth year of the king's reign, or the five or six common years next before; and if any such man or woman, being so required to serve, will not the same do, he shall be taken and committed to the common gaol, there to remain in strict keeping until he find surety to serve." That is, the poor are to be forced to work, but, as some protection, their wages are fixed; for it is provided, "that no man pay, or promise to pay, any servant any more wages than was wont to be paid in the twentieth year of the king's reign" (or the five years before), and "that saddlers, skinners, white tanners, cordwainers, tailors, smiths, carpenters, masons, tilers, shipwrights, carters, and all other artificers and workmen, shall not take for their labour above the same that was wont to be paid in the twentieth year of our reign, or other common years next before; and if any man take more, he shall be committed to gaol." It is obvious that the wages which were "wont to be given" at the time referred to, were less than the labourers now claimed, and there is every reason to believe less than they had a right to claim, *i. e.* less than the wages which would be just and fair and reasonable. It appears that it was difficult to enforce the act; for a subsequent act recites, that, "forasmuch as it is given the king to understand that the said servants having no regard to the said ordinance, but to their own ease and singular covetise, do withdraw (*i.e.* decline) to serve great men and other, unless they have double or treble of what they were wont to take the said twentieth year;" it is enacted, "that carpenters, masons, and tilers, shall not take by the day above so much, and 'their knaves' so much. And that cordwainers and shoemakers shall not sell boots nor shoes, nor none other things touching their mystery, in any other manner than they were wont the said twentieth year; and that goldsmiths, saddlers, horse-smiths, tanners, tailors, and other workmen, shall be sworn to use their crafts in the manner they were wont to do the said twentieth year; and if any refuse, they shall be punished by fine and ransom and imprisonment, at the discretion of the justices."

These "justices" were of course the "great men" who complained of the "excessive wages" of the labourer; and one may imagine the "justice" the poor labourers got at their hands, and may suspect the "singular covetise" of those who framed it. The act was too iniquitous to last in that form; so, after a few disturbances, which the student of history will perhaps recollect or refer to, the act was altered as to the "penalty," and it was "accorded that labourers shall not be punished by fine and ransom," and imprisonment at discretion, but by imprisonment for fifteen days. Nevertheless the labourer did not gain much; for by the same act it is provided, that a labourer "departing from their service" might be branded and "burnt in the forehead with an iron made in the form of the letter F, in token of his falsity."

In the reign of Richard II. we find it ordained that these statutes be firmly held and "put in execution." The result all our readers are aware of—the formidable insurrections under Wat Tyler and others, which, though ascribed by historians (so carelessly is history written by men not acquainted with the laws) only to the pressure of taxation, were obviously excited chiefly by these arbitrary enactments. In the year 1381 (in the same reign) the king, in an act of pardon, speaks of the "insurrection of villains, which of late did traitorously rise in outrageous numbers against God, good faith, and reason;" but we suspect that there was more ground to say that the laws against which they rose were against "God, good faith, and reason." Such, however, were the "strikes" of the middle ages. In the same reign, in the year 1388, it is again ordained, that the statutes of labourers and artificers be firmly kept and holden, and that there be a pair of stocks in every town to *justify* the said labourers and artificers, as is ordained in the said statutes. And it is "ordained" that no labourer shall depart (even) at the end of his term (of service) out of the hundred where he is dwelling, to serve or dwell elsewhere, or by colour to go thence in pilgrimage, unless he have letters patent, &c. It is also "ordained" that, because labourers will not labour without outrageous and excessive hire, they take no more than so much, or "less in the county where less was wont to be given," "without clothing, courtesie, or other reward, (even) by contract." So that even if the employer promised any thing more, he need not have given it. We may imagine how the poor working-people would be "justified," however, under this act, if they complained of low wages! It would appear that the operation of these acts was obstructed by the guilds and confraternities we have before described; for we find an act "against unlawful orders made by masters of

guilds, fraternities, and other companies," which it will be recollected had for ages been recognised by the law, and allowed by Church and State to regulate the rate of wages. The present act recites "that, whereas the masters, wardens, and people of the guilds, fraternities, and other companies incorporate, oftentimes by colour of rule and governance, and other terms in general words to them granted by these charters make themselves many unlawful and unreasonable ordinances"—(*i. e.* against the "ordinances" of the statutes of labourers, which we have described; and any thing which the "great men" considered as against "good faith and reason")—it is then enacted, that no such guilds or fraternities make any ordinances not approved of as reasonable by the "justices!" Afterwards, however, it is enacted, that the "justices shall fix the wages to be paid"—*i. e.* if not by themselves, by their tenants! This iniquitous provision is repeated in the reign of Henry VI., with a revival of the infamous enactment empowering the justices to inflict punishment by fine and imprisonment at discretion! Thus, then, the justices could force the labourers to work for whatever wages they (the justices) pleased to fix; and on refusal could punish them by fine and imprisonment at pleasure! Such was the slavery which the State substituted for the holy and happy liberty which the Church had conferred; such the fetters forged for those whom she had made free! Still let it be remarked that, bad as all this was, the employers had not the power of fixing the wages they were to pay; and the poor had at least the protection of some intermediate power. In the same reign (of Henry VI.) we find an act reciting, "that, by the yearly congregations and confederacies made by the masons in these general chapiters and assemblies, the good (?) course and effect of the statutes of labourers be openly violated and broken, in subversion of the law, and to the great damage of the commons;" (*i. e.* the great men who complained of having paid "excessive wages,") and it is enacted, that "such chapiters and congregations shall not be hereafter holden; and that if any such be made, they that cause them to be assembled shall be judged felons; and all other masons coming to such chapiters and congregations be punished by imprisonment, and make fine and ransom at the king's will."

These acts are curious, because directed against the very combinations which, in our own times, have caused such commotions.

It was manifest that after the suppression of religious houses, the numbers of the poor and the pressure of their poverty would be greatly augmented; and the character of Protestant legislation against them, even in this reign and that

of the pious Edward, is revolting and savage. In the 27th year of Henry was passed an act, that governors of shires, cities, or towns, shall find and keep every aged, poor, and impotent person, by way of voluntary and charitable alms, with such convenient alms as they shall think meet; and shall compel every sturdy beggar to be kept in continual labour; and a "valiant beggar or sturdy vagabond (*i. e.* an able-bodied labourer without work) shall have the upper part of the gristle of his right ear cut of; and if, after that, he be taken wandering in idleness, or doth not apply to his labour, or is not in service with any master, he shall be executed as a felon!" This, be it observed, might be merely because the man refused to work for unjust wages; and, to close the door of charity against him, this act prohibits any "dole or alms," except to the common boxes and gatherings of the parish!

It need hardly be said, that under the last of the Henries, especially after the breach with the Holy See, the legislation against the poor was still more oppressive. Thus, one act provides that "the justices of peace in every county shall give license under their seals to such poor persons to beg within a certain precinct as they shall think to have most need" (so some, who had less need, were to be refused license); "and if any do beg without such license, he shall be whipped, or set in the stocks three days and nights upon bread and water." And a vagabond "taken begging shall be whipped, and then sworn to return to the place where he was born, or last dwelt by the space of three years, and there to put himself to labour." These last words expressively indicate the drift of all these statutes, so uncatholic in their character, even if passed in Catholic times; the object being, in fact, to force the poor to labour for such wages as the rich thought proper. There was no provision made to prevent a man being dealt with as a "valiant beggar" or "sturdy vagabond," who was not in work simply on account of his refusing to work for wages less than what would be fair and just.

An act of Edward VI. recites that "the multitude of people given to idleness and vagabondry hath always been very great," and that the "kings of the realm had 'gone about' and essayed with godly statutes to repress the same; yet not with that success which hath been wished;" and, "partly by foolish pity and mercy, the number of idle and vagabond persons hath increased, and yet do increase;" and then follow cruel enactments, denouncing, for the first offence, branding and slavery; for the second, branding and perpetual slavery; and for the third, death. These were the dooms for simple begging! Such was the legislation of our "Reformers" for the poor!

Well they realised the Scripture promises to those who "consider the poor!"

Of course such savage and barbarous statutes could not long be enforced in a country yet more than half Catholic in character. They were repealed in the reign of Mary, and an "act touching weavers" recited, that the "weavers have complained at divers times, that the rich and wealthy clothiers do many ways oppress them: some by employing persons unskilful, to the decay of a great number of artificers which were brought up to the said science of weaving: some by giving much less wages and hire than in times past they did."

This preamble is curious, as shewing that in those days precisely the same complaints were made (and especially, be it observed, as to the employment of unskilled persons) which are at this moment made by the manufacturing artisans. And it is also important as a parliamentary testimony, that after the Reformation people began to give less wages than they had been wont to pay; and less than Parliament deemed just. And it is pretty plain that the "godly statutes" passed by the Puritans had tended very much to the prejudice of the working classes, and the profit of the men of money, who of course pocketed the difference between just and unjust wages. It is important to observe here, that the two complaints, of the employment of unskilled persons, and the payment of unjust wages, are closely connected, and placed in juxtaposition; for of course the employers' only object in having unskilled workmen was to pay them less wages; and of course the only objection of the regular workmen was, that these unskilled men were employed to do skilled work, for which they were not properly fitted, while the regular workmen were; a system clearly prejudicial to the purchaser, as tending to the production of inferior articles; and Parliament, which had enacted many statutes to prevent the sale of such inferior manufactures, now decidedly pronounced *against* the system of employing unskilful men to do skilled work, merely in order to enable the employer to pocket more profit. The act provides, that a weaver shall have but two apprentices; and that none shall be a weaver unless he have been apprenticed. The principle of these provisions was upheld in the reign of Elizabeth, very early in whose reign (in 1562) an act was passed reciting that there remained in force a great many acts on the subject; and that "the wages limited in many of them were too small;" and could not, "without the great grief and burden of the poor labourer," be enforced. It is obvious, on the one hand, that the "poor labourer" had been gradually getting the worst of it, and that as the legislature bore harder upon the Church, it

had also borne harder upon the poor. Still England (as we have already observed) was half Catholic in character, and therefore this act again exhibits a great deal of the old Catholic feeling as respects the working classes. It confirms, as before intimated, the principle of the two provisions of the act of Mary, extending it unto all "crafts" or "mysteries;" and enacting that no person shall exercise them without having been apprenticed; and that for every three apprentices a workman shall be employed. It also enacts that no workman shall be retained for less than a year: a most important provision, leading to prevent that fluctuating and fleeting character which now, it is universally complained, too often attaches to the relation of employer and employed. It then enacted that the hours of work should be in winter from "spring of day" till "night" (*i. e.* eight and six), and in summer from five till between seven and eight, *i. e.* about twelve hours, deducting two hours and a half allowed for meals. And, for the regulation of wages, it was provided, that the justices in counties, and mayors in towns, should assemble yearly, and calling unto them "grave and discreet persons," and conferring with them, fix the amount of wages in the several occupations for the ensuing year. It is apparent that this act is, to a great extent, equitable towards the labouring classes. Ten years more, however, of Protestantism and pauperism produced a great deterioration in the character of the legislation on the subject; and, enraged by the increase of vagrancy (that natural consequence of the confiscation of the monasteries), Parliament relapsed into the barbarism of the first year of Edward VI., passing an act directing that a vagabond should be "grievously whipped" and burned through the gristle of the right ear with an hot iron of the compass of an inch, unless some credible person will take him into service for a year; and "if he fall again into a roguish life, he shall suffer death as a felon."

The object of this act could not have been only to force the labourer, by terror of greater penalties than before, to take such wages as were offered him, according to the standard of wages settled under the previous act by the justices in conference with the "grave and discreet persons;" for the acceptance of such wages, if the act were fairly complied with, could scarcely be otherwise than very willing on the part of the workmen, and could not have required to be forced on them by such dreadful penalties. But the object plainly was, to hold over the working classes the terror of such terrific punishment in case of refusal of work, as to enable the justices to fix, or the employers to offer, a far lower rate of wages than it would otherwise have been safe to proffer. The

act, in short, exhibits the savage selfishness of the Puritan spirit, struggling to subdue and supersede the half-Catholic character of the previous statute for settling the standard of wages, as some protection to the poor, and at all events an effective arbitrement between them and the rich.

Towards the end of the reign of Elizabeth, however, it was found that such severe measures were certain to be failures, by reason of what the puritanical Parliaments were fond of calling "foolish pity and mercy of those who should enforce them;" so, in 1597, the inhuman enactments alluded to were repealed, and the comparatively mild coercion of houses of correction invented. How puzzled the Parliaments of Reformed England were (then as ever since) by the problem of labour, and what a medley of ideas confused the Protestant mind on the subject, can be seen in a subsequent statute for encouraging the erection of "hospitals, *maisons de Dieu*, houses of correction, or abiding places for the poor;" *i. e.* any "abiding places," prisons, or hospitals, so as only to get rid of the "great difficulty" of Protestantism, *poverty*.

The difficulty evidently was, how to deal with such as were temporarily unable to get work. The Catholic system was *charity;* the Protestant system was *cruelty*. The Catholic system was to *relieve* by alms; the Protestant system was to *refuse* relief, from a selfish apprehension that men who could get any alms would not be so anxious to work, or would be less ready to accept *any* wages that might be offered. The Protestant plan has been to put a pressure upon the poor, to leave them in as much poverty as possible, in order that they may be more at the mercy of the employers.

It is easy to see that the act of Elizabeth, settling a standard of wages, would be an obstacle in the way of such a system, supposing it to be fairly enforced, which probably it often was not; and even if it were, why, it would be easily evaded when there was no fund of relief for the poor to fall back upon. And to deprive them of any such resource, or any means of relief, was clearly the primitive policy of Protestantism, *i.e.* to let the poor be at the mercy of Mammon. It was found, however, that the system could not be quite enforced without greater outrages upon humanity than the nation would bear. And so, at the end of Elizabeth's long reign, in 1601, was passed the original poor-law, which provided that the parish officers might levy rates for "setting to work" such as had "no means to maintain themselves." Such was the basis of our present poor-law system, substituted by the Protestant Parliament, after half a century of barbarous proscription, for the old Catholic way of dealing with the poor; such

is the only resource for relief or support to which the working classes can resort; and to that they cannot, unless the parish officers, representing the very classes who pay both rates and wages, deem that there are no means of maintenance; which they are hardly likely to deem, if any work, for any wages at all, have been offered. It serves to shew very significantly the spirit in which Protestantism has all along dealt with the poor, to state, that under this act, wages, avowedly insufficient for the labourer's support, used to be eked out by relief from the rates! *i. e.* by collusion with the parish officers, employers paid less wages than the labourer could subsist upon, and made up the deficiency out of rates levied on the rest of the parishioners! Under such a system, of course the working classes were virtually in the power of their employers; and the statute of Elizabeth, for arbitrating wages, could scarcely be much protection to them, when liable to be compelled to take any wages they might be offered.

The only way the workmen had of protecting themselves against the injustice of inadequate wages was, of course, to refuse to work at all; or to agree to work, and then claim the fair wages on the ground that the act of Elizabeth had not been observed, and the rate of wages had not been arbitrated upon.

From the language used in the recitals of numerous acts of Parliament passed in the last century, it seems that great difficulties had arisen on the subject in the manufacturing districts, where the workmen, more intelligent than the agricultural labourers, were not so easily to be imposed upon, and would not willingly submit to see themselves defrauded of part of their just wages to swell the profits of the capitalist. There is reason to believe that the act of Elizabeth was often appealed to by the artisans; and it is obvious that the Protestant legislature must have found themselves in considerable perplexity on the question. The act, while it existed, gave the artisan a right to an independent arbitration of wages; and it could scarcely be seemly to repeal so fair and equitable an enactment. The course pursued, accordingly, is most evasive. An act is passed, empowering justices to enforce any contracts of employment, although the rate of wages may not have been arbitrated. The effect of course was, that the act of Elizabeth, although not expressly repealed, was quietly got rid of; for if the workmen once accepted employment at any wages, they could be compelled to work, however unjust the terms; and so they were reduced to this sole resource, the refusal of work, *i. e.* to what is called a "strike."

Of course strikes ensued, and the combinations, without which strikes could not be effective.

And it is recited by a statute passed in 1725, that "great numbers of weavers and others have lately formed themselves into unlawful clubs and societies, and have presumed, contrary to law, to enter into combinations, and make by-laws or orders, by which they pretend to regulate the trade and prices of goods, and advance their own wages unreasonably; and many other things to the like purpose." And then the act declares such combinations illegal, and imposes the penalty of imprisonment on those who take part in them. We have already said these combinations on the part of the workmen were (and are now deemed to be) quite legal; being only combinations to settle between themselves what wages they would take, just as masters agreed among themselves what wages they would give; and as no one ever imagined the latter combinations illegal, there was no pretence for supposing the former to be so. And the reason for the combination of workmen is obvious enough from the recital of an act in the same reign, that "divers controversies and disputes had arisen between the clothiers and makers of woollen goods, and the manufacturers employed by them;" which disputes and controversies, when arising about wages, there were then no means resorted to for the purpose of adjusting and determining, as there would have been under the act of Elizabeth, or under that act of Mary, which our readers will recollect recites, that "rich and wealthy clothiers do many ways oppress the weavers;" a statement not less true now than then.

The regulation of wages, from the time of George I. to the present, has been left to be adjusted by the masters and men among themselves.

Such is the state in which Protestantism, after three centuries of shifting legislation, places the question at this moment. We have seen recently the practical result.

The statutes referred to passed since the Revolution—doing away tacitly or expressly with the old Catholic or semi-Catholic acts, which provided protection of some kind for the working-classes as well as for their masters—were all passed under the influence of the masters, *i.e.*, of the men of money; whose "interest" became then paramount, and was always the main support of the Whigs. Consequently, they are all for the protection of the masters, and not at all for the protection of the men. Amidst a long series of statutes, from the Revolution to the present time, passed for the encouragement of every manufacturer, there has not been any enactment for the protection of the men. There are, it is true, provisions for deciding disputes between them and their masters; but that of course was necessary for the sake of the masters. What

we mean is, that while there is an enormous accumulation of enactments in favour of capital, there is not one in favour of labour; while there are innumerable provisions for the protection of the masters' interest, there is not a solitary one for the protection of the men's. And, in particular, though there are plenty of clauses to make the men do their work, and not combine for greater wages, and so forth, there is none to secure them a fair rate of wages, nor reasonable hours of work. And, above all, no provision is made for a tribunal of arbitration upon these important points, such as was established by the act of Elizabeth, in accordance with those of Edward III.

Now, we repeat, these modern acts were all passed by the masters, the men of money; and this consideration at once occurs: if they deemed any arbitration would be for their interest or for their protection, they would have taken care to restore or provide it. Their not doing so, coupled with their obstinate opposition to it at this moment, and the earnestness of the men in asking for it, is clear proof that the masters know the practical result of leaving them to deal with the men upon the questions of wages and hours of work must be, that they, the masters, will get the best of it; that is, that the masters will eventually get the men's labour for less wages than under any fair system of arbitration—that is, less than fair and just wages. This, we repeat, is clearly the conviction of masters and men.

How can it be otherwise? The most clear advocates of the masters know the reason why, viz. that the masters have (in Lord Cranworth's language) "an immense advantage over the men," inasmuch as the masters are not obliged to employ the men, while the men are under a necessity of being employed by the masters. The employers can do without the work, the employed cannot do without the wages; the masters are men of money, the artisans are men without money; the former can wait, the latter cannot (at least it is not likely they can wait so long as the masters); in a word, the former are capitalists, the latter are labourers; and the effect of the Protestant system is to force the labourers to work for the capitalists on such terms as the capitalists choose to offer. It is not so enacted, but it is virtually effected. It is the necessary result of leaving two parties to contract, one of whom is not in reality, though he may be nominally, free to elect whether to accept or reject the terms offered by the other.

Such (we repeat) is the way in which Protestantism has dealt with this social problem: such the state to which it has brought the working classes and their employers! We do not

desire to enter into the controversy between them; but, in order to illustrate our observations, let us quote a passage or two upon each side of the question. The *Morning Herald*, the advocate of the workmen, says, "The demand of the men is for the abolition of systematic overtime and piece-work; but they are ready to submit their case to any impartial tribunal. The masters will not allow of this, and call it 'dictation.' Yet what is there in the demands which those who have the welfare of the labouring classes at heart do not desire? seeing their poorer brethren ground down, ground to atoms, as beneath the upper and nether millstone; and those who ought to help them, perverted by false theories of political economy, refusing to regulate labour; *i. e.* to protect the weaker against the stronger, so that the whole frame-work of society is being reduced to a mere cotton-mill, tearing and roaring on, and on, and on, until the stuff, sinew, and substance which supplied it are consumed." "If (say the men) there were a fairly-constituted board of masters and men to fix prices and see justice done to both parties, the piece-work would be best; but the men ought not to be called upon to labour from morning until night for sixteen hours, from six till ten; while the masters exercised an arbitrary power of fixing the prices, and compelling them to accept them under pain of being cast on the streets."

The gist of the men's complaints is, it is clear, that the masters, under the present system, exercise a kind of moral coercion over the men, and practically regulate what wages shall be given for the work, and what work shall be done for the wages. On the part of the men themselves their grievances are thus stated by one of their spokesmen: "If a mechanic asked to leave at the close of a regular day's work, he was discharged. This was a sample of the compulsory system of 'overtime.' Men were morally compelled, by the fear of losing their employment and having their families left destitute, to accept their employer's terms. Then as to piece-work, there was no objection to it, if on terms equitable and fair to both parties. But the master, knowing the measure of a day's work, if he found on the completion of a job done by piece-work, that the man made more than the regular day's wages, on the next occasion offered a reduction; the man was forced to take it, and worked yet harder to keep up his wages at the former rate; and it was clear that this tended to excessive labour, and lessened remuneration. There had been reductions to the extent of one-half thus effected."

The masters, in their manifesto, say, "All we want is to be let alone. With every respect for noble and distinguished

referees, whose arbitration has been tendered, and with no reason to doubt that their award would be honest, intelligent, and satisfactory, we must take leave to say that we alone are the competent judges of our own business, and masters of our own establishments, and it is our firm determination to remain so. Ours is the risk of loss; ours the capital, its perils and engagement. We claim, and are resolved to assert, the right of every British subject, to do what we like with our own; and to vindicate the right of the workmen to the same constitutional privilege. Artisans and their employers are respectively individuals, each legally capable of consent, each severally entitled to contract. Our agreements for their services are made with them in their separate, not their aggregate capacity. They have labour and skill to sell, we have capital to employ and to pay. Who, then, shall stand between these two parties to a lawful contract, and dictate to us what we shall pay?"

It is obvious that all this proceeds upon that principle of isolation—in other words, of selfishness—which we have shewn, even upon Protestant testimony, is so identified with infidelity, and is so utterly opposed to Catholicity,—which tends, as it has been seen, to counteract the selfish in man's nature by means of the principle of association. The principle of Protestantism, or of isolation, is, as developed in the argument of the advocates of the masters, that each man is to act, employer or employed, only as if he were the only individual affected by his actions; as though, for instance, if he worked overtime, other persons would not be obliged to do so too, or to suffer loss, and so of every thing else. Thus the masters contend for the uncontrolled right of every employer to contract for the services of any British subject he pleases; by which they mean, "on any terms they please," for such, as we have shewn, is the practical result, if the man be obliged to accept whatever terms are offered, or to lose employment altogether; and the effect of his acceptance be, to impose on all the others the same alternative. Such is the inevitable result of the principle of isolation, which, we have seen, is the principle of Protestantism—that is, of sectarianism, of egotism, and of atheism.

The real character of these principles we will state in the words of a Protestant journalist. The *Herald* says: "Of the disunion which exists in our manufacturing districts between masters and men we have had very striking and fatal proofs within the last few weeks. That disunion is not confined to the engineers. It runs through all the ranks of mechanical labour, and is almost inevitable on a state of things where men come and go, where property rapidly changes hands, and where

nothing, in fact, binds master to man, except the weakest and most shifting of all bonds—mutual interest. Other than this there is no tie of union between them; there is nothing to appeal to, not only when their respective interests seem incompatible, but when, as in the present case, they are thought to be so. Nothing, then, remains but the annihilation of one or the other, so far at least as regards their relations of master and man; and nothing can shew this more clearly than the present dispute, wherein the only arguments used, by one side at least, had reference only to self-interest."

Thus, upon Protestant testimony, we convict Protestantism of the curse of a system of organised selfishness, of which the essence is, "Every man for himself, and only for himself;" instead of the old Catholic and English feeling, "Live and let live."

And the result—what is it? We will shortly state, in the language of the *Debats:* "We believe that the contest going on at present in England between the masters and workmen, between capital and wages, is more connected than is imagined with general politics, and may be attended with consequences of interest to all other countries; and that there is at the bottom of this agitation of the working-classes a principle of social revolution is what is not contested, and men begin to admit it, even in England. It is not generally known what formidable progress the Socialist doctrines have made among the working classes in England. It is probable that the workmen who are in coalition will be obliged to capitulate, because starved out. But on that account will peace be established? The workmen will return to the factories with feelings of humiliation and hostility, and the war of the two classes will be perpetuated silently until a new explosion takes place. That cannot be a sound social state which presents the spectacle of two great classes arranged in battle array, one with numbers on its side, the other with money. If the struggle should continue for some time, immense losses must ensue on both sides, and eventually it is the country itself which will lose by the contest. The position assumed at present by the two parties, workmen and masters, leads to a double suicide. This antagonism of interests and classes assumes in England proportions more and more alarming; and the peril of such a situation is augmented, when the upper classes, the governing ones, afford the spectacle of a radical inability to solve the great social problem."

Such is exactly the conclusion to which we contemplated conducting our readers,—that Protestantism cannot settle the question how the rich are to satisfy the poor; how the wealthy

class is to live with the working class in unity, harmony, and peace. We have appealed to history to shew how Catholicity did this. These passing events conclusively shew how lamentably Protestantism fails to do it.

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

Chapter V. *The Betrothed.*

Josephine Bradshawe was the only child of Lady Mary Malvern, the twin sister of Lord Lindore, who, a few years before her father's death, had displeased her whole family by clandestinely quitting the paternal roof, and bestowing her hand on a young Lieutenant in the Guards, one whose only patrimony consisted in an ancient though decayed name, his pay being eked out by a small allowance from his aunt, Mrs. Selby. Theirs was of course a thrice-told tale; an acquaintance commenced at Brighton, love at first sight, half a dozen walks on the sands, a careless governess, an intriguing maid, —and the foolish girl found herself, she scarcely knew how, an alien from her father's house, and the wife of one whose deep love too soon gave birth to undying remorse, when he became aware of the irrevocable misery he had entailed upon her for whom his very existence would have been esteemed too light a sacrifice.

Lady Mary's earnest and repeated solicitations for forgiveness were met with chilling silence: to the first alone was an answer vouchsafed. "If Lord Lindore's daughter chose to return to her father's house, he would yet receive her, on condition that her husband accepted an East Indian appointment, and they would mutually promise never to meet again." This offer, indignantly refused, was not repeated; and on the birth of the little Josephine, two years after her parents' marriage, the affliction of poor Bradshawe reached its climax.

Five years after, Josephine was an orphan, and an inmate of her uncle Lord Lindore's house. At seventeen she was still domesticated there. To one differently constituted from herself, the nine years thus passed would have been those of unalloyed happiness; yet, somehow or other, Josephine was not content. Lady Lindore said it was her disposition; the governess insinuated it was her uncle's indulgence; the Earl insisted they did not understand her; and the girl herself left them to their several opinions without vouchsafing any explanation.

In short, the young orphan had, ever since her residence amongst them, been a problem to the whole family. Inconsolable for her mother's loss, it was some time before her attention could be in the slightest degree diverted or her grief moderated; and as the Countess considered passive acquiescence all that was required of her, the task of consolation devolved on her uncle and Miss Pomroy, the governess engaged on her arrival. Anxious to atone for his neglect of his now deeply regretted sister, Lord Lindore lavished all a parent's tenderness on her child; and as she was generally considered as his adopted daughter, she was spared the nameless petty trials usually so keenly felt by those who fill a subordinate situation. There were, too, in the Earl's household one or two old servants who remembered her beautiful mother, and by them the faults of Josephine's character were carefully fostered, with a most laudable inattention to the child's future happiness.

Until her thirteenth year, the contests between herself and governess were of daily occurrence. Gifted with a wonderful memory and deep reflective powers, Josephine would only study what and how she pleased; but when at length she peremptorily refused *wasting* further time with either her music or dancing master, the consternation of Miss Pomroy knew no bounds. In a long interview with Lord Lindore, she expatiated on the obstinacy of his niece—the effects of her bad example on the young mind of Lady Angela—winding up with such a high-wrought picture of the evils which must accrue from her own violated authority, that her auditor could scarce refrain from laughing outright.

"Miss Bradshawe has such a very strong mind, such peculiar religious opinions, that really Miss Pomroy was not at all times able to satisfy her; and if Miss Pomroy's advice were asked, she should be inclined to fear, that, notwithstanding her very orthodox bringing up, Miss Bradshawe would soon have no religion at all." This settled the question; come what might, the Earl was resolved every member of his family should be staunch Protestants; and, much to the satisfaction both of Josephine and her governess, the latter was ordered to confine her instructions solely to Angela, the former to pass a certain number of hours daily in her uncle's library.

There was much in this arrangement flattering to the self-love of both master and pupil. Indifferent, even disdainful, in her demeanour to all else, Josephine evinced a decided affection for her uncle, and would cheerfully yield to his will, even when it jarred with her own inclinations. She, however, possessed one characteristic, which had even attracted the observation of the apathetic Lady Lindore: from her first intro-

duction into the family, Josephine had evinced a decided distaste to female society; a prejudice which had gained ground with her years, and of which poor Miss Pomroy was destined to feel the full effects. Thus the infant Cyril occupied a large portion of her attention, whilst the prattling and engaging Angela was unheeded. The Earl, who was of opinion that the early loss of her mother had soured a too sensitive nature, would not allow her, even on this point, to be thwarted, and eagerly prepared himself for a task, which he mentally offered as a reparation to the shade of his lost sister. It, however, brought its own reward; the branches of literature chosen by her uncle were exactly those in which Josephine most delighted. To a capability for hard study she united a dangerously vivid imagination, strength of mind amounting to obstinacy when once her resolution was taken, and yet a fluctuation before she did decide, which was by many mistaken for feebleness of purpose. Under a cold exterior she carefully concealed ardent and deep affections; in fact, though conscious of their existence, she regarded them as useless, and the possibility of their being awakened into activity by any whom she was ever likely to encounter, never once occurred to her. If Josephine had no taste for music, it was not so with poetry; hour after hour would she pour over the pages of Tasso, until her own existence was almost forgotten in that created by the poet's strains; in fact, but for that "religious curiosity" condemned by Miss Pomroy, Josephine stood a fair chance of becoming a wild, enthusiastic visionary.

Content as he was in other respects, on this point Lord Lindore found much to do and undo. His niece had been duly versed in the Church Catechism; taken to a fashionable West-end chapel every fine Sunday morning; compelled to recite an alternate French and English grace; and being of an inquiring turn, had moreover received ample doses of Miss Pomroy's own private opinions of Popish practices, accompanied by authentic anecdotes from that young lady's personal knowledge during a six months' residence on the continent, and which tended to confirm her own opinion, that "a worshipper of Moloch was in every respect a better Christian than a Catholic, and the Koran a work, she would venture to state, containing more of the vital principles of Christianity than a Roman Missal, though, she was proud to say, she was equally ignorant of both."

As the light summer-breeze on the calm surface of the unruffled lake, did all this pass over the unprejudiced mind of Josephine; and the Earl found with surprise, that although his niece had not the slightest bias in favour of the Church of

Rome, she was equally free as regarded the Church of England. She had been all her life a great Bible reader, more for the sake of the poetry she gleaned from the pages of the Old Testament, and what she was pleased to style the sublime moral philosophy of the New, than from any devotional feeling. To please her uncle, she recommenced her theological studies, waded through the heavy theological works with which his library abounded, gradually discontinued all her religious exercises, absented herself from the church-going party, and came to the conclusion, that since the Gospels were written by men who existed fifteen hundred years previous to the establishment of the English Church, and that according to the doctrines of the reformed religion error had crept in, thereby falsifying the promise written in the inspired pages, the whole must want the stamp of divine revelation. Of Catholic doctrines she was profoundly ignorant; of Protestant she knew all that was to be known; and one by one she dismissed these latter as untenable; so that, after a few years of deep study and painful uncertainty, Josephine Bradshawe became a confirmed Deist.

This was a severe shock to her uncle; yet he consoled himself by reflecting it might be worse—time would work wonders—she was still very young, and his influence over her mind was unbounded. Yet, alas for Josephine! the peace she had expected from her new, or rather her want of belief, was more remote from her bosom than ever: devoid as she considered herself of prejudices, she believed still in the moral certainty of a future state, and the necessity of a revealed religion. But where was it to be found? Her brain became a chaos; she thought of death and trembled. *If she should be mistaken?* Ah no! she was right, or why was the reformed religion split into so many sects, each loudly condemning the other? She knew not to whom to apply for advice and consolation. To a Protestant clergyman? None such could point out any thing of which she was not already aware. A Catholic priest? it was worse than useless. Her agony increased; she would start from her sleep, quit her bed in the dead of night, and on her knees, with streaming eyes, pour forth an earnest prayer, that if there were indeed a revealed religion, she might be taught to know it, and that once known, she might embrace it at any sacrifice, even though the penalty were life itself; and then in the desolation of her self-reliance she would implore that one might be sent to lead her to the truth she sought, and she would bow her proud will, and obey him with that child-like docility which as a child she had never practised.

This mental anguish was not without its physical effect on Josephine: she became thin, pale, restless in her manner; there was an occasional lustre in her dark-blue eye, and a hectic tinge on her cheek, which made Lord Lindore dread lest the seeds of the fatal disease which had destroyed the mother lurked in the frame of her still more tenderly beloved offspring.

Seriously alarmed, and blaming himself for having overtaxed her powers, the Earl consulted with his wife; and it was decided that, in order to effect an entire revolution of ideas, Josephine should be brought out the following spring, being six months before she had attained her eighteenth year. An event, however, occurred before this period which materially altered the views of all parties.

Edgar Lord Wellborne was the only son of an ancient and wealthy peer, a college friend of the Earl of Lindore's, who in consequence lavished on the young man himself no inconsiderable share of affection: this was no doubt occasioned by the partiality evinced by Edgar for his society, and the hours passed by the latter in the Earl's library became matter of profound speculation to match-making mammas or dowagers with marriageable grand-daughters. It was not long ere these inquisitive fair ones discovered, that in addition to Lord Lindore's invaluable black letters, he possessed a more powerful magnet in the person of his blue-eyed Josephine, who studied with and argued against Lord Wellborne, until the latter was head-over-ears in love.

The religious peculiarities, of which she made no secret, alone caused him to hesitate; but even these melted as snow before the danger of allowing her to pass the ordeal of her first season free to be sought and won. Matters were, therefore, arranged long before the eventful spring; and Edgar Wellborne was received by the Earl as the future husband of his niece; their confidence did not, however, for the present extend to the Countess, who would have been shocked by so gross a violation of fashionable etiquette as engaging a young lady before her introduction.

And for a time Josephine was happy; the unknown yet ardent aspirations of her heart, the golden day-dreams of her imagination, were realised; there was in Edgar's character much which assimilated with her own, and more to be respected and admired; so, without a moment's hesitation, she set about the task of moulding her disposition to that of him, whom, with a girl's romantic and all-absorbing love, she regarded as the future master of her destiny. For a time it even appeared as if she might be brought to adopt his creed

merely because it was his: the colour re-visited her cheek, the smile hovered round her lip; happy herself, she sought to make others so, and, from the playful Angela to her stately mother, all declared Josephine to be an altered being. Yet was not her conscience altogether quiet: again and again would she be assailed by doubts and scruples, again and again were they checked by the counter-thought of Edgar; the love of the Creator was merged in that of the creature; and although Josephine Bradshawe was neither accused of "worshipping picture or image," her heart was the temple of idolatry in the truest acceptation of the term.

It was in vain, however, that she endeavoured to persuade herself to attend once more the Protestant form of worship. Here even affection became powerless; she could not and would not act the hypocrite. About this time the illness of his father compelled the temporary absence of Lord Wellborne; and Josephine, left to herself, had once more time to think; that ever-troublesome conscience was again aroused, and again did she determine to study: but how? where? One evening, whilst searching in the library for some thrice-read book, an old volume covered with dust fell at her feet; opening it mechanically, she started with surprise,—it was a French work, written by Des Mahis, professing to prove the *Catholic religion* from the holy Scriptures.

A month after this night Lord Lindore sat alone; a heavy volume lay spread before him, but his eyes wandered over the pages without his mind retaining a single line of its contents. He was pondering on the late strange conduct of his niece, assigning to himself every possible or impossible reason for the sudden alteration in her manners and appearance; to his anxious questionings she had opposed an unbroken silence, and but for letters he had himself received, he would have assigned some quarrel between herself and Wellborne as the probable cause. Yet Josephine (and her uncle knew it) was not one to fritter away her happiness for a caprice; and the more he ruminated, the more involved in mystery became the whole affair. A light touch on his shoulder aroused him from his reverie; and turning hastily round, he beheld the object itself standing by his side.

"Do I disturb you?" she inquired, in that low tone of forced composure, more expressive of the soul's struggles than the most passionate intonations; "I wished to speak to you on a (to me) most important subject—"

"For Heaven's sake, what is the matter, Josephine?" inquired the Earl, positively startled by the strong resemblance her countenance bore to that of his sister when he had last

beheld her. "You will drive me mad by this unaccountable conduct. Are you ill, my child, or unhappy?"

"I will not keep you in suspense, dear uncle; it can answer no purpose, as my mind is now made up: in one word, I am resolved on becoming a Catholic."

Had the earth suddenly yawned beneath his feet, or a bolt from heaven entered the room where he sat, Lord Lindore could not have been more surprised, more shocked, than by these few words: his face grew purple, his brain reeled, and his voice was literally choked by concentrated passion. A few minutes succeeded of ominous silence, while shading his brow with his hand he pondered the words he had just heard; too well acquainted with his niece's unbending character to suppose that, if her resolution were really taken, *he* had power to alter it, he determined to leave the task to him who had the greatest hold on her affections, hoping that in her case, as in many others, the heart would prove too powerful for the conscience. Taking her hand, and retaining it with something more of anger than affection, he coldly answered: "I know you too well, Josephine, and that wilfulness of disposition which you style firmness, to endeavour to shake your determination, if it indeed *be* taken; yet, although in other respects I have allowed you perfect liberty of conscience, you are of course aware that, by becoming a Catholic you estrange yourself from my heart and roof for ever. I could forgive much in Mary's child; yet a step like this both my principles and position forbid me to regard otherwise than with feelings of unqualified displeasure. Nay, hear me out; until Lord Wellborne's return, this subject is interdicted between us; to *him* make known your final determination, and either prepare at once to become his wife, or remove to the residence of your father's aunt, Mrs. Selby, to whom I shall allow an adequate sum for your proper maintenance." So saying he released his grasp, and, without waiting a reply, arose, and with a slow and stately step quitted the apartment.

Autumn had deepened into winter; it was about eight o'clock on a dreary December evening that Josephine entered the spacious library of Malvern House, and almost unconsciously assumed her usual seat in a heavy carved oak chair, which seemed coeval with the building itself. The lamps were unlighted, but the blaze of a large cheerful fire rendered surrounding objects visible, yet with that flickering indistinctness which allows full play to the imagination, causing them to assume a thousand fantastic shapes. This was Josephine's favourite hour; and as the bright flames played on her rich dark robe and pale countenance, now illumining it, now leav-

ing it in shadow, it required no great stretch of fancy to invest her with the attributes of some enchantress, at whose bidding quaint forms and unearthly beings peopled that ancient room. For herself, she thought not of external objects; there was matter enough within to engross her full attention, and henceforth every power of her mind must be bent to combat the temptation which she knew to be inevitable: the die was cast, —that very morning had Josephine Bradshawe been received into the bosom of the Catholic Church—and (for she deceived herself not) the sentence of eternal separation been pronounced between Edgar Wellborne and herself. Though her heart throbbed with agony, there was a peace within her soul which defied her utmost skill to analyse; yet her frail nature, unschooled in endurance, actually writhed as she thought of the one bitter trial—the parting from her cherished dream of happiness: the future prospect she dared not, could not contemplate. The first seed of humility had, however, fallen into the young convert's soul. She, so proud, so unbending, so self-relying, actually feared herself; felt her own weakness, and sought for aid, where it is never sought in vain. How long this train of thought continued she knew not; heedless of the lapse of time, she mused on, until a hurried tread causing her to turn, she beheld the very person who at the moment engrossed her every thought, Edgar Wellborne! Starting to her feet, she uttered a low cry, and for a moment trembled so violently as to be able to support herself with difficulty.

"Josephine, my own Josephine!" he exclaimed, "I am returned at last. But why did you not write? have you been ill? how very thin and pale you look!"

"My head aches," she answered absently, pressing her hand to her forehead, with a look of such painful bewilderment as to awaken a thousand alarms in the bosom of Lord Wellborne.

"But are you not glad to see me? My love, what *is* the meaning of all this? Something must be the matter, you are so changed."

"I am indeed changed, Edgar," said the poor girl, with a violent effort to recover her composure; it was, however, useless, and, laying her head on his shoulder, she gave way to a violent burst of tears. This display of emotion, so unusual in Josephine, completed Wellborne's surprise. Whilst with one arm he supported her sinking form, he with the other forcibly raised her head, and throwing back the clustering curls, gazed long and searchingly in her face. Evidently there was something in the scrutiny which displeased him,

for his colour heightened, and an expression of painful doubt flitted athwart his countenance, as he inquired in a tone bordering on severity:

"Josephine! Miss Bradshawe! I will be answered; once more, what is the meaning of all this?"

"I cannot, dare not tell you now," she replied, in a voice choked by sobs; "give me but a week, a day, and you shall know all."

"Then there *is* something to tell; and do you think I can pass a night in suspense like this? But I will save you the trouble of a painful avowal; my absence, short as it was, has proved too much for your fidelity, in one word, you are false!"

This accusation had an instantaneous effect in recalling Josephine's self-possession; extricating herself from him, she returned his indignant glance by one of sorrowful determination, and replied with greater calmness than she had yet manifested:

"Your own heart will be my best extenuation. Yet, Edgar, your words are in some degree prophetic; this meeting will, in all human probability, be our last; at any rate you shall know the worst; but mark me, Edgar, I *have* borne, *can* bear much, but not from you; leave me, but do not upbraid me!—I am a Catholic!"

The expression of her speaking eye, the thrilling agony of her tone, carried instant conviction to his heart. Sinking into the seat she had quitted, he buried his face in his hands, and groaned aloud. It was now Josephine's turn to console; alarmed at his speechless anguish, she knelt by his side, and endeavoured by every term of endearment to win him from his grief; at length she succeeded, but his tones were so hollow, when he did speak, that she trembled.

"Is the step irrevocably taken?"

"Irrevocably! and dear as you still are, I do not wish it otherwise."

"Then, Josephine, hear me;" and he took in his own the clasped hands of the still-kneeling girl. "You know the deep-rooted prejudices, the sound religious principles, of both your family and mine (prejudices and principles which I entertain and cherish as deeply as any whose name I bear), but you do *not* know the strength of my affection, you cannot tell how closely every better feeling of my nature is entwined with yours; had you felt thus, you had not acted as you have. Yet one moment, and I have done. I seek no vindication of your motives. My father now lies on his deathbed; as my wife, I offer you the free unconditional exercise of the religion

you have thought proper to embrace, and may this be henceforth the only prohibited topic between us."

Surprise, and, for a moment, a feeling of the purest joy, thrilled through the frame of Josephine; but some after-feeling sent the crimson torrent from her cheek, and left it more pallid than before; she hung her head, and the hands Lord Wellborne still retained became cold and clammy in his grasp.

"I have not quite finished," he continued, as though her emotion had escaped his notice: "I know the exacting nature of the Catholic church; all I can concede I will; those on whom my name and titles may descend must be reared in the faith of their ancestors; for the rest, do as you will; and if I err, may God forgive me."

This was, indeed, Josephine's hour of trial. To reproaches, even to a final separation, she had steeled her heart, in fact she had considered both as inevitable; but for this unprecedented generosity, this deep devotion, she was unprepared, and in her agony she half-audibly exclaimed, "O heavenly Father, let me not be tempted above my strength;" and strength was given her, the strength of the Sacrament she had that day received; her face beamed with grateful affection, as, pressing her lips gently on the hand of Lord Wellborne, she softly murmured:

"I cannot perform my duty by *halves*, nor dare I accept such a sacrifice from you. Edgar, we must indeed part; yet, believe me, even this moment's anguish is outweighed by the knowledge I have acquired of the priceless value of that treasure which I must now resign for ever."

She gently extricated her hand; but Wellborne, giving way to jealous anger at what he regarded as her cold-hearted adherence to a mistaken sense of duty, sprang from his seat, and impetuously exclaiming, "Then, indeed, farewell for ever!" rushed from the room.

A few short days and Josephine found herself an inmate of Mrs. Selby's abode, and the unconscious victim of a brain-fever.

Chapter VI. *The Disappointment.*

Listless and dispirited did Kate Gearey arise the first morning after her arrival in —— Buildings. Mary was already on the "walk," whilst Pat Sheehan and Nell Sullivan snored in concert. Hurrying on her clothes, she timidly opened the door of communication leading to the large room, though here matters were still worse. Moll Carty and blind Murphy owned the two "sittles" (the former for a just compensation shared hers with Biddy Sarchfield). The Flanaghans crouched

and sprawled in every direction, on a ragged mat eked out by the contents of a sack of woollen rags, which the family had undertaken to pick for the trade, and which meanwhile served to "kiver the childer." Florry Daly was already abroad; and the Burkes, eager to follow his example and effect an escape from the pestilential atmosphere, were endeavouring to extricate their merchandise from under the bed occupied by Mrs. Carty. It was, however, so closely wedged, as to render this feat impossible, without disturbing their landlady's half-finished toilet, a liberty highly resented by the good dame, who began a remonstrance neither remarkable for the elegance of its diction, or the sweetness of the tones in which it was delivered.

"Bad luck to you, Jack Burke, an what's it the likes of you manes, shovin the bed in that way, and me on it too? did you think it was a sack of wheat you was handlin, I'd like to know?"

"More like a sack of chaff, I'm thinking," growled the gentleman addressed; "but stir yer ould stumps, Mither Carty, and let me git the traps; you know warehouse-room was included for half-a-crown a week; an if I don't git the sprats out of this divil's hole, they'll stink sure enuff before I've sould thim."

"Spake to yer mither, you villin! spake to yer mither!" vociferated Mrs. Carty, shaking her clenched fist, and yelling like an infuriated beast; "you'll niver comb grey hairs, you gallows-bird, and you'll niver respict thim, ayther."

"Hould yer clack, you ould cat, and don't be hooting there, like an owl larning a glee; you'd frighten a horse from his oats, you ugly hag, an" ——

"Me ugly! me?" shrieked Moll, beside herself with passion, and, forgetful of the unfinished state of her toilet, she sprang from her seat, intending to commence a murderous attack on the countenance of young Burke, when her wrath was suddenly transferred to another object.

The whole scene had been too much for the risible faculties of Kate. The spare form of Mrs. Carty had never appeared to such disadvantage, as she stood brandishing her arms in every direction, hitting about her without any definite aim, and uttering treble notes of such power, as quickly to enlist a chorus of young Flanaghans, who contributed every variety of intonation to the already deafening concert.

As the call of the Swiss hunter is heard amidst the wildest raging of the tempest, so did Kate's musical laugh penetrate to the old woman's ears, diverting her attention to a safer, because a weaker, antagonist. Pausing in full career, she placed her arms a kimbo, and foaming with passion, exclaimed:

"Well, I'm sure! *you* laugh at me, do you? That's the manners you've brought wid you, is it? praps this'll larn you anither time, an make you grin the other side of yer mouth." So saying, she caught up a rag, which Mrs. Flanaghan had left soaking all night in a broken pan, and which constituted a considerable portion of her week's wash, and dealt poor Kate a blow across the lower part of the face. Surprised and writhing with pain, the girl burst into tears; a circumstance which gave unqualified delight to Mrs. Carty, who found herself victor of a fray, in which a few minutes before she had feared a signal defeat.

"Ugh! I've made you change yer note, have I?" she continued, though with diminished violence; "praps it'll tache you betther nixt time."

"An I'll make you change yours, you ould witch," said Florry Daly, who, ready for his breakfast, had entered unperceived in the confusion; "see how you'd like a taste yersilf, this fine marning:" and seizing her in his powerful grasp, he shook the woman until she was black in the face, ending by pitching her on the bed. "Now I'll tell you all a bit of my mind." Glaring as he spoke from his prostrate foe to Nell Sullivan, who, lazy as she was, had contrived to crawl to the scene of action: "If ony of you touch this girl, I'll thry how the print of my tin fingers shutes yer countenances; an don't *you* forget it, Nell."

This menace had for the time the desired effect. Mrs. Carty gathered herself up, and slipping into an old gown, commenced raking together the remains of last night's fire, which, with the addition of a little coke, and a few shavings from the heap in the corner, was kindled to boil the kettle for her lodgers, this being a part of her bargain. Kattie, still sobbing, sat down in a corner; and Florry, who seemed destined for her champion, after vainly endeavouring to coax her into good humour, retired into his own peculiar nook, and engaged in earnest conversation with the elder Burke, whilst the younger carried the sprats to the pump, "jist to run the wather through thim, and make thim all right afther the nite."

Once, and once only, was Florry heard to exclaim, "It's well worth our while; those that win the goolde shall wear it; an if you don't like it, Jack, why there are plenty more." The rest was inaudible, and even what was said seemed unheard save by old blind Murphy, who crossed himself, as was his invariable custom when any thing displeased him.

Since Daly's rebuke no word had been spoken by Nell Sullivan; and after exchanging with the fortune-teller a look full of terrible meaning, she withdrew to her now untenanted

sleeping-apartment, and, seated on the side of the bed, brooded darkly on plans which would have disgraced a demon.

Whatever might have been the feeling with which Florry Daly had hitherto regarded her, she saw plainly that all it had of tenderness was usurped by the young stranger. With bitterness, and something like shame, she contrasted herself with her simple, innocent rival; nor could she blame Daly, however guilty she might be, for *he* had not made her so. Nelly was not one to indulge in impotent jealousy; she held the game in her own hands, and mentally determined to win it; without compunction as to at whose cost. Her course was promptly taken, and eagerly waiting the opportunity of consulting her worthy adviser and confidante, Mrs. Carty, she returned to the large room, and, with an apparently careless forgetfulness of what had passed, assisted the latter to prepare the breakfast, and as herself and Kate were boarders, pressed the young "Gracian," with a rough kindness, to partake of the meal. Daly might not have been deceived, but he had gone out with the Burkes, and in a short time the morning's storm seemed remembered only as an event of hourly occurrence.

"If ony of the childer see Miss Bradshawe in the buildings, jist till her I want her," said old Biddy Sarchfield, looking very mysterious, and hemming so as to attract universal attention.

"An what's it you want?" inquired Pat Sheehan, rather uneasily, for he dreaded the tale of the trousers, should his wife encounter Josephine.

"I'll not live long," answered Biddy, "an there's a weight on me mind: I'd like to be put in the grave dacently, an me best bonnet an shawl are in pawn this three years, an I'd like the money to relase thim for the wake, ony how."

"Balderdash!" said Pat, impatiently. "You don't mane, Mither Sarchfield, it's in a bonnet an shawl you'll be put in your coffin?"

"An why not, I'd be glad to know? Sure it's a famerly wakeness. I'll jist tell you what happened me mother's brother's childer."

"You seem to have quare relations," replied Moll Carty, in whose mind last night's conversation still rankled, "an I'd not brag of thim if I were you."

"Well, brag or not brag, it's thrue as gospel," exclaimed the old woman testily, who, it may be observed, was an inveterate story-teller, and would chatter away without much regard to the patience of her listeners. "Me uncle's two girls married two brothers, worse luck! an they both died before a year was out, an one the day after the other; an in

coorse it's an evil eye many cast on the mother-in-law! Well, whin they left their father's, they both had beautiful new cloaks: the cloth had been spun at home for the widding, an illigant it was, that's sartain. Now whin the wake come, it was noticed amongst the neybours that one sisther had on her fine new cloak, whilst the other was shivering in a shroud, an it winther too. People blamed the mother-in-law; an thrue for her, she had kipt the cloak, an grudged the other too; but the husband was ginerous, an woudn't lave it her.

"Will, the funeral was over, an the ould skinflint wint to mass nixt Sunday wid the garmint kivering her bones, jist as if it was spic an span new; but small pace had she in it, for it was twitched off her showlders all the way to an fro, an not a breathe of wind aythor; at nite it was worse, for, jist as she was in her first sleep, who should she see but a couple of ghosts, standing at the fut of her bed, both shivering an shaking undher the one cloak, which wouldn't half kiver thim, an bulleying her to giv up the one she had stolen. They kicked up a hullabulloo all nite, an the poor woman couldn't sleep a wink; but she dhreaded losing the cloak over all things, and lest the speeruts ud sarch her chists, she crammed it undher her bolster, an wint to rest next nite detarmined to be even wid them. They were there quite punctual, an smelled out the stolen property soon enough; so they both wint togither, first on one side, then on tother, tuggin an pullin, their four eyes glaring like saucers, their two heads stuck togither undher one hood; but the ould woman was a tough un, an wouldn't giv up the cloak. This wint on for a month or more, until the mother-in-law, who niver had a wink of sleep all the time, consulted wid Father Derry, an he advised her to giv up the property: sore sorry was she to do it, but there was no help for the same; so that very nite—it was a holy eve too—she sat bolt upright in the bed, an bided the coming of her daughters-in-law; in they stumped, stuck close togither as usual, an terrible angry they were; they rattled their chains, as I'm tould, an spit flames over the coverlet, till the ould woman screeched out,

"'Musha! Anne dear, what's it you want?'

"'I want my cloak, you tundering ould thief,' said the ghost, spaking very loud an sevare; 'an I'll have it too, or I'll shake your crazy carcase to a jelly.'

"So they both began pulling the bolster as usual, but wid such screechings an noises, that the mother-in-law was scared out of her wits.

"'There, tak it, you ungrateful hussey!' and she dragged it out from undher her head, an pitched it at the speeruts; but

her courage oozed out of her tin toes, an jumping on the floore, she gave leg-bail to the ghosts, and niver went into that room agin. Howsomever, she didn't live long hersilf; an the house was thrubbled iver afther."

Whether it was the company were not in so good a humour, Biddy Sarchfield's story was far from as well received as that of the previous evening; indeed by most it was considered as trumped up for pecuniary purposes of her own. Sheehan merely inquired,

"An what's all that to do wid you, Mrs. Sarchfield?"

"Why, Pat dear," answered the old woman coaxingly, "I'd not rist in me grave widout I was waked in me bonnet an shawl; an if I don't have thim, I'm fear'd I'd thrubble the pawnbroker,—an sure it ud not be respictable for me, poor ghost, to be seen waithing all day in the shop down there, instead of keeping quiet in the churchyard."

"An it's not much you'll be afther gitting by that," exclaimed blind Murphy. "Doesn't Father Morgan talk agin the wakes, an prache agin the wakes, an don't all the clargy say it's haythenish shuperstition, to be smoking an dhrinking an singing an fighting in the sight of the corse? an didn't Miss Bradshawe say it ud be more Christianlike if we prayed for the poor sowl that was gone, instead of offinding God, an we not knowing who'd be nixt?"

"An do you mind," said Sheehan, "what happened at the wake of Toomey's mother? how Dick Reardon got so roaring dhrunk as to pull the coffin at top on him; and didn't Father Horton say thin, we should niver have another pinny till the corse was undher ground."

The entrance of Mary Sheehan put a stop to the conversation; and as part of the company had dispersed, Kate took an opportunity of consulting her as to the way in which she was to proceed in order to obtain the situation, to which she looked forward as the means of releasing her from her present irksome position. The good-natured Mary, who really felt for the poor girl, faithfully promised to inquire at all the houses she served, meantime advising her to go herself the round of the shops, and take her "discharges" with her.

Kate washed her face, tied on her bonnet, and grasping the good priest's character tight in her hand, set out, duly cautioned by Mrs. Sheehan not to be shamefaced, and above all, not to lose her way. This latter was a necessary precaution, as Kate knew not one single yard of London. She was, however, young and adventurous, and fearful of forgetting the name of the court where she resided, she continued repeating it to herself in an audible tone until she found herself in Ox-

ford Street. Although early spring, it was a miserable afternoon. A small drizzling rain descended without hope of intermission; the pavement was covered with a black unctuous matter, rendering it so slippery as to peril neck and limb of the inexperienced pedestrian; omnibuses, carts, and cabs were hurrying in every direction, rendering the crossings unpassable, at least to Kate, who, on seeing women and girls of every age intrepidly threading the labyrinth of vehicles, and arriving safely on the opposite side of the wide street, positively stood still with wonder, thereby becoming entangled in the masses of locomotive umbrellas by which the footpath was obscured. As a matter of course, she received numberless pushes, thrusts, and in many cases curses, for sticking in the way like an idiot; and her humble "beg pardon, sir," together with her strong Irish accent, never failed to elicit peals of mirth from butchers' boys and lounging watermen, a class she invariably addressed.

In the bewilderment of her mind, it was some time before Kate remembered what had placed her in the midst of this Babel, and remembering Mary's injunction, she brushed up her courage, and prepared to enter the nearest shop to where she was standing. It was situated at the corner of a wide fashionable street, and its plate-glass windows were filled with magnificent vases, mandarins, monkeys; pieces of silk wrought in gold and silver, the choicest product of the Persian looms; shawls from India, each worth a prince's ransom; shells; large wedges of amber entombing flies and curious insects; ivory carvings from China; in short all that was rare and costly were there collected to gratify the taste of the wealthy amateur. Wet as it was, a splendid equipage stood before the door; the coachman crouching under some half-dozen capes, the footman seated on a long bench, shining like a looking-glass, so placed as to be secured from the weather by an awning which projected from the window. These latter worthies stared with no small degree of surprise, as Kate, timidly turning the cut-glass handle, prepared to enter the shop; their insolent raillery was, however, lost on the girl, who, regarding their handsome liveries with no small degree of reverence, dropped them a simple curtesy, and passed on. The shop-counter was covered with splendid trinkets; the bracelets of gold, crosses, brooches, rings, which sparkled in every direction, were displayed to the greatest advantage by two fashionably dressed men, in order to tempt the capricious and satiated fancy of three ladies, by whom the shop was then occupied. Before the younger of the party, one of them eagerly displayed a roll of blue brocade, flowered with silver; but the girl was moody as the

sky; she shook her head until her ringlets and plumes danced in unison, and the repeated "forward," and "Be kind enough to reach me those goods, Mr. Percival," addressed by the patient salesman to his assistant, proved she was indeed not inclined to be pleased. Nor did the elder lady seem in better humour; she deranged whole trays full of jewels, "wanted nothing, liked nothing, did not know what had brought her there at all," &c. &c. It was at this moment the person who was serving her, and who, by the bye, was the master of the establishment, raised his eyes, and espied the dripping form of the intruder, who had approached so near the hallowed precincts of the counter, as really to endanger by contact the precious goods which were scattered in every direction; added to this, the smart carpet bore the unmistakable prints of her deeply mudded feet; and to crown all, she was a safe vent for the anger which had accumulated from the fruitless labour of attending his titled customers.

"What do you want, my girl?" he inquired in a tone as loud as respect for the ladies would permit, "and where in the name of wonder do you come from?"

"I want a situation, if you plase, sir," answered Kate, pressing eagerly forward, "and I come from —— Buildings, an' here's the lines of the parish priest, an"—

"We know of no situations here," said the man surlily, whilst the two ladies before mentioned stared at our heroine with amused wonder, as if she were some freshly-imported animal of a species hitherto unknown. The third of the party, who was less gorgeously attired and less strikingly beautiful, at first sight, than her companions, laid down an illuminated manuscript, with which she had been engaged, and turned her eyes in the same direction: there was in the look an earnestness, a degree of interest, which emboldened Kate, and she therefore repeated, "Perhaps, my lady, *you'd* know of a situation?"

"Where then did you come from?" inquired the lady addressed, "and how long have you been in England?"

"Sure an, ma'am, I've been in London ownly the day, an I slept last night in —— Buildings; an Mrs. Carty says she'll give me the illigant caracter, an it's a good sarvant you'll find me, if you'd be kind enough to thry, an me mother died in Fermoy, an"—

"Nonsense, Josephine," exclaimed the elder lady. "What is all this to you? I'm sure you can't understand a word she says." This was more than sufficient; at a sign from his employer, the assistant closed the door, and Kate found herself once more in the noisy street.

Crestfallen at her ill success, she wandered on, peering into the windows, yet fearful to venture again, until one shop more splendid than any thing she had ever beheld, brought her to a full halt. It too was at a corner, but it was larger and more lofty than the one where she had made her first essay; it was surrounded by showy lamps, which, as it was growing dusk, were now lighted; it had many entrances, at one of which people continually passed to and fro, bearing jugs. Swing-doors flew backwards and forwards without intermission, admitting all sorts of company, from the gay woman rustling in silks and satins, to those of whom the girl observed with surprise that they seemed no better than herself. Through the windows, which were as clear as crystal, she observed large butts painted bright green, with black hoops, and taps which shone like silver; whilst posting-bills stuck here and there riveted her attention, and made her hope that servants were really wanted here, and that all the people she saw were going to be hired. Kate could not read, or the "Old Tom!" "Cream of the Valley," "Shrub," &c. would have mystified her still more. Accosting a man who had reeled out of one of the entrances, she inquired what those large letters meant, and if he thought they wanted a servant. The person addressed, who was already half seas-over, endeavoured to steady himself and stare at Kate; in this, however, he was only partially successful, and it was with difficulty he contrived to stammer forth:

"Come along, my dear! I'll treat you to a quartern. Avast there! I've some coppers yet—I'll lighten the cargo before I cast anchor." So saying, and grasping her by the arm to preserve his equilibrium, he succeeded, before she had recovered her surprise, in dragging her to the bar of the gin-palace.

"Here, mate, a glass of brandy—gin (hiccup)—(what'll you have, my dear?)—for this young lady; don't be mock-modest; curse the expense; I'll pay all," and thrusting his hand into the pockets of his canvass trousers, he produced a number of coins, amongst which still glittered some silver pieces.

"Not cleaned out yet, you see; can run the rig a little longer, hey, landlord!" and he commenced whooping, hallooing, and capering with such a degree of violence, as to attract the attention of the real head of the establishment, a portly, consequential dame, then busy at the jug-and-bottle department.

"Tom," she exclaimed, "don't draw any more; he nearly broke the large chandelier last night. Come, sir, this is an orderly house; be pleased to move, or I'll call a policeman. Be off, you jade!" she continued, turning furiously on the bewildered girl; "this is no place for such cattle; make yourself scarce, will you!"

"Move on, my girl," said the landlady's husband, a short, stout, good-tempered little man, who was serving customers in his shirt-sleeves for greater expedition; "that ere gemmen's a noisy cove, an the sooner you're quit of him the better."

"And what's that to you, Mr. Sinkin, pray?" inquired his spouse, whose asperity had been increased by Kate's beauty, in proportion as it had mollified her husband; "attend to your business, and leave me to mine. Troop, you hussey! *you*, I say."

"If you plase, marm," said Kate, doubtfully, "I ownly came in to ask did you know of a situation."

"You'll find one in the black-hole, I'm thinking, before you're many minutes older. Here, Tom! Dick! turn that girl out! or, stop, give her in charge for being drunk and disorderly."

Kate, though thoroughly scared, was nimble as a fawn; she darted through the side-entrance, narrowly escaping fracturing a large pane, and did not stay to take breath until she was some distance from the scene of action. And it was well she did so; for the sailor, highly indignant at the insults offered to "the tight little frigate he had taken in tow," brandished a thick cudgel over his head, with so little circumspection as really to damage the huge chandelier which formed the object of the landlady's former anxiety. A regular riot ensued; the tar fought valiantly, but being rather unsteady, he was marched off to the station-house by two policemen, and was released next morning on payment of a fine, and with a severe reprimand.

Her first alarm having subsided, Kate paused to recover herself; only, however, to encounter fresh difficulties; in her confusion she had turned down a long narrow street, which, being composed of private houses, was comparatively dark; to retrace her steps was impossible; she knew not where she was; to stand still was of no use, so she hurried on, plunging herself deeper and deeper into the labyrinth of passages and alleys which seemed to intersect each other in every direction. At length, to her great joy, she spied a small baker's shop, and hastening towards it, paused, tired and hungry, wistfully eyeing the loaves exposed for sale; fortunately her trifling stock of money was not quite exhausted, and as the shop was of the humbler class, she ventured in, and having made her purchase, inquired if they could direct her to —— Buildings.

"Don't even know the name, my lass," answered a lankey-looking man who wore a white night-cap, though with more civility than our heroine had yet experienced, "there be's so many of them Coorts and Buildings, there's no knowing where half on'em's sitivated. Here, Lucy, can *you* tell this young woman whereabouts —— Buildings be's?"

The person thus addressed hastened from the inner shop; she was very pretty, very neat, and had on a very smart cap with bright pink ribbons: her husband having repeated his question, she shook her head as if in uncertainty, and turning to Kate, said:

"I really don't know; I'm afraid it's a great way off; but I think you'd better ask a policeman." The very mention of this functionary brought the tears into the girl's eyes; but reassured by the woman's kind manner, she ventured to add:

"Praps, marm, it's yersilf ud be wanthing a sarvant, an I'd like to stay wid the likes of you; an in the marning may be I'd make out the place, and git me bits of things, an"—

"But where did you live last?" inquired Lucy, who really was in want of a girl to look after the children, "and why did you leave your situation?"

"Sure I lived last night in the Buildings wid Moll Carty, an before that I lived in me father's cabin, forenent the Castle of Fermoy; an it's meesilf has the good caracter, an can do ivery thing."

"Well, who will give the character? and what *can* you do?" inquired the baker's wife, smiling; "are you accustomed to children?"

"Not intirely, marm," answered Kate; "it's most amongst the pigs that I've been; an see here's the beautiful caracter that the parish priest gave me whin I came away." So saying, she produced the soiled paper, which she still tightly grasped, but which was so saturated with wet as to be almost illegible.

"But we do not know this person," said the master, having with considerable difficulty succeeded in deciphering the signature; "it may be all very correct, but how can we be sure of it?"

"Not know Father Phelim! not know the parish priest of Castletown Roche!" cried Kate, with unfeigned astonishment. "Sure an it's ivery one far an wide knows him well, an loves him too for the matther of that; an what'll become of me? I'll niver git a situation, if ivery one asks so many quistions."

"Well then, what else can you do?" inquired the young woman, who really liked the appearance of the girl; "and who is this Moll Carty you mentioned?"

"Moll Carty's the fortin-teller; an sure it's ivery think I can do; I can feed the pigs, an milk the cow, an bake the cakes, an bring home the sticks, an put the potaties into the kish whin they're cracked, an"—

"But can you sweep the rooms, clean the windows, and make the beds, my girl?"

"Sorra a windey there was in me father's cabin, barring the hole in the roof, an that claned itsilf illegantly; but I can shake up the straw wid the best of thim, an put the three-legged pot on the turf-ashes, an"—

"It will never do, Lucy," said her husband, giving way to his risible feelings, which he had for some time with difficulty suppressed; "my poor girl, you be'ant at all fit for London service, even in our humble way; and the best advice I can give, is to get the parish to pass you back again as soon as possible; you will only come to harm here." The very mention of the parish wounded Kate's pride severely; and as to giving up the idea of making a fortune in London so soon, it was quite ridiculous. Highly resenting this honest yet unpalatable advice, she turned sullenly away, and without another word quitted the shop.

"Poor child!" exclaimed its mistress, following her with her eyes, "why did she come here?"

"Why, indeed?" answered her husband; "she seems simple and innocent-like, which is more than I can say of all who do come; in most cases they be's the refuse of the country; those whose lives are so idle and dissolute, that they cannot obtain employment where they are known, and even if they could, the rascals won't exert themselves. However, I pity *her*, poor thing."

The baker was a vestryman, used to speech-making, and his wife had therefore a high opinion of his judgment (which, it may be remarked, was greatly inferior to her own). She made no answer, but, busying herself in her usual avocations, in a few moments Kate Gearey was forgotten.

On leaving the shop, the latter again walked briskly forward, nor did she slacken her pace until, her pet having subsided, she began to consider how she should find her way back. She had turned into a long wide thoroughfare full of shops, and with all the bustle of a market; stalls lined the kerb-stone; retail dealers in penny toys, pies, vegetables, &c. &c., were bawling at the very pitch of their voices, in order to attract the attention of passers-by to the delicacies of which they were the venders; small dirty-faced urchins were clustering round a certain old woman, who had for years regaled their juvenile palates with fried fish, little measures of periwinkles, small saucers containing a nondescript substance floating in dirty-looking vinegar, styled wilks, all for the small charge of one halfpenny; rough-looking men were busily devouring enormous oysters; and here and there a slovenly woman, with a string of squalid children at her heels, was warbling "I love her, how I love her!" "They mourn me dead in my father's halls,"

and other appropriate melodies, occasionally varied by a full bass chorus of "All hot, all hot!" The appearance of a bright-looking machine containing *real fire*, completed the alarm of poor Kattie. Not knowing what it all meant, she inquired her way of more than one person without success; until a brawny Irishwoman, who was perambulating backwards and forwards with a basket of water-cresses, stopped short and exclaimed:

"Musha, me darling, I lived in thim Buildings meesilf; it's quite convaniant they are; this is Tottenham Coort Road; go on *as far as you can;* thin turn to the lift, an keep on till you cim to a big church; thin turn up agin, and afther a time you'll be shure to make it out; ownly take care the black-guards don't set you wrong, the spalpeens!"

Thanking her informer for her very concise information, Kate proceeded on her journey, and as she was to go as far as she *could*, scarcely paused for a full hour. The shops were now far behind her, and she was in a long road, which became more lonely every moment, and was evidently leading to the open country. Thoroughly exhausted and frightened, she stopped short, and covering her face with her hands, burst into a violent flood of tears.

"What's the matter, my girl? and what are you doing here at this hour of the night?" exclaimed a rough but kind voice. Thus addressed, Kate looked up, and according to her own account, saw what she considered to be "a dancing bear, with an eye of burning fire right in the middle of his forehead, and a long pole in his paw." Terrified out of her senses, she uttered one or two screams of such shrillness as to astonish the policeman (for such he was), who was unprepared for so noisy a return to his civility.

"Now don't, sir, pray don't," she sobbed forth, falling on her knees as if to avert some impending calamity.

"Don't what? why the wench is mad; I'm not touching you: come, what are you doing here?" and he lowered his bull's eye, which he had turned towards her.

"I'm looking for —— Buildings, thin, sir," answered Kate, somewhat re-assured. "I was tould to go as far as I could, an" ——

"Go as far as you could! Why, you're in the Hampstead Road, far enough I should think from the place you want: but at any rate I'm going to the Marylebone Station; so come with me, and I'll get one of the D. division to see you safe."

"Ah, plase, sir, don't lock me up; I'm ownly looking for a situation;" and she began to cry again so violently as almost to wear out the man's patience.

"I'll take you in charge in earnest, if you are not quiet; you'll be murdered on this dreary road;" and grasping her by the arm, he compelled her to walk by his side until he came to the New Road, where happening to meet one of the force who was going in the required direction, he consigned her to his charge; and with no farther adventure worth mentioning, Kate, at a late hour, found herself once more in Moll Carty's large room, where her protracted absence had excited some speculation.

"Well," said Florry Daly, when her recital had terminated, "you *are* a Gracian, to be sure. Now take my advice, me darling; don't be ony man's sarvant but your own, and don't be afther making an omaudhaun of yersilf ony more."

"Thin what am I to do, if I don't git a situation?" inquired Kate earnestly, for there was something in Florry's manner which flattered her vanity.

"Git yersilf a husband, me dear; it's not meesilf that's chaffing ayther: here am I a fine likely young fellow, wid the use of me two hands, an all the girls dying wid the love of me; an now if you jist say the word, it's to-morrow I'll put up the bans, an you'll refarm me intirely."

Kate, like all her countrywomen, was too thorough paced a coquette to be displeased with Daly's gallantry; in fact, these hasty matches never excite surprise amongst the class to which she belonged: she, however, did not answer; but Sheehan, always ripe for a frolic, exclaimed:

"Take him at his word, Kattie; you may go farther and fare worse; an it'll do the sowl of me good to see Nell Sillivan chated, jist as she thought she'd got it all her own way."

"An that's like you, Pat Sheehan," replied the person alluded to; "an make yoursilf aisy, I'll remimber that to you till me dying day; and, Florry, mind I'll be even wid you yet."

So saying, she stalked off, and was soon in close conversation with Mrs. Carty.

"But," said the latter, after a lengthened whispering, "betther tell her at onst, an thin he'll be glad of you again, Nell."

"No!" answered the girl, fire flashing from her eyes, "I'll have me revinge, Moll Carty, an it's not the likes of you I'll be said by. I know too much for ony of you, an if you step betwixt me an her you'll repint it tother side of the wather, that's all."

"Take care thin, Nell; for if the Sheehans or ould Murphy, or ony of thim suspect you, they'll be afther puttin a spoke in yer wheel, an Mary's taken a fancy to the girl, an—"

"You'd no business to have the Sheehans here; you knew

they'd niver be one of us, wid their praching about dooty, an praying, an all to plase Father Morgan; an Pat says he'll take the plidge whin the missioners come."

"Why, Nell, you can't see through a stone wall, cute as you are; if things go wrong, it's ownly to hide ony of the articles under Sheehan's bed; an do you think the polishmen ull let him off? not they, indeed; I know the law."

"So I've heerde," answered Nell, with emphasis; "but thrust me, Moll, Florry an the Burkes have somethink between thim that we know nothing about; an now this milksop's in the way, we may look afther oursilves, that's all."

"Now, let's luk at the cards;" and Mrs. Carty, pulling a greasy pack from under her, threw out a certain number, and commenced arranging the remainder in four separate parcels, whilst Nell, with staring eyes and gaping mouth, devoured every word which fell from the old woman's lips, treasuring them as if they were oracles. Just, however, as she had succeeded in awakening the most intense interest in her dupe, Mrs. Carty sprang from her seat, scattered the cards in every direction, and uttered a yell which startled the whole company: "There he is again!" she exclaimed, frantically; "I see the sarpint's head undher Nell Sullivan's chair. Sure an I promised Father Morgan niver to do business ony more; an now I've broke me word, an the divil ull have me body an sowl."

"An sarve you right," said old Murphy. "See what you will, you'll see nothing worse than yersilf."

"I tell you I see the divil, he's curled round me tight;" and she began tugging at her chest, as if to extricate herself from some invisible object.

"She's in one of her dhrunken fits," said Florry, drily; for he was accustomed to the fortune-teller's nocturnal vagaries. "Come, be aisy, you witch! an let us have some pace; keep your freaks till to-morrow, will you? Brandy or divil, it's all one, keep thim to yoursilf, and make the most of thim."

There was that in Daly's eye which Mrs. Carty did not think it convenient to misunderstand; indeed it was very seldom she ventured on a display when he was present; as it was, she sat quietly down, and answered in a cowed tone:

"You're a wonderful man, Florry Daly; sure an it's at your voice the sarpint laves me; it'll not thrubble me agin to-night."

"So much the betther," he answered, with a derisive laugh; and Moll, letting her head fall on the table, soon gave unequivocal proofs of the soundness of her repose.

(To be continued.)

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No. IV.—*The Festival of Corpus Christi.*

The Church being engaged in an unceasing strife with the powers of evil, and Satan varying his weapons of attack against her according to every change of circumstances, she is forced from time to time to raise fresh bulwarks of defence for the better protection of her children. Moreover, since by God's help she is ever victorious, and since in all ages she is but one and the same body, having her several members, however distant in time or place, yet knit together in the closest bonds of union, therefore the Christian calendar is continually receiving a gradual increase, each new addition telling of another struggle and another triumph over sin, error, or persecution. Thus, an attentive study of Catholic devotions during the period of a single year is a complete lesson in ecclesiastical history; every day imparts its own lesson of instruction, every prayer and hymn and creed has its own tale of interest, reminding us either of cruel sufferings endured with patience, of temptations successfully resisted, or of false doctrine refuted and driven out. Nor can it be doubted but that these memorials of earlier ages are calculated to be of the utmost service both in comforting the hearts and enlightening the understandings of modern combatants in the same field of warfare; it cannot fail to cheer the spirit, ready to faint under the labour and heat of the day, to meet the memory of those who, having once journeyed along the same road, have long since entered into their rest; and so, in like manner, when the mind is assailed by doubts and tempted to rebel against those mysteries which it cannot comprehend, new strength and stedfastness must needs be inspired by the sight of those landmarks, as it were, and testimonies to the true faith, which ancient piety and wisdom have every where erected. Indeed, to the poor and simple, who are always most numerous, and who have a special claim to all things appertaining to the Gospel, these outward and visible tokens are the easiest and best, if not the only, means of conveying any spiritual instruction; for except there were certain set forms of words, in which to express the mysteries of the faith, and certain fixed days, on which they should be distinctly proposed to their contemplation, they would hardly obtain sufficient hold upon their minds, to enable them to detect and avoid the dangerous snares of the enemy. From

the earliest ages, therefore, particular times have always been set apart for the more solemn commemoration of particular events, the more punctual discharge of certain duties, or the fuller consideration of certain doctrines; as, for instance, Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide, by the mere instinct of natural piety, that the memory of events might be celebrated on their own actual anniversaries; or by the express institution of Christ or of his Church, as in the appointment of Lent for the special exercise of penance, of Corpus Christi, Trinity Sunday, and others, for the more careful contemplation of those mysteries, whose names they bear. And the Church has been moved to do this at different times and for different reasons, according as the Holy Spirit has instructed her. In the case of the festival with whose history we are at present concerned, the festival of Corpus Christi, the overruling hand of God was more than ordinarily manifest; indeed it may be truly said, that it was in a very special manner ordained by God Himself as a day of praise and thanksgiving for the institution of the holy Eucharist, so numerous and remarkable were the interpositions of his power in its regard. Nor is its present position in the cycle of Christian festivals unworthy of such a beginning; for towns, villages, and cities have vied with one another in adding to it new circumstances of pomp and magnificence, until it has become, in almost every part of the world, the very brightest festival in the year.

The ecclesiastical annals of the thirteenth century* abound with distinct and well-authenticated accounts of miracles, which happened in many different countries, attesting the presence of Christ in the adorable Sacrament of the altar, a doctrine which was at that time the special object of attack to the impious spirit of heresy. Some of these miracles happened in private, or only before a few; others were more public and notorious; but even these, though they obtained a partial celebrity, and received (at least some of them) an annual commemoration in the immediate neighbourhood of those churches where they occurred, yet did not affect the whole of the Catholic Church, God having chosen more humble instruments for the accomplishment of his purposes. For, as it had pleased Him that Mary Magdalen, and Joanna, and Mary the mother of James, should be the first to receive knowledge of the great mystery of the resurrection, and to impart it to the eleven, to Peter and the rest, so it was his will that this festival should in like manner be first revealed to a few women, and then by them communicated to his Vicegerent upon earth and to the rest of the Church.

* Bzovius, Annales, tom. xiii. ad ann. 1211, 1213, 1231, 1232, 1249, &c.

The most remarkable of these chosen witnesses was a nun, named Juliana, who had lived ever since she was an orphan of five years old in a convent either of Augustinians or Cistercians (at Monte Cornelione near Liege), where the good sisters spent their time in tending upon those lepers, pilgrims, and other poor and afflicted members of Christ's body, whom they could receive into their own house. From her earliest years she had been remarkable for an extraordinary proficiency in every Christian virtue, and especially for a peculiar intensity of devotion towards the sacrifice of the altar, at which whenever she was permitted to assist, she was filled with such an inexpressible ecstacy of delight, that she could hardly be recalled to consciousness, even when it was necessary to remove her for the discharge of other duties; and if, as it often happened, she was unable to be personally present, she would throw herself upon her knees, as soon as she heard the bell, and remain there during the whole celebration of Mass, absorbed in the most earnest prayer. When by and by she was admitted to an actual participation in these mysteries, her devotion naturally increased; whenever she communicated, she observed the strictest silence and severe fasting for the following week, if not for a still longer period, listening only to the voice of that God who had vouchsafed to come and visit her, and not choosing that any common food should pass those lips which had lately received the very body of her Lord. With a heart disengaged from the world and purified by continual prayer, it is not wonderful that in her, as in so many others similarly endowed, that was fulfilled which had been spoken of by the prophet Joel (ii. 28): "It shall come to pass in the last days, saith the Lord, I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, and your young men shall see visions, and your old men shall dream dreams." Juliana had hardly completed her sixteenth year, about A.D. 1208, when God vouchsafed to reveal to her a portion of his will, which had hitherto been hidden from the whole world. A vision was continually present to her mind, wherein she saw the moon radiant with brightness save only on one side, where a strange darkness destroyed the completeness of the circle.

Unable either to rid herself of this appearance, or to interpret its meaning, she took counsel with her spiritual directors, who bid her banish it from her thoughts, and to feel assured that thus it would soon cease to trouble her. In vain she set herself to obey these injunctions; the same vision would still be ever before her, whether by day or by night, whether she was at her work or at her prayers; until at length she began to

understand that so constant a warning could come only from God, to whom she determined to pray for further light and instruction. Her prayer was soon answered; she was told that the moon typified the glories of the Church, and the beauteous cycle of her festivals, but that its partial obscurity indicated that something was still wanting. There were holy days dedicated to the memory of the most eminent servants of God; of Peter, the prince of the Apostles; of Stephen, the first martyr; of John, the forerunner; of the Beloved Disciple, and of others; there were days appointed for the commemoration of every principal event in the history of the Son of God, and of His blessed Virgin Mother; and there was the feast of Pentecost, sacred to the Holy Ghost; one thing alone was lacking, a day wherein men should give themselves up with undivided attention to contemplate the crowning mystery of their Redeemer's love, the gift of Himself in the holy Eucharist. This new festival was to be a confirmation and a proof of the Church's faith, a means of grace to all who should celebrate it with devotion, and, in some sort, a satisfaction also for the many sins and blasphemies of those who denied the doctrine which it was to commemorate. Finally it was revealed to her, that she herself was the chosen handmaid, through whom it was, in the counsels of the Almighty, that this deficiency should be supplied. Conscious of her own weakness, and of the greatness of the task proposed to her, she besought God to choose some more able and efficient advocate, whose position in life might impart authority to his words, and so more certainly awaken the interest of the Church to listen to them. She erred as Moses had done nearly 4000 years before, when he pleaded his natural want of eloquence as incapacitating him for that function to which God had been pleased to call him; and as *he* was then reminded of that attribute of the Deity, which he had seemed to forget or to deny, the Lord's omnipotence, so was Juliana instantly reminded of that Christian truth, of which she seemed to be unmindful, viz. that "God has chosen the weak and foolish things of the world to confound the strong and the wise;" for there came a voice from heaven, repeating to her those words of the Redeemer, "I confess to Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them to little ones." Moreover, she was instructed how suitable it was that the little ones of this world, the weak, the base, and the foolish, should be most forward in promoting the honour of that sacrament, in which the Lord of glory, though really present, is yet devoid of every outward token of dignity and

honour, and lies concealed under the mean and contemptible form of bread and wine. Still her unwillingness was not overcome, and she prayed the more earnestly that she might be permitted to end her days in that obscurity, of which alone she felt that she was worthy, and that God would raise up some one more high in dignity, or more eminent for learning or sanctity, to declare his will to the people. And this time the messenger of God sought to rouse her to a more noble daring by bringing to her recollection the greater faithfulness even of the patriarchs and prophets of old; she heard a voice saying, "He hath put a new canticle into my mouth, a song to our God: I have not hid thy justice within my heart; I have declared thy truth and thy salvation; I have not concealed thy mercy and thy truth from a great council." Thus assured, therefore, concerning God's will, she no longer offered to resist it; but year after year passed away and no token of her obedience was visible. It cannot be that she was indulging secret thoughts of distrustfulness; it is more probable that she waited, like David after he had been anointed, until outward circumstances should conspire with the inward call.

Meanwhile the same revelation had been made to two other servants of God, Isabella and Eve; the one, a nun whom she had invited into the same community with herself, and the other, a holy recluse, who had long been her intimate friend, and who now lived in a solitary chamber adjoining the church of St. Martin's, in the city of Liege. At length, when the blessed Juliana was thirty years old and the prioress of her house, she laid the whole matter before her spiritual director, who was one of the canons of St. Martin's, and for whose goodness she had conceived a great esteem; and she begged him to communicate it to other clergy, and especially to grave theologians, without making mention of her name. Among the principal persons who thus became acquainted with this history, were the Archdeacon of Liege, a man of the very meanest parentage,* who afterwards became Bishop of Verdun, then Patriarch of Jerusalem, and finally sovereign Pontiff, under the title of Urban IV.; Hugo, Father Provincial of the Dominicans, with two or three others of his order, then but recently established, and come to that city; and Guido, the Bishop of Cambray and Chancellor of the famous University of Paris. All these were unanimously of opinion that the proposed devotion was most agreeable to the mind of the Church, and calculated to give edification to the faithful: so that the good prioress, thus encouraged, persuaded a young cleric of her house to compose a proper office, in which were

* Panvinius Onuphrius says he was the son *sutoris veteramentarii*.

collected all the choicest flowers of ancient piety and rhetoric upon this great subject.

This office, whose excellence, it is said, was due rather to the prayers of the religious than to the wisdom and learning of the divine, having been first approved by the judgment of competent theologians, was next presented for the sanction of the Bishop; but Robert, who at that time filled the see of Liege, was not disposed to lend a very friendly ear to any thing that came to him as the proposal of Juliana; for, on a former occasion, she had revealed to him the secret ambition of his soul, that he might be promoted to the Archbishopric of Rheims,* and had foretold to him that his desire would not be accomplished. After a little delay, however, he was induced to grant her petition, and to address the following letter to his clergy to that effect, at the same time furnishing them with copies of the office by which the new festival was to be commemorated:

"Robert, Bishop, to all abbots, priors, deans, priests, and other ecclesiastics, &c., health and benediction. Among all the marvellous works which the Lord our God, wonderful on high, hath done, that is most especially excellent and worthy to be remembered, wherein He gave Himself for food to them that fear Him; we speak of that ineffable Sacrament of his most sacred body, which He left for a wonderful and delightful memorial, delightful to the will, and wonderful to the understanding, that He might bestow upon us that whereof the prophet David, being introduced in the spirit into a rich treasure-house of mysteries, thus joyfully sang, 'The merciful and gracious Lord hath appointed a memorial of his wonderful works; He hath given food to them that fear Him.' If He, then, who 'will be for ever mindful of his covenant,' was mindful of his future wonders when they were yet unwrought, and then, when He had wrought and established them for ever by a most holy work, again said, 'As oft as ye do this, do it for a commemoration of Me;' it ought not to be accounted strange and blameworthy in us, whose memory is weak and fragile, if, besides the daily commemoration of this precious and adorable Sacrament, which is made always at every altar, we enjoin a further more special and solemn commemoration to be made by the faithful once every year for the purpose of denouncing and refuting the madness of blaspheming heretics. For we think it but meet, right, just, and salutary, that, as the Saints, whose memories the Church venerates every day both in the Mass and in litanies and

* Placentius, Hist. Episc. Leod. p. 343, ed. Amstelodam. 1633.

other prayers, yet have proper feasts, each for the more special commemoration of his own individual merits [and another day also for the joint commemoration of all together, that so every possible defect in the previous commemorations may be fully satisfied*], so there should be a similar solemnity in honour of the Holy of Holies, of that which is sweetness above all sweetness; a feast wherein men should pay the Lord their God especial praises and thanksgivings, for the exceeding love whereby He vouchsafes daily to come down upon our altars, and thus to fulfil that most sweet promise, 'Behold, I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world;' and again, that other saying also, 'My delight is to be with the sons of men.' Moreover, we would that in this solemnity men should carefully and anxiously examine themselves, and endeavour to supply whatever of reverence and devotion may have been wanting, through sloth and indifference, in their ordinary daily commemoration of this most holy Eucharist. And if this be done, who among the faithful can doubt but that it will be a most becoming festival, abounding to the glory and honour of God, to the increase of faith, hope, and charity, and of all other Christian virtues, and to the manifold advancement of the elect of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ? Being earnestly desirous, therefore, that these benefits should accrue to the flock committed to our care; and wishing, moreover, to arouse the carelessness of men, and to induce them to pay the aforesaid thanksgivings, we hereby most strictly ordain and command, that every year on the Thursday next after the Octave of Pentecost, in every church within the diocese of Liege, you celebrate yourselves, and cause to be celebrated by others, a solemn festival, with nine lessons, responses, versicles, and proper antiphons, wherewith we will take care to provide you, to be kept in honour of the most Blessed Sacrament, with abstinence from all servile work, as on the Lord's-day. We will also that every year, on the Sunday preceding the said day, you publicly command your subjects in all your churches, that for the remission of their sins they devoutly fast on the vigil of the aforesaid solemnity; and by prayers, watching, almsdeeds, and other good works, study to make themselves ready for the participation on that day of the most sweet Sacrament itself; and we will that all who shall have been duly prepared and approved, whose hearts the Lord has touched, shall, if they desire it, communicate on that day, not of necessity, but because it is right and becoming, that so God and his Christ being appeased by this

* We have added this paragraph from Pope Urban's Bull, which rehearses the greater portion of this letter.

special commemoration and these sacrifices, may vouchsafe to open the door of his mercy upon the world, suffering as it now is from so many and such diverse calamities."

This letter was written sometime in the year 1246, and the new festival appears to have been celebrated, at least privately, in the presence of the Bishop in that year; but his death, in the course of the ensuing autumn, gave an opportunity to all who desired it of disregarding his commands; and it was not without difficulty that even the canons of St. Martin's were prevailed upon to continue their obedience in the following year. In the troublous times which ensued, Henry, who had succeeded to the vacant see, being not only better skilled in the use of the sword than of the crosier, but even (it is to be feared) a notorious evil-liver,* a Cardinal Legate was sent from Rome, armed with superior authority to defend the interests of the Church. The person selected for this office was Hugo, the same who, as provincial of the Dominicans, had already known and approved of the proposed devotion. It was only natural, therefore, that he should exert the whole influence of his position to promote its establishment. Accordingly, when the day came round, he both celebrated High Mass and preached in the cathedral himself, and also wrote a long and earnest letter to all within the limits of his legation, pressing upon them obedience to the pastoral of their late Bishop, urging too, as an additional argument for the necessity of such a festival, that it was impossible to make any adequate commemoration of the Holy Eucharist on Maundy Thursday, the real anniversary of its institution, because the Church was so fully engaged on that day in meditating on our Lord's passion, in consecrating the holy oils, and in fulfilling the commandment touching the washing of one another's feet; to which might have been added a further particular, mentioned by Pope Urban in his Bull on the subject, viz. the reconciliation of penitent offenders; in conclusion, he granted to all who should devoutly assist at future celebrations of the feast an indulgence of a hundred days.

One of the canons, who was present during Hugo's discourse, was so much affected by it, that on his return home he reversed the will which had been executed in favour of his sister, and, with her consent, left the whole of his property to the church of St. Martin's, as a provision for the worthy celebration of the festival to all succeeding generations. His example was followed by another, who provided for the celebration of the Octave; and the deed was not unrewarded even in

* Placentius, ubi supra.

this life, for some years afterwards the same sister was wonderfully restored from a long and dangerous illness, immediately after receiving Holy Communion on this day.

The Cardinal's letter, however, did not produce any general permanent result. The feast was kept only whilst he continued in the country; but upon his return to Rome, it was allowed for the most part to fall into disuse; not even the repetition of his injunctions concerning it by Cardinal Capoccio, the Legate who succeeded him two years afterwards, availed to secure its universal celebration throughout the single diocese of Liege, still less to commend it to the whole Christian Church; and yet nothing less than this had been distinctly foretold as the purpose which God had in view in all the revelations that had been made. But the counsels of the Almighty were not to be frustrated by man's indifference or disobedience; and He was even now preparing to accomplish them, though it was not his will that she who had received the first knowledge of them should live to witness their fulfilment. The life of Juliana, which, like the lives of most of the chosen servants of God, had been marked with many trials, was now drawing to a close. She had been twice driven from her monastery, because she would not acknowledge a prior whose promotion had been obtained by simoniacal means. The first time, she and many others of her community had been received by her kind friend the canon of St. Martin's, who generously resigned his house to them, and himself took shelter in another; but the second time she was received alone into a strange and distant monastery, where her days were at length ended, being characterised to the very last by the same remarkable devotion to the holy Eucharist. She had partaken of it with the faithful on Easter-day A.D. 1258, and about a fortnight afterwards, her last illness increased so rapidly upon her, that she was quite unable to receive it again, even as the Viaticum; it was proposed therefore by the abbess where she was now resident, that it should at least be brought into her chamber, that she might adore, though she could not communicate; but this she steadily refused, as an indignity and a presumption, for that she ought rather to go to it, not it to be brought to her; nor could she be persuaded to yield, until she was reminded of the obligations of holy obedience. As soon as she understood by the sound of the bell that her Lord was approaching, she rose in her bed and prepared to meet Him; the priest entered the room, and taking the blessed Sacrament from out of the pyx, held it reverently before her, saying, "Behold thy Redeemer, who vouchsafed to be born and to suffer death for thee; beg of Him to defend thee from

all thine enemies, and to be thy guide for ever;" thus slightly altering, as the circumstances of the case required, the ordinary form of words used in administering the Viaticum. "Amen," she replied: "I beg the same for the lady abbess also;" and with these words upon her lips, immediately expired.

It was not long afterwards that the hopes of her dear friend, the recluse at St. Martin's, were most unexpectedly roused by hearing that the former Archdeacon of Liege, who had been successively promoted from one important office to another, had now been called to the pontifical throne itself, vacant by the death of Alexander IV. She hastened, therefore, to petition that the Bishop would lay the matter afresh before the new Pope, feeling confident that the time she had so long hoped for was now at hand; and Henry, nothing loath, probably, to have so favourable an excuse for bringing to the Pontiff's recollection his former connexion with the good city of Liege, readily complied with her request. His application, however, met with no better success than the mere issuing of an order that the day should be kept holy, not in St. Martin's only, or in a few churches here and there, but generally throughout the whole of that diocese.

During the next three years no progress was made; but at the end of that time an event happened in the distant town of Bolsena, which was destined to be the immediate occasion of the establishment of this festival. A priest, who was saying Mass in the church of St. Christina in that town, and had already pronounced the words of consecration, was either tempted by doubts concerning the reality of the mysteries he was celebrating, or through carelessness spilt some portion of the contents of the chalice which he was holding (the story is told in both ways, and it is not necessary to choose between them, since what follows is agreed upon by all); blood was seen to flow upon the altar, either from the cup or from the host; and the priest, anxious to conceal what had happened, sought to cover it with the corporal. His labours were worse than useless: they only served to make the miracle yet more manifest to all; for as often as he doubled and redoubled the corporal, the same stain of fresh blood continually reappeared in the form of a host upon each new fold as it was made;* it penetrated downwards, also, through the triple linen covering of the altar, and reached the very stone itself, where the spot is still guarded by the usual defence of an iron grating.

* Sixtus IV., in a Bull dated July 23, 1477 (Bull. Frat. Præd. tom. iii. p. 555), says there were twenty folds, and describes the impress as *Imago Redemtoris sanguine perfusa.*

The people marvelled at the sight, and soon noised it abroad to the ears of the Pope himself, who was then residing within the fortress of Orvieto, not many miles distant, in consequence of the occupation of Rome by King Manfred and his army. He immediately ordered the corporal to be brought into his own presence, and the Bishop and clergy, with a great multitude of people, accompanied it in solemn procession from the one town to the other; the Pope and all his court going out to meet it, and depositing it, with much pomp and ceremony, in the principal church of the place. But this not being considered a sufficiently costly shrine for the preservation of so sacred a relic, and in order that there might be provided some lasting memorial of so remarkable a miracle, it was determined to erect a new church expressly for the purpose; accordingly the foundation-stone of the present magnificent cathedral was laid by Nicholas IV., on the 13th November, 1290, the exceeding richness of whose materials, and the skill with which they are wrought, have never failed to excite the highest admiration.

This event, then, so public and notorious, and happening, as it were, in the very presence of the Pope, naturally brought to his recollection all that he had heard in former years concerning a desire in the hearts of some to establish a new festival in honour of the Blessed Sacrament; and concerning those heavenly visions, too, which had first kindled that desire. It is said, also, that St. Thomas Aquinas, who was then the Dominican Professor of Theology at Orvieto, presenting to the Holy Father, about this time, his well-known *Aurea Catena*, or Commentary on the Four Gospels, which he had just completed, steadily refused to accept any reward in the way of personal promotion, and only prayed that some new and extraordinary honours might be enjoined to the holy Eucharist. Be this as it may, it is clear that in the course of this year the festival of Corpus Christi was promulgated, for the first time, to the whole Church; and there is still extant the congratulatory letter which Urban addressed on the occasion to the holy recluse at Liege:

"Urban, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to his beloved daughter in Christ, Eve, recluse at St. Martin's in Liege, health and apostolic benediction. We are well aware, daughter, how thy soul hath been desirous with an earnest desire, that a solemn feast of the most sacred Body of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ should be appointed in God's Church, as an ordinance to be kept by the faithful for ever; we therefore make known to thee, for thy great joy, that we

have thought right, for the confirmation of the Church's faith, to ordain that, besides the commemoration of the Blessed Sacrament which is made every day in the Church, there should be another more special and solemn commemoration, to wit, on the Thursday next after the first Sunday after Pentecost, on which day we will that the faithful shall devoutly throng the churches for this purpose; and that the day shall be gladdened by a new festivity, and made festive with abundant gladness, as is more fully declared in the letters apostolic which we have published to this effect to the whole world.* Know, therefore, that we have thought it right to celebrate this new feast in company with all our brethren, that is, with the Cardinals of the Roman Church, and with all the Archbishops, Bishops, and prelates of all the churches who then happened to be in Rome, in order that we might set them a good and worthy example before their very eyes. Let thy soul, then, magnify the Lord, and thy spirit rejoice in God thy Saviour, because thine eyes have seen thy salvation, which we have prepared before the face of all people. Rejoice, moreover, that the Almighty Lord has granted thee the desire of thy heart, and that the bountiful goodness of heaven has not robbed thee of the desire of thy lips. And whereas we send you by the bearer of these presents a book, wherein is contained the proper office appointed for this festival, we will, and we hereby strictly require, that you receive the said office with devotion, and shew it willingly and without grudging to all who ask you. Finally, be instant in prayers and devout supplication to Him who has left on earth so life-giving a memorial of Himself, and beg that He will bestow on us his heavenly grace, that we may wisely govern the Church committed to our care, to the honour and glory of his name, and to the salvation of his people. Given at Orvieto, on the eighth day of September, in the fourth year of our Pontificate, A.D. 1264."

The peculiar tone in which the new office is here spoken of, was dictated, no doubt, by a secret misgiving, lest the clergy and people of Liege should be so strongly attached to that which they had already used, as to be disposed to reject any other that might be proposed to them. It does not appear, however, that they made any difficulty in receiving it; only they still retained a few fragmentary memorials of their own in antiphons and responsories, and the hymns for some of the little hours. Nor is this to be wondered at, since the excellence of the new office was such as to disarm jealousy

* The letters were published three weeks before, August 11.

and defy competition; it is even said to have received the express approbation of Jesus Christ Himself, for that when St. Thomas went to make an offering of his work to God in his own house, a voice was heard speaking from the crucifix before which he knelt, and saying, "Thomas, thou hast written well concerning Me." There is a tradition that the Pope had originally imposed the task of composing this office on two persons, St. Thomas and St. Bonaventura, intending afterwards to choose between them; but that the latter, having heard a portion of what St. Thomas had written, destroyed the fruit of his own labours, as unworthy to be compared with it. Others, again, attribute the office properly so called to the Dominican doctor; but the arrangement of the Mass to the Franciscan. There seem no sufficient grounds, however, for supposing any one to have had a hand in it except St. Thomas alone,* who received for it from the Pope himself the very appropriate gift of a silver dove,† such as at that time was wont to be hung in churches for the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament.

The letters apostolic, which have been mentioned as published to the whole world, commanding the use of this office and the celebration of the new festival, consist, for the most part, only of a longer and more eloquent repetition of what we have already seen in the letter of Robert, Bishop of Liege. The Holy Father presses the same arguments and reasons, or apologies, for its institution; adding, moreover, that he has been the more readily persuaded to make this ordinance, "because," he says, "we understood long ago, when we were in a lower office in the Church, that it had been divinely revealed to some Catholics that such a festival should one day be universally observed in the Church:" he appoints the same day for its celebration, viz. the Thursday after the octave of Pentecost,—a day rightly chosen, says St. Thomas,‡ "forasmuch as it was not until after the descent of the Holy Ghost, whereby alone either the Apostles or ourselves can rightly understand the dignity of so great a Sacrament, that we read of their perseverance in the communication of the breaking of bread." He repeats the same injunctions as to the necessity of a fitting preparation, by a true and pure confession, by continual prayer, by almsgiving, and other works of piety and devotion; and pours forth the following earnest exhortations to rouse men to a worthy celebration of the feast: "Let the joy both of priests and people burst forth into songs of praise; let every mind and heart and lip and tongue pay the glad homage of

* See Natalis Alexander. Dissert. vi. art. 1, tom. vii.
† Genebrard. Chron. lib. iv. ad ann. 1261. ‡ Opuscul. 57.

exulting hymns; let the song of faith, and the eager joyfulness of hope, and the triumphant voice of charity, be heard together; let the applause of the devout and of the pure of heart unite with the jubilees of the choir; let all come together with eager alacrity and a forward will, each satisfying his zeal to the very utmost in the celebration of so great a solemnity; and oh, would that this zeal were such as to inflame the hearts of the faithful with so ardent a devotion in the service of Christ, and to cause them so to grow in his grace, that He who once gave Himself for their ransom, and now offers Himself for their good, may finally, when their earthly course is run, bestow Himself upon them as their infinite and everlasting reward." In conclusion, he grants numerous indulgences to all who should assist at the several public offices of the day, or during the octave.

These letters were published late in the autumn of 1264; but either in consequence of the death of Urban, which happened within a month or two afterwards (on the 2d of October), or because of the distracted state of European Christendom during the succeeding years, it did not meet with that prompt and universal obedience, to which a solemn injunction, promulgated by the supreme authority, was of right entitled. Clement the Fifth, therefore, forty years afterwards, repeated and confirmed the decree in the council, which he held A.D. 1311 at Vienne, between Lyons and Avignon, whither, amid the unceasing strife of Guelphs and Ghibellines, the Papal court had by that time been forced to retire. But even ten years later still, the feast appears to have been yet unknown in some parts of France* and other countries, until it was once more enjoined, and finally established, by John XXII., in the year 1318; and henceforward there was nothing left for succeeding Pontiffs but to multiply and enlarge its privileges. Thus Martin V., A.D. 1429, and Eugenius IV. four years afterwards, doubled and redoubled the indulgences, which had been granted by Urban at the first; moreover they extended them to those who should accompany the Blessed Sacrament on foot, bearing a lighted torch in its honour, whenever it was carried from place to place for the communion of the sick; and they permitted that on this day bells should be rung and the churches opened even in places which lay under an interdict, provided only that those who were excommunicated should not enter, nor those who had been the immediate causes of the interdict draw near to the holy altar. This important prerogative, which had been originally conceded to Christmas and Easter, Whitsuntide and the Assumption, by Boniface

* Massonius Papyrius, lib. v. de Episc. Urbis.

VIII., as a remedy against the very serious evils which had been found to result from a total suspension of religious offices during a long period in Spain, was afterwards, by Calixtus III., accorded to the feast of the Transfiguration; but the rarity of the concession clearly marks the anxiety of the sovereign Pontiffs to confer the highest possible dignity upon this festival of the holy Eucharist. Still it nowhere appears that any particular method was ever prescribed for its celebration; and hence it has always been a subject of dispute, how far any varieties have been introduced since the time of its original institution, or whether the present custom of carrying the Blessed Sacrament in procession was an essential part of it from the beginning. It is true that neither Urban nor Clement make any specific mention of it, and that it is first spoken of by John in his confirmation of their decrees; still the exulting language of the first-named Pope in his apostolic letters seems almost necessarily to refer to the solemn pomp of a full and brilliant procession, such as he must himself have witnessed and celebrated, when, attended by his whole court, he met the bishop, clergy, and people of Bolsena, on the bridge of Rio Chiaro, bearing to him the miraculous corporal. A local tradition of Avignon says that the procession was first celebrated in that city in the year 1312, having been instituted by Clement V.; but whilst this account obliges us to dissent from those who would refer it to a later date, it presents no difficulty to our own belief that it was coeval with the festival itself, since Clement was the first to establish the pontifical residence in that city. Moreover, there is a decree of a provincial council at Sens, in the year 1320, which, having enjoined the vigil of the feast of Corpus Christi to be observed with fasting, further adds, that they decree nothing concerning the procession of the clergy and people, which is wont to be made on that day, "choosing rather to leave it to their own devotion, forasmuch as it appears to have been introduced at the first by a divine inspiration;" words which seem to point either to the original revelations to Juliana, or to the subsequent miracle at Bolsena. But however this may be, whether the procession was ordained by Urban, or by one or other of his successors, it has certainly become one of the most striking characteristics of this most gorgeous festival in every part of the world. The richest treasures of nature and of art have been ransacked to add variety and splendour to the spectacle. Thus in the distant Paraguay, where every thing was rude and uncultivated, save only the souls of its inhabitants, the principal features of the procession were triumphal arches, formed out of the greenwood of the forest, festoons of fruits

and flowers, the gay plumage of peacocks and other beautiful birds, the skins of lions and other beasts of the forest, and even living stags, lions, and tigers, secured to pillars on either sides of the road, along which the Blessed Sacrament was to be borne. How different and yet how similar a spectacle did the same festival present in the principal cities of Spain; different, that is, in all outward semblance, yet the same in the devotion which prompted it, and the faith which it commemorated.

In Valladolid, for instance, the procession was rendered quite dazzling to the eye from the number of silver and golden images of the saints, which were carried before the holy Eucharist, each preceded by one or more crosses of the same precious metals, and standards of the richest embroidered silk. At Angers, in France, besides the crosses and standards of all the guilds and confraternities, there were carried several large frames, ornamented with flowers, and illuminated by candles, in which were fixed certain representations, wrought in wax, of types and figures taken out of the Old Testament, as well as of some of the miracles and mysteries recorded in the New; the streets were so plentifully hung with flags and other drapery, that the procession seemed to pass under one continued canopy from one end of the city to the other; and when the religious ceremonies were ended, the magistrates and other citizens of the town met together to partake of one common meal, as a token of mutual love and charity, and in memory of that last supper of the Lord, in which the Blessed Sacrament was ordained. At Mentz the tokens and instruments of the Passion formed an important part of the processional array; the clergy and people, who accompanied it, wearing crowns of oak or ivy on their heads, and the virgins wreaths of roses; thus exhibiting that mixture of gladness and sorrow, which is described in the bull of Urban as most fitting to the celebration of this mystery, since in it, as he truly says, "we must needs exult, if we think of our deliverance; but if we think of Christ's sufferings, which were the price of that deliverance, and which this mystery commemorates, we can scarcely refrain from tears."

The usual method of carrying the Blessed Sacrament in all these processions was in the hands of the most dignified ecclesiastic who might be present; and his arms were not unfrequently supported, for this purpose, by two of the civil officers who were highest in authority, just as the hands of Moses were stayed up by Aaron and Hur during the battle against the Amalekites. Sometimes, however, as at Angers, and at Cambridge, A.D. 1480, two priests or Bishops carried

it in a kind of tabernacle resting on their shoulders; and sometimes also it was borne on horseback,* as at Brindisi, where the Archbishop rode a white horse, duly caparisoned for the purpose, and led by two officers of state, six canons in the meanwhile supporting the canopy over his head; here, however, the custom appears to have arisen merely from the accidental circumstance that it had been brought into the town in this manner by the Emperor Frederic, when removed from his ship, which had been driven ashore somewhere in the neighbourhood. In Rome, it was originally carried by the Popes bareheaded and on foot; a practice which the latest of the canonised Pontiffs, St. Pius V., still continued, even when labouring under bodily infirmity. About a century later, however, Alexander VII., being unable to walk, caused a portable throne, or open chair, to be constructed, on which he might be carried, either kneeling or sitting, holding the ostensorium between his hands. The convenience of this arrangement, whereby the Blessed Sacrament is readily exposed to the adoration of the assembled thousands, has caused it to be retained ever since; and certainly it is scarcely possible to conceive a sight better calculated to inspire feelings of awe and devotion than that which is thus presented, at least to all reverent beholders. After a very long but simple procession, consisting of vast numbers of the regular and secular clergy, the canons of the collegiate churches, and the chapters of all the basilicas, each bearing a lighted candle in his hand, and singing or repeating the hymns appointed for that purpose, and every community being preceded by its own cross and standard (with the addition, in the case of the basilicas, of its bell, mace, and pavilion), there follows the usual white-robed train of mitred abbots and bishops, patriarchs and cardinals, such as is wont to precede the Pontiff on all occasions of state. At length, clad in an ample cope of white satin and gold, and borne aloft on men's shoulders under a baldacchino or canopy, which is alternately supported by different public officers and the members of a few privileged colleges, appears the Holy Father himself; not sitting, as in ordinary functions, with the insignia of dignity, as the chief Bishop of Christendom, and dispensing blessings as he goes, but bending forwards in an attitude of the deepest reverence, and engaged in acts of prayer and thanksgiving to the Author and Giver of all blessings, Whom he bears in his hands, veiled under the semblance of common bread. The ostensorium, in which the holy Eucharist is enclosed, is clasped between his hands, and its base rests upon a kind of altar before him.

* Angel. Roccha. Opera, tom. i. p. 38.

At sight of this, the whole multitude, who have hitherto been standing with uncovered heads, out of respect to the symbol of their redemption so continually passing before them, now fall on their knees, and give themselves up to the devout contemplation of the adorable Sacrament, until *it* too has been carried past them. The whole scene is such as can never be forgotten by those who have once had the privilege of witnessing it; and even if there be those who gaze at it with the same bitter and contemptuous feelings with which Michol, the daughter of Saul, looked on whilst David was bringing up the ark of the covenant to Jerusalem, there are certainly others who have been blest with far different and more salutary impressions. It is worth mentioning also, that the celebration of this festival in the Christian Reductions of Paraguay was seldom or never barren of numerous conversions to the faith from among those wild Indians who used to come down, often from very considerable distances, to witness the spectacle.

In conclusion, we would say, in the language of one whom we have principally followed in this history of the institution of the festival of Corpus Christi,* "May God grant that, spite of the opposition of heretics, or rather through their conversion to the truth, men may continue to add new and ever-increasing honours to their commemoration of this astounding miracle of God's mercy and goodness, the Sacrament of the holy Eucharist!"

Poetry.

THE ESTATICA.

Like a maiden laid for burial,
Still as marble limb and head,
Still and fix'd, yet almost smiling,
Clad in white robes of the dead,—
Hidden thus among the mountains,
Lieth one in lowly shed.

Far below her in the valleys
Faintly murmur many streams,

* J. Chapeauville, Archdeacon and Vicar-General of Liege, in a work published at Bruges, 1643. Our other principal authorities have been *Origo prima Festi C. C.*, by Bartolommeo Fissen, a Jesuit, which was published about the same time; and the life of Juliana, written in part by one of her contemporaries, and to be found *apud Surium.*

Storm and sunshine pass above her,
With the tender starry gleams;
Doth she see them all in vision?
Or of what are wove her dreams?

Seasons roll away—rich autumns
Follow summers warm and clear;
Soft the snows fall, vanish softly,
While the million buds appear:
She lies on, a solemn wonder;
So hath lain for many a year.

Never food may pass the portals
Of those lips so wan and mild;
Not the dewy mountain honey,
Nor the humblest berry wild;
She lies an angel bound in slumber
Rather than an earthly child.

Oh the sorrow—oh the beauty—
Oh the mystery of that scene!
Think how life is flowing from thee!
Hearken!—on the village-green
There is music, there is gladness,
There, where thou hast never been!

Stranger, leave her; leave this dwelling,
Or learn better what is here;
This is one that talks with angels:
What her need of earthly cheer
Who beholds the mighty future?
Purge thy soul, or come not near.

In her eyes this floating planet
Is a bark, from whence to view
Things that we cannot imagine,
Past the depths of yonder blue:
Here the fleeting, false, and empty—
There the beautiful and true.

Yet no day but sees her duteous
Dwell again on earth awhile,
Guiding all the little household
From her couch with tender smile.
Brief her sojourn: from the Bridegroom
How should earth her soul beguile?

Him she worships, there in heaven:
Here—where hiding all his might
He abides a silent Presence,
Trying faith and sparing sight;
Therefore rapt before the altar
Lies her spirit day and night.

Ever in the early morning,
When the rose-light fills the East,
While the glory marcheth onward
Of the sacrificial feast—
Sursum corda,—Sanctus, Sanctus,
Duly uttered,—and the priest

Bendeth forehead to the altar,
And the small bell ringeth shrill,
While aloft the arms are lifted,
Like to Moses' on the hill—
Then the maiden in her chamber
Feels the summons sway her will!

Like a light cloud lifted onward
By the springing of the breeze,
Without effort from the pillow
See her raised upon her knees;
Yet the couch perceives no pressure,
And she seeks not change nor ease,

While with rapture deeply gazing
She hangs forward rapt in prayer,
Robed so purely, bent so meekly,
As in winter droops mid-air
O'er her native mountain valley,
Bright with snow, the young larch fair.

Then, when holy Mass is ended,
When the *Ite* hath been said,
Back she glideth softly, slowly,
Down upon her humble bed;
Folds her palms in solemn beauty,
And leans back her marble head.

Even thus, when through the darkness
To some house in this wild dell
There is borne the holy Victim,
She, the lone one, knows it well:
Rising soft, in worship kneeling,
And—like sea-wave fain to swell

To the fair moon's mystic bidding—
Turneth as the path may bend
Which the meek Consoler travels
Till He find his journey's end—
Not till then the trancèd watcher
Letteth her frail form descend.

Fare ye well, ye Alpine regions—
Fare thee well, thou vision fair!

Oh! when next the Holy calls thee,
Breathe for me one gentle prayer!
And if now indeed thou seëst
Heaven and all the blessèd there,

Lone one, bid them turn towards me,
Bid them see my woe and sin;
Tell the Virgin Mother of me,
Of the depth this heart is in!
Tell thy friends among the crown'd ones
Of a soul for them to win! R. M.

Reviews.

DR. MURRAY AND DR. WHATELY.

Essays, chiefly Theological. By the Rev. Patrick Murray, D.D. Professor of Dogmatic and Moral Theology in the Royal College of Maynooth. Dublin: Bellew.

"GIVE me a place to stand on," said Archimedes, "and I will move the world." "Give me a Bible-text," says the clever Protestant preacher, "and I will upset the whole Catholic religion." And indeed we believe that few texts could be named from which one of these ingenious divines could not disprove, in the course of an hour's sermon, the whole of Pope Pius's Creed, establishing at the same time the wickedness of monks, nuns, and Jesuits, the abuses of the confessional, and the general degradation, moral and intellectual, of the entire Catholic world.

Of course this textual ingenuity is not confined to anti-Popery demonstrations, but pervades the whole system of Protestant preaching, and is, in fact, one of its leading peculiarities. It is the grand secret of many of the most popular of the orators of Dissent and the Establishment. They "work out a text," as they call it, hanging reflections on every syllable, drawing deductions from solitary letters, while a clause of a few words suffices for material for demonstrations so startlingly clear and so abstrusely profound, that the listening audience is divided between rapt admiration for the hermeneutical skill and spiritual discernment of the preacher, and amazement at its own previous blindness to truths so momentous and interpretations so lucid. Walking through the streets of London, the wayfarer sometimes encounters a street-exhibi-

tor, holding up a sheet of white writing-paper doubled into a few simple folds. With this apparently unpromising material he forthwith produces, by certain dexterous manipulations, a succession of fans, baskets, fly-catchers, purses, and so forth, turning the paper inside out, twisting it, opening it, closing it, and rattling it, with so happy a skill, that the eye of the adult beholder is bewildered, and the juvenile spectator thinks he never saw any thing so wonderful or *useful* in his life before. Such is a text of Scripture in the hands of a clever Protestant "pulpit-orator." Lutheranism, Calvinism, Zwinglianism, Quakerism, Methodism, Establishmentism, Nationalism, Puritanism, Pantheism, out they come, often one after another, with dazzling rapidity and most facile readiness, till the happy congregation rises from its seats and goes its way homewards, astonished, delighted, edified, and convinced that now, after all, *the* true Christianity is appearing on earth and the darkness of the middle ages is banished for ever. Such is the happiness of living under a system which makes "every preacher his own Pope;" and

> "Thus, in this vile world below,
> Noblest things find vilest using."

Our readers,—if perchance, being Catholics, they have ever seen a Bible and read it,—are aware that in the Acts of the Apostles are found the following words, taking, for the sake of the remarks to follow, the Protestant version.

"I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears" (Acts xx. 29, 30, 31).

What this passage really means is, one would say, sufficiently obvious. Common sense, wishing to interpret it, would naturally in the first place inquire, *to whom* the Apostles gave these directions. Of this the context leaves no room for doubt. We read, that St. Paul was here instructing *the ancients*, or as the Protestant version has it, *the elders*, of the Church of Ephesus, for whom he had sent for this special purpose. These ancients, moreover, are further reminded by the Apostle that the Holy Ghost had made them *bishops*, or as the Protestants have rendered it, *overseers* ("overseers" meaning in Saxon what "bishops" means in Greek,) of the Church of God. Hence there can be *no* question as to the fact that St. Paul was addressing the *rulers* of the Church of Ephesus, and that he was addressing them alone, as distin-

guished from their flock, for his exhortations are directed to their fulfilment of this very office of governing.

Nor is there any more mystery as to the instructions thus furnished. As plainly as words can speak it, St. Paul warns them against false teaching; the peculiar tendency of which he declares will be *to separate the disciples from the body* of which, under his guidance, they had become members. And the means by which the mischief is to be prevented is to be a rigorous adherence to what the Apostle himself had taught them in the three years during which he asserts that he has instructed them in the whole counsel of God. Whatever might be the teaching of any pretenders, the test was at hand. Did he teach any thing different from what St. Paul had taught? If he did, there was an end of the matter; his doctrines were false, and he himself was to be counted a devourer of the flock, and not a shepherd. We put it to any man of ordinary capacity and fair mind, whether this is not at once the obvious and the necessary meaning of St. Paul's instructions in the passage before us.

On this text, nevertheless, an argument of the most ultra-Protestant complexion has been devised by one of the most plausible writers of the present day. Dr. Whately, the Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, in 1847 preached and published a sermon, entitled *The Search after Infallibility*, on the above-mentioned words of "Paul," as Dr. Whately delights offensively to term the great Apostle of the Gentiles. And what says the Archbishop by way of interpretation of St. Paul's address before us? Precisely what might be expected from a man who is of opinion that there is a good deal to be said for Judas Iscariot, and that St. Thomas's unbelief was rather to his credit than otherwise. He literally builds on this identical text a proof of the Protestant theory of private judgment and the duty of every man to gather his own religion from the Bible! "Take heed to yourselves, and to the flock which God has appointed you to rule," says St. Paul, which means, says Dr. Whately, "Oh, members of the flock, pay no heed to your rulers!" "Remember, ye rulers," says St. Paul, "when schismatics arise, what I taught you;" which, being interpreted by Dr. Whately, signifies, "Remember, ye ruled, diligently to examine the Bible (not yet all in existence, and whether you can read or no), and believe nothing that you cannot find therein plainly written." Can perversion further go? Can the annals of non-theological criticism furnish a parallel to this astounding specimen of exegesis? Was any book, except the Bible, ever thus perverted to mean "black" when it says "white," or, under the guise of an exhortation

to one man to do one thing, made to convey a command to another man to do the very opposite? Such is "Bibliolatry," and such are "Bibliolaters." They are like all other devotees to idolatry of any kind. They take one of the Creator's *works*, make it into a god, then bow down before it, and offer it incense; and when it refuses to do their bidding, cuff it, and kick it, and insult it with every imaginable opprobrium. Are we unfair if we protest that Dr. Whately reminds us of the commencement of a sermon, said to have been delivered in the Oxford University pulpit, in which the preacher thus began, "Paul says, and I partly agree with him?"

In the present instance Dr. Whately has met with a very awkward antagonist; and we regret that a similar fate has not always attended his other numerous and generally pernicious writings. Clever and shallow as they are, they would have furnished just the subjects for the acute pen of the learned Professor at Maynooth. We do not often meet with such happy instances of controversial skill as Dr. Murray has displayed in the first essay of his recently-published volume, not merely in expounding what St. Paul *did* say, and overthrowing the prominent errors of Dr. Whately's interpretation, but in handling popularly certain great Catholic truths incidentally introduced, or rather necessarily involved in the true exposition of St. Paul's directions to the Ephesian ancients. We are disposed to think this essay one of the very best to be found in the three volumes which Dr. Murray has now brought out, and venture to recommend it as likely to be of important practical use to the ordinary reader, whether Catholic or Protestant. The volume contains also two other essays, not, as appears to us, quite equal in merit to the first, but still containing a great deal of valuable information and reasoning.

Extracts will hardly do justice to any argumentative treatise; but we give one passage as a specimen of the manner in which Dr. Murray meets Dr. Whately's plausibilities, partly by reasoning, and partly by a correct statement of the facts misrepresented by his adversary.

"Again," says Dr. Whately, "the alleged necessity is, for an infallible interpreter universally and readily *accessible*. And this no Church can even pretend to have provided. Supposing a central infallible Church to exist, it is not one Christian in ten thousand that can put himself in direct communication with its supreme governors. Each individual may, indeed, use its formularies, and may assign to them the same authority as to Scripture; but he can be no more competent to interpret the one than the other, or to supply aright any omissions; he is still in want of an infallible

guide to direct him how to conform with unerring exactitude to his Church. And this guide must be, to the great mass of mankind, the pastor under whom each is placed. The pastor's conformity to the Church must be taken on his own word. If he be either ignorant, or erroneous, or dishonest,—if, in short, every individual pastor be not himself infallible, the Christian people, whose incompetency to judge for themselves has been all along presupposed, may be as much misled as in their perusal of the Scriptures."

On this Dr. Murray remarks:

"I shall state a few replies to this argument as briefly as possible.

"1. We do not hold that the infallible authority must be or is readily accessible to all upon all points. The mass of the faithful are ignorant of many definitions of the Church known to learned theologians.

"2. Doctrinal disputes may arise on questions hitherto not defined or not clearly defined. The Church may allow such disputes to continue for a length of time, without settling them by a definitive sentence.

"3. On defined points, which all are bound to believe explicitly, and therefore to know, the teaching of the infallible tribunal is readily, most readily accessible to all. Take the doctrine of the Eucharist: is there a Catholic (I speak of a Catholic really such, not of a man who has grown up like a beast of the field, and calls himself a Catholic because he hears himself called so, and knows nothing more about it), is there a Catholic from pole to pole who is ignorant of the doctrine of the real presence and transubstantiation? The same is true of every doctrine which it is, as well as of others which it is not, of obligation to know—the unity and all infinite perfections of God—the creation of the world out of nothing—the creation of man in a state of innocence and sanctity—his fall—original sin the consequence thereof—the atonement of Jesus Christ—his divinity—the Trinity of persons in one God—the eternity of the joys of heaven and of the pains of hell—the sacrament of penance, its necessity, its effects, the dispositions required for its worthy reception—the sacrament of baptism, its necessity and effects—the indefectibility and infallibility of the Church—the supremacy of the Holy See, &c. &c. Not only all Catholics, but most of those who are not Catholics and have received any thing like a religious education, know that the Catholic Church holds a distinct defined doctrine on all these points, and know what that doctrine is. This is a fact, an indisputable fact. Every Catholic has a moral certainty of what the teaching of the Church is on the aforesaid points, as strong as is his physical certainty that the sun is in the sky when he sees it there. No abstract reasoning can overturn this plain fact; but, if I understand the principle of Dr. Whately's argument, the fact overturns it.

"The case is widely different in the Established Church. After the doctrines of mere natural religion, it is impossible for any one, whether he is a member or not of that Church, to know what she teaches on almost every other doctrinal question. I know what Dr. Whately holds on several points, I know what the Protestant Archbishop of Canterbury holds, what the Protestant Bishops of Exeter, London, Norwich, respectively hold; just as I know, but by no means so clearly as I know, the opinions of Bellarmine or Tournelly on certain disputed matters. But when I come to ascertain what the Established Church holds as fixed and defined doctrine—doctrine not to be denied without the guilt of heresy—all inquiry becomes useless. Does she hold the Lutheran doctrine on the real presence? Does she hold the infallibility of the Church universal, even according to the Tractarian idea of a universal Church? Does she hold the doctrine of the Trinity as Catholics hold it, or as the Sabellians are said to have held it? Does she hold that ordination impresses any thing real on the soul, or that it is merely what the scholastics call an 'extrinsic denomination,' like the title of magistrate or field-marshal? Does she hold that baptism remits original sin, or is merely an external rite of incorporation with the visible Church, as enlisting incorporates with the Queen's army? Does she hold the necessity of apostolical succession? On these and several other points I see Dr. Whately, and Dr. Sumner, and Dr. Hinds, and other bishops and leading theologians of that Church, holding and maintaining a side diametrically opposed to that held and maintained by other bishops and theologians of that Church. When Dr. Whately published his essays on the *Kingdom of Christ*, he was denounced openly in the *British Critic*, the great quarterly organ of the Tractarians, as a heretic. Yet Dr. Whately, and Dr. Sumner, and those who go with them, have just as good a right as their opponents to call themselves true bishops and orthodox members of the Established Church. There are many books, much disputation, much teaching; but meanwhile what is the teaching of the Church?

"I at present draw no inference from the foregoing except in reference to the matter before me. It is a fact, then, that the Established Church, confined as she is to one compact corner of Europe, and to people all speaking the same language and subject to the same government, is not readily accessible—is not accessible at all. Nay, what does she tell us of her own self? who is she? what is she? where is she? in what way or through what organ does she speak? I know, or conjecture, what Dr. Whately or Dr. Philpotts would reply. Their answers would differ as wide as the poles asunder; and still the answers are but theirs, not the answers of the Church. It is also a fact that every member of the Catholic Church is perfectly sure of her teaching on all points which he is bound to know, though her empire extends from the rising to the setting sun, and embraces all tongues and all varieties of the human race.

"It would appear, then, that the infallible Church is not only readily accessible, but peculiarly accessible by reason of her infallibility. And indeed this should be so from the very nature of the thing. For an infallible Church teaches with supreme, all-subduing authority. When she does distinctly define, we are sure that she means what she says, and that the definition is unchangeable, one and the same for evermore. As it is easier to transfer solid gold than jelly, without injuring its shape, so the settled unalterable dogma is more easily diffused, without danger of adulteration, than ill-defined opinion.

"4. When Dr. Whately asserts that men are no more competent to interpret the formularies of the Church than to interpret the sacred Scriptures, he surely cannot mean to imply that, *e. g.* the definition of the real presence by the Council of Trent is as difficult of interpretation as the Epistle to the Romans, or indeed almost any chapter in the whole of the New Testament. It is a notorious fact that, especially for the last three hundred years, almost every page of the New Testament has been interpreted in various ways, and opposite doctrines drawn therefrom by the most learned men. It is a fact equally notorious, that no man, learned or unlearned, ever doubted during the same period that the Catholic Church has all this time taught the doctrine of the real presence. It is not then so difficult to understand what the Church teaches, as to understand what Scripture teaches from Scripture itself."

SHAM BIOGRAPHIES.—THE HOUSEHOLD OF SIR THOMAS MORE.

The Household of Sir Thomas More. Libellus a Margareta More, quindecim annos nata, Chelseiæ inceptus. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue and Co.

The practice of composing journals in the name of some eminent person of by-gone days, or of somebody more or less closely connected with such a person, of writing them with all the peculiarities of language and orthography belonging to the period, and finally of sending them forth to the world in ancient type and binding, seems to be alarmingly on the increase. We are not at all satisfied that this species of literary fiction should be encouraged; it is so easy to do it badly, so extremely difficult to do it well.

The present specimen is from the same pen, we believe, as gave us not long since *Ye Maiden and Married Life of Mary Powell, afterwards Mistress Milton*, done after the same fashion: and certainly it was not to be expected that one and

the same person should be capable of entering into the mind and temper of two such different heroines as the daughter of Sir Thomas More and the wife of John Milton, and the mind and temper of the respective objects of their admiration, in such a manner as to do equal justice to them both. Accordingly we find that this second attempt decidedly falls short of the first; the writer is evidently unequal to the task of appreciating a high Catholic character such as that of Sir Thomas More. Not being a Catholic herself (we take it for granted the writer is a lady), she is unable to comprehend the tone and general cast of thought which characterises a Catholic family: it was morally impossible, therefore, that she should give a faithful representation of the interior of a Catholic household, like that of the martyr-chancellor's during the critical period which saw the dawn of England's schism.

We are far from insinuating that she has wilfully misrepresented any portion of her subject; on the contrary, we give her credit for the very best intentions; but there is such an essential difference between the Catholic and Protestant characters, that she has failed to draw a portraiture that will satisfy a Catholic, just as we should fail ourselves if ever we were to be guilty of an insane attempt to write a panegyric of Wesley or Whitfield, Milton or Oliver Cromwell, such as would satisfy a Puritan or a Methodist.

The faults of this book consisting mainly of omissions rather than of positive misstatements, it is difficult to select instances of what we complain of. It is like bad wine; a single taste may be enough to convince you that it is not the genuine article, though it might require a minute analysis to detect the particular ingredients of adulteration. We may instance, however, as one striking example of our meaning, the conversation between Meg and Mercy on the subject of retiring into a convent and embracing the religious life. In that dialogue (or monologue rather, for Mercy only gives a somewhat long-winded answer to Meg's inquiry why she has never become a nun), Mercy is made to rest the whole question upon considerations of usefulness, happiness, and the like. "Could I be more useful, more harmless, less exposed to temptation, or half so happy as I am now?" all very natural considerations, no doubt, to enter into the mind of any young lady on first turning her thoughts to the settlement of that momentous question, and, as far as a Protestant is concerned, the *only* legitimate or possible considerations. We Catholics, however, have some old-fashioned notions about none taking this honour unto themselves, of being the spouses of Jesus Christ, except they be called of God; and we are satisfied

that a daughter of Sir Thomas More, in the middle of the sixteenth century, would have talked according to the Catholic fashion upon this subject: she would have said something about having a vocation, or not having a vocation. This is wholly ignored in the passage before us, and for the best of reasons, because the writer knew nothing at all about it, possibly had never even heard of it.

Again, the character of Gammer Gurney is certainly over-Protestantised for the time and place in which she is supposed to have lived; and our author must be strangely ignorant of the state of the Catholic religion in England at that time, if she supposes that "saying one or two English prayers" was ground enough for folks to accuse an old woman of being a witch. As to the other ground of the charge, viz. that she hated priests, we are not so sure. But anyhow we feel certain that Cecy More would not have been quite so indifferent as to the condition of a poor soul departing from this world without the assistance of a priest, as she is here represented to have been. Neither have we any manner of doubt but that Sir Thomas himself, when imprisoned in the Tower, would have conversed with his daughter Meg a little more about the holy saints and martyrs, and a little less about Plato and Socrates, than the author of this journal seems to imagine; at least we are confident that the order of ideas suggested by the following passage would have been most decidedly reversed in the mind of the saintly hero into whose mouth the words are put: "You fancy these four walls lonesome; how oft, dost thou suppose, I here receive Plato and Socrates, and this and that holy saint and martyr?" Why, too, have we no mention, in connexion with these visits of Margaret Roper to her imprisoned father, of that little circumstance which she herself recounts in one of her letters to "Sister Alington," viz. that their interviews began with "our seven Psalms and the Litany said," because they dared not trust themselves to enter upon conversation, before they had first fallen upon their knees and strengthened themselves by acts of devotion. Margaret Roper's real diary, had she kept one, would not have omitted this touching and pregnant circumstance, the true key to the more than human strength which marked the whole of Sir Thomas's bearing throughout those trying times.

These are only a few indications of the radical defect which runs through this imaginary journal; but they are as many as we can find room for, or are required to justify the charge which we have brought against it, namely, that whilst the author thoroughly appreciates the social and the intellectual side

of Sir Thomas More's character and that of his household, and has been most happy in her selection of specimens to illustrate his wit and the versatility of his genius,—his religious character was wholly beyond her grasp, for the reason we have already stated. We observe also here and there certain historical inaccuracies, for which there is not the same excuse; such as placing the visit of Mistress Alice More to the Tower, and her characteristic conversation with her husband there, before, instead of after, the far more interesting visit of his daughter Margaret; and again, the making Sir Thomas mistake something which Margaret had said at the close of that first interview for "an implication of her wish that he should yield up his conscience," whereas all his biographers, as far as we know, have expressly told us that what Sir Thomas mistook was something which Margaret had written, not spoken; and something which she had written designedly too, not to deceive her father, but to deceive "Master Thomas Crumwell," who fell into the snare prepared for him, and immediately gave her leave to have access to her father. Rastell's account of the matter is as follows:

"After Sir Thomas had been in prison a month's space or so, his daughter Margaret, anxiously desiring to see him, wittily invented this craft. She wrote a letter, wherein she *seemed* to labour to persuade him to take the oath, and sent it to her father, nothing doubting that it would be intercepted and carried to Crumwell, and that it would be the means of gaining her access to her father; and the sleight succeeded."

However, spite of all these faults, this *Libellus a Margareta More* is clever, and will provide very harmless entertainment for an idle hour. Great talent is shewn in the intellectual portion of the work, *e.g.* in inventing the conversations for Erasmus, whose character was within the author's reach; indeed, his was a character singularly appreciable by thoughtful English Protestants at the present time; a man keenly alive to the follies, or worse than follies, of individual ecclesiastics or corporate bodies, whom he saw around him; with powers of argument and eloquence capable of making the most effective use of whatever was clever or plausible among the new-fangled popular opinions of the day; but, at the same time, without that supreme regard for truth and the salvation of his own soul, which should oblige him to devote his whole energies to the attainment of those objects, and to sacrifice every thing at the stern call of duty. The *Libellus* is entertaining also, because it contains much that is authentic, many genuine extracts from the writings and conversation of that

noblest of English chancellors. In this point of view, however, it is of very inferior value to a Catholic work published some ten or twelve years ago, which we take this opportunity of recommending to any of our readers who are not already acquainted with it. The work is entitled, *Sir Thomas More, his Life and Times*, by W. J. Walter; and by allowing the hero of the tale, as far as possible, to speak for himself, it presents us with a far more living portrait of him than any other biographical sketch we know of. It was published as the first volume of a series, called the *Catholic Family Library*, of which a second number, we believe, was never issued. We presume, therefore, that the publisher did not meet with sufficient encouragement; yet we observe that this volume reached a second edition; and we cannot but think that were such a series to be undertaken at the present day, the subjects carefully selected, entrusted to competent authors, and the whole placed under the management of judicious editors, it might command success. Certainly Catholic works are needed upon many subjects; and if we may judge from the multitude of *Libraries* perpetually springing up around us—the Parlour, the Railway, the Standard, the European, the Antiquarian, the Classical, the Scientific, the Illustrated, and a host of others too numerous to mention,—there are advantages to be derived from a combination of forces and unity of management in this as well as in every other department of human labour. We throw out the hint for the benefit of those whom it may concern, and hope it may not be lost: we should hail with extreme satisfaction any really promising prospectus of a Catholic Library.

Since the above was written, we perceive that Mr. Dolman has issued a prospectus of a Library of Translations of Standard Foreign Works of general interest and standard merit. The plan seems a very good one, and we wish it all success. We should advise the publisher, however, to omit the *Ver Rongeur* from his list, as unworthy of its companions. The Abbé Gaume is a clever, zealous, but lengthy and not very profound writer; and the *Ver Rongeur* is a mere book of temporary controversy, and quite unfit to be classed as a *standard* work.

The aid and name of some well-known and thoroughly competent *Editor* is also necessary for the success of any such scheme, as a guarantee both for the faithfulness and idiomatic English character of the translations. Unhappily, almost every body who has a smattering of a foreign language fancies himself capable of translating from it; with what truth, let the worthlessness of a large number of our recent versions testify.

Nothing but the supervision of one or more competent scholars, who will be really and personally *responsible* for the translations, will satisfy the Catholic reading class, or tempt them to subscribe to any proposed plan whatever.

SHORT NOTICES.

The Roman Missal, for the Use of the Laity (Burns and Lambert), considering the amount and completeness of its contents and the clearness of its type, is a book of extraordinary smallness. In a volume of a really pocket size, barely an inch thick, and stoutly bound in morocco, we have a Missal including the feasts proper for England, Scotland, and Ireland, and those of the Society of Jesus, a large portion given in Latin as well as English, and with a few judicious alterations in the mode of arrangement. The edition bears the *imprimatur* of the Archbishop of Westminster, and is, we think, altogether a remarkable and successful specimen of typography.

The Pathway of the Fawn, by Mrs. T. K. Hervey (Office of the National Illustrated Library), is an elegantly got-up and pretty little tale, told after a German fashion, to illustrate the humanising influences of the arts. The story is somewhat odd, but clever, original, and interesting. In the illustrations it is satisfactory to find the artist (Mr. Thomas) aiming at beauty, and not at the caricature so tediously common just now. Some of his sketches are charmingly graceful. The initial letters, too, by Macquoid, are full of quaint and pretty fancies.

Those who doubt the power of the Daguerreotype to convey a likeness at once correct and pleasing, should take up Mayall's *Portrait of Father Faber* (Burns and Lambert), well transferred to stone by Lynch. A more strikingly characteristic portrait we have seldom seen. The purchaser, at the same time, should be warned against a surreptitious copy of the same original, issued by another publisher.

Mr. Ward has brought out his *Three Letters to the Guardian* in a volume (Burns and Lambert), with an extremely clever and hard-hitting preliminary paper on the extravagance of the "Anglo-Catholic" claims, and a Preface on Professor Hussey's plausible and superficial lectures on the rise of the Papal power. Protestants have but one safeguard against such writings as those of Mr. Ward, of which they very sedulously avail themselves; *they refuse to read them.*

The authoress of *The Children of Mary instructed* (Dolman) has done a service which will be most acceptable to many Catholic parents and guardians of young children. Spiritual books really adapted to the young mind, heart, and *eyesight*, are rare enough. All these requisites have been carefully studied by the authoress of this useful volume, which has the further merit of comprising quite a little body of theology.

To all parents and teachers we also recommend Mr. Formby's amusing little drama, *The Village Carol-Singers* (Burns and Lambert). The satire which runs through the plot and dialogues is levelled against a popular folly which cannot be too openly exposed. Some very good songs and hymns are also interspersed.

Opportunely, at the present season, Messrs. Burns and Lambert have issued *The Offices of Holy Week*, in Latin and English, printed in full, and pointed for recitation or chanting.

From the same publishers appears also a translation of the *Manual of the Brothers and Sisters of the Order of Penance of St. Dominic;* a body of constitutions interesting to the general reader, and indispensable to such brothers and sisters of the Order as are unable to read the original.

A similar interest attaches to the *Devotions to the Seraphic Father St. Francis* (Beresford, Islington), translated from the *Raccolta di Novene*, published in Rome in 1848; and to the *Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary*, according to the use of the Carmelite order, in Latin and English (Burns and Lambert).

Mr. Ward, formerly of St. Saviour's, Leeds, has addressed a letter to the inhabitants of that parish, called *The Sequel of Tractarianism* (Leeds, Bradley), of more than local interest, especially from its containing a statement respecting Dr. Pusey which has not a little astonished some of his still-adhering disciples. Dr. Pusey, it seems, "*placed the new Catholic hierarchy at least on a level with that over which Dr. Sumner presides!*" And further, he considers it quite compatible with "dutifulness" to the Establishment to believe in the Pope's supremacy! Is not fact, after all, far stranger than fiction?

A pretty specimen of Protestant wilfulness, ignorance, and want of candour is to be found in *The Jesuits*, a correspondence between a Catholic gentleman and Mr. Hoare, the incumbent of Christ Church, Ramsgate. It is the old tune over again, but with fresh variations, jingling and clattering away as senselessly and noisily as ever.

At St. Matthew's, Bristol, preaches a Mr. Clifford, an "evangelical" clergyman, of strenuous anti-Catholic activity. Mr. Edward Walford has lately been answering some of Mr. Clifford's most absurd "questions for Roman Catholics to answer if they can, and if they like," in his *Plain Words to Protestants* (Richardson). Mr. Clifford was hardly worth answering, we should have thought; but they say every simpleton finds some more simple than himself to believe in him.

The same author's *Little Mary's Hymn-Book* (Richardson) may be also recommended to those who want a cheap present for a child.

To Mr. Dalton's translation of *St. Teresa's Way of Perfection* (Dolman) we shall again recur. We wish that all translators exercised Mr. Dalton's discrimination in their choice of books.

No. 42 of the *Clifton Tracts* (Burns and Lambert) is a very clear and powerful statement of the scriptural evidence for "the supremacy of St. Peter," slightly altered and abridged from the writings of St. Francis de Sales upon the same subject. We take this opportunity, also, of reminding our readers at this season of the tracts on *Holy Week* published in this series, Nos. 14, 15, and 16.

Dr. O'Brien, the Protestant Bishop of Ossory—(we do not retaliate the inverted commas with which Dr. O'Brien designates the Catholic prelates of England and Ireland)—has published a *Charge to his Clergy* (Hodges and Smith), in many respects favourably distinguished from the documents of a similar kind which have recently issued from his episcopal coadjutors. His abilities and style are of an order more than respectable; he condescends to read *some* of the writings of that Church which he assails; he does not forget that he is under certain obligations of charity and gentlemanly feeling even when Catholics are the objects of his remarks; and though he *is* too squeamish to eschew the impertinence of the inverted commas, he speaks of Catholic prelates and Catholics in general as men who are to be treated as persons of conscientiousness and honour until they prove themselves the reverse. Of course he falls into many errors as to Catholic doctrines and practices; and with all his professions of toleration, reserves toleration, in the true sense of the word, for Establishment Protestants alone. Nevertheless, for the sake of truth and the destruction of humbug, we sincerely wish that we always had as clear-headed and straightforward opponents as Dr. O'Brien. The charge itself is an elaborate vindication of the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and it has a clever Preface on the Catholic Oath, strikingly contrasting with the offensive remarks on the uselessness of the Oath as binding on Catholics, which we have recently heard broached by "liberals" in Parliament. We abhor the oath, because it *does* fetter us.

Mr. Ferguson, in his *Poland and other Poems* (Groombridge), has not done his reputation justice, or come up to the mark of his previous efforts. He will waste the abilities he possesses, and reap needless disappointment, if he forget the extreme *caution* necessary in the publication of poems.

The writer of the pamphlet, *Mesmerism considered* (Blackie, Glasgow), assumes that Mesmerism is preternatural and diabolical. As we think the reverse, we cannot sympathise with his deductions. Certain it is, that some very high Catholic authorities have permitted its use for medical purposes, and *with due precautions*.

A correspondent sends us the title of a curious work with reference to our article on "the Gold-fields of the Ancients:" *The Discoverie and History of the Gold Mynes in Scotland, by Stephen Atkinson, written in the year* MDCXIX., which was edited and presented to the Bannatyne Club by Gilbert Laing Measom, Esq., in 1825.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

Part LIII.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Lambert.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. IX. MAY 1852. PART LIII.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No. V.—*Benediction.*

WE have already said that it is uncertain whether the carrying of the Blessed Sacrament in procession, which is now so striking a characteristic of the festival of Corpus Christi, was coeval with the institution of that feast, or a later addition to its ceremonies. But however this may be, it was certainly very often carried in this way at a much earlier period. We learn from Lanfranc that such a procession formed a part of the function on Palm-Sunday even in his day; and it must have been very common in the Greek Church during Lent, when they made such frequent use of the *Missa Præsanctificatorum*. Moreover, some kind of procession of the Blessed Sacrament might always be seen whenever there was occasion to administer the viaticum to the sick. The constitutions of many of our provincial councils held during the thirteenth century give very minute directions upon this subject. That held at Oxford, for example, under Stephen Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1222, and another under his successor, St. Edmund, in 1234, and another in Reading in 1279; these all desired that the priest who carried the Holy Eucharist on these occasions should wear a stole and surplice, unless the place to which he was summoned was at a very great distance in the country; that he should be preceded by ecclesiastics bearing one or more lights, a bell, and (if it had not been already taken to some other sick man in the parish) the cross also; and that he should take every possible means to warn the people in the neighbourhood, both by these external circumstances and by the utmost reverence and solemnity in his own demeanour, that he was bearing with him the King of Glory, that so they might fall down and worship Him as He passed. But in all

these cases the Blessed Sacrament was enclosed in the usual pyx, and the pyx too was covered with a veil, so that the Host itself could not be seen; and in some parts of Germany even as late as the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Blessed Sacrament was not carried in any other way, even during the festival of Corpus Christi.

It is extremely difficult,—indeed we believe we may truly say that it is quite impossible,—to decide with any certainty when was first introduced, in addition to these things, the practice of exposing the consecrated Host out of its accustomed vessel, and of solemnly blessing the people with It, such as we now have under the name of Benediction. This was different from the ordinary elevation of the sacred species during the Mass; for it was both distinct from it in point of time, and consisted in making the sign of the cross with the Host over the people, which had never been a part of the Roman liturgy. Yet it was not altogether a novelty; for in some of the Eastern liturgies, where the priest scarcely ever turns to the congregation without at the same time giving them his blessing, this was always the manner of the elevation, and still continues to be so: namely, that the priest, after having first raised the Host above his head, whilst he is bowing before the altar, should turn round immediately before communion, and with the Host raised above and over the chalice, make the sign of the cross three times over all the people; and this he does, not merely (it would seem) for the purpose of shewing the Host to the people and holding it up for their adoration (as is solemnly done by the Pope on all occasions when he celebrates High Mass in public, turning round with the Host in his hands, both to the right and to the left, at the moment of elevation); nor yet again is it like the ceremony, peculiar to some churches, of making the sign of the cross in the air with the Blessed Sacrament immediately after consecration; but it is a direct and solemn benediction, or blessing, of the whole congregation; and as such we can scarcely doubt but that it furnished the original of the rite of Benediction as now practised in the Church.

But how and when was it introduced into the Latin Church? Most probably, we think, in connexion with the new festival of Corpus Christi; since it is certain that at first it was only celebrated during that octave, and many orders were promulgated in different dioceses forbidding it at any other time. The earliest mention of an *ostensorium*, or monstrance, such as is now used on these occasions, occurs in a provincial council of Cologne, belonging to the middle of the fifteenth century; and at that time it was made in the shape

of a cross (the present round form belongs to the sixteenth century): still, we find in an illuminated Missal of the year 1374 pictures of a small tower or tabernacle,* pierced in four places, so as to render the Blessed Sacrament visible to the people; and the rite of Benediction itself is mentioned in an Ordo of 1364.† Indeed, the same provincial council which we have mentioned attests that the rite had been then long in use; since it decrees that it should not be allowed on every Thursday in the year, but only during the Octave of Corpus Christi, and on such other occasions as the ordinary might approve,—*e. g.* in case of war, pestilence, or any other grievous calamity threatening the state,—and then only with the utmost reverence and devotion. There could have been no necessity for such an order as this, had the practice been of recent introduction; such devotional practices do not immediately deteriorate, or grow too common the moment they are begun; and it is manifest that the object which the council had in view was to rouse the people to a more just appreciation and a more devout celebration of the function, by making it less frequent.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries such prohibitions as these are of very frequent recurrence, with various modifications and exceptions; for by that time it had become *common* to expose the Blessed Sacrament in this way, not only for grave and public reasons, but also for the satisfaction of private devotion on insufficient and trifling occasions. St. Charles Borromeo, in his eleventh diocesan synod, A.D. 1584, only permitted it for public and important causes; especially he revoked the leave he had given for it on Fridays during Lent, on which days he says the Ambrosian rite which he followed did not allow Mass to be said, and it had been of perpetual custom that neither should the Blessed Sacrament ba exposed on that day; he allowed it, however, and with it procession also, once a month. A synod held at Viterbo early in the year 1614 forbade too frequent exposition, excepting during the Octave of Corpus Christi, and on the third Sunday in every month, a day especially set apart to the devotions of the confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament; and to this was added, in some places, the first Sunday also, if there was a Confraternity of the Rosary. The Archbishop of Rouen having in 1639 forbidden it, excepting during the feast of Corpus Christi, afterwards moderated the strictness of this prohibition in favour of those confraternities of the Blessed

* A picture of it may be seen in Thiers' Traité sur l'Exposition, tom. i. p. 233, ed. 1677.

† Martene de Ant. Eccl. Disc. in Div. cel. Off. c. 29, num. 6.

Sacrament which were already established; he also sanctioned a procession and Benediction every Sunday after vespers, provided only that the Benediction were given not with the open monstrance, but with the closed ciborium.

The Bishop of Orleans too, five years afterwards, confirmed what already existed in his diocese, viz. a procession of the same kind every Sunday of the month, only in different churches. Cardinal Grimaldi, Archbishop of Aix and Nuncio Apostolic in France at that time, made a decree, or rather republished the decree which had been made by the committee of Cardinals who inquired into the subject at the Council of Trent, viz. that the Blessed Sacrament might never be exposed, at least by the regular clergy, even for any urgent public cause, unless specially sanctioned by the ordinary; but they might for private causes open the door of the tabernacle, and invite people to pray before the Blessed Sacrament still in the ciborium, and the ciborium itself covered as usual with a veil.

About this time Benediction seems to have been very commonly given in many parts of France every Sunday and holiday; but the Church watched the change of discipline thus introduced with considerable anxiety, and was continually interfering to check its too great frequency, and to enforce attention to outward circumstances of reverence and devotion in the manner of giving it. In particular, this was much insisted upon by the Dominican Archbishop of Avignon in 1656, who both checked the degree of frequency which he found in his diocese, and also prohibited it altogether as an evening function, only allowing it after High Mass, and (for the sake of the poor) after the first early Mass in the morning. Moreover, he required all preachers to exhort the people to shew every possible token of respect, and especially that they should never presume to remain in any other posture than that of kneeling, and with uncovered heads. He prescribed also the method to be observed in giving Benediction, which is much the same as that now in use: all the candles were to be lighted; the priest, or the deacon who assisted him, was to place the Blessed Sacrament on the place ordinarily provided for it; then the priest was to incense it, to kneel whilst the choir sang some appropriate hymn or motett, and, as soon as he had given Benediction, to restore the Host again to the tabernacle. It is not mentioned, however, how the priest should be vested for this function; and with reference to one particular portion of the vestments which are now used, viz. the veil which envelopes the priest's hands and shoulders, we are unable to speak with any certainty either as to its antiquity

or its precise meaning. We have somewhere heard or read, that originally this veil was used to cover even the priest's face also during the act of giving Benediction; that so the people might at once comprehend that it was no ordinary sacerdotal blessing which they were about to receive, but that in that solemn moment the priest was to be considered as literally nothing, since it was the very Fount and Source of all blessings who was about to shed the light of His countenance upon them. As we have said, however, we cannot now find any authority either for or against this statement; and we should be much obliged, therefore, to any of our readers who may be able to give us more authentic information upon the point. It is certainly a very pleasing idea, and gives a touching significance to the vestment in question. That significance, however, would have been partially, if not wholly destroyed by the practice which was once very prevalent in the churches of France; we mean the practice, both by priests and bishops, of giving Benediction exactly as they gave their ordinary blessing in Mass or on other solemn occasions,—that is to say, repeating the same form of words, and only making the sign of the cross with the Blessed Sacrament in the monstrance, instead of with their own open hand. The more common and approved method has always been to give Benediction in silence,—indeed, in Rome, this has been the rule from the beginning; and certainly it is far more in unison with the real character of the function, which, as a well-known author has so truly said, is "one of the most beautiful, natural, and soothing actions of the Church." "It is our Lord's solemn benediction of his people, as when He lifted up his hands over the children, or when He blessed his chosen ones when He ascended up from Mount Olivet. It is a full accomplishment of what the priest invoked upon the Israelites: 'The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; the Lord shew his face to thee, and have mercy on thee; the Lord turn his countenance to thee, and give thee peace.'"

Much of what has been said refers to the exposition of the Blessed Sacrament, independently of the act of giving Benediction with it; and indeed the two things are so intimately connected, that it is difficult to keep their histories apart. At the same time, it must not be forgotten that they are far from being identical, and that, in matter of fact, they have before now been separated in a very remarkable manner. According to the present ritual of the Church, we know of no exposition of the most holy Sacrament which is not concluded at least by Benediction. The exposition may be for a longer or shorter period of time; but when it is ended, Benediction

is given, before the Host is again restored to the tabernacle. But this was not always so; in the Church of Spain, for example, before the suppression of the Society of Jesus at the end of the last century, exposition of the Blessed Sacrament was most common, but Benediction was altogether unknown. And it may be worth while to observe, that it is for this reason that the old Spanish monstrances, which, since the plunder of ecclesiastical property in that country, are sometimes to be seen amongst ourselves, are so extremely heavy and large; they were never made to be held in the hand and moved to and fro by a priest, but were intended to rest upon a pedestal above the high altar: the Blessed Sacrament was to be enthroned in them, as it were, and to be set up on high with all the pomp of royalty, there to receive the homage and adoration of the people; but that was all. When the Jesuits were re-established and returned to that country, they carried with them, from the other parts of Europe which they had visited, the rite of Benediction; and thus it was first introduced into their churches, not without considerable opposition on the part of those to whom the rite was altogether new. It must not, however, be therefore concluded, that Benediction was every where a rite of later introduction into the Church than exposition; if, at least, by this latter term we understand exposition of the Blessed Sacrament for any considerable period of time. On the contrary, the earliest instance of exposition (in this sense of the word) in the Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, was on the occasion of the siege of Rochelle, in the autumn of 1627; though Benediction, and consequently exposition for a short time, had been used there long before. It was not without some hesitation that the chapter of Notre Dame acceded to the request of the queen in 1649, and appointed an exposition for forty hours, to excite the people to earnest devotion and intercessions for the king, who was about to make his first communion. In 1661 a legacy was left to the same chapter, with the condition of a similar exposition every Thursday, for the purpose of making some reparation for all the insults and injuries to which the Blessed Sacrament was continually exposed by the impiety of heretics; but this the chapter declined: they would only consent to having certain devotions in its honour on that day without exposition.

These details are worth noticing, that we may mark the prudent caution which characterised the progress of the revolution which was gradually wrought in ecclesiastical discipline with reference to this matter. In the earliest ages the Church had been always most careful to preserve the Blessed Sacrament

and all that concerned it from the sight and knowledge of the uninitiated, and with good reason; for since the heathen were in utter ignorance of its real nature and hidden properties, it could only have given them very grievous scandal to see the way in which Christians behaved towards It, to say nothing of the blasphemous words and irreverent actions to which It would inevitably have been exposed. The writings of St. Augustine, and indeed of all the fathers generally, abound with allusions to this habit of concealment,—of celebrating the mysteries with closed doors, and of excluding the uninitiated; and it was a subject of bitter lamentation both to St. Chrysostom and to his biographer, that on one occasion, on Easter eve, in the church at Constantinople, when they were just about to baptise those who had been properly instructed, the soldiers broke in upon them, and saw all that was kept in the innermost sanctuary, and even spilt the sacred blood over their garments. In a Christian country, however, where all belong to the true fold, or only a few have strayed into the ways of heresy, there is not of course the same reason for this cautious concealment; and although all do not lead Christian lives, nor are worthy to see the Lord of glory in this humble disguise, still to those whose minds and hearts are animated by a genuine spirit of faith and love, it is a most salutary and refreshing practice, and well calculated to quicken and confirm those graces, to have placed before their eyes this monument of their Redeemer's love, and of all that He has done and suffered for them. Even heretics too have not unfrequently been so struck by the intensity of devotion which they have witnessed in pious Catholics, either at the moment of Benediction or for a longer period during the hours of exposition, that they have forsaken the errors of their way and followed the true Shepherd and Bishop of their souls; and sinners have had their hard hearts softened by the same adorable presence, so as to seek for reconciliation with their offended God.

It is to no purpose, then, that heretics object to the Church, as they so often do, this important change in her discipline,—that whereas the Blessed Sacrament was once most carefully withdrawn from the sight even of the faithful themselves, much more from that of the people generally, now it is continually exposed every day, and even all day long, to the gaze of all who choose to come and see;—it is of no use, we say, to urge these outward changes against us, as though our faith concerning the Sacrament itself had undergone any corresponding modification. Far from it. Outward acts of this kind take their meaning from the intention of those who use them; and daily experience shews us how frequently the same inward

feeling may develope itself in apparently opposite outward manifestations. In most Catholic countries the name of Mary is given to well-nigh every child that is born, out of love and reverence to the spotless Virgin, Mother of God; yet there have been some places where the people have abstained from giving the name to any child whatever for the very same reason. Ordinarily the Church forbids the use of any but the most costly vessels of gold and silver about the holy Eucharist; yet, as we have seen, St. Exuperius is commended for using only a wicker-basket, having sold the gold and silver to give to the poor. At one time the Church does not allow the laity to touch the sacred Host, nor even any of the vessels which belong to it, that so they may entertain the deepest reverence for it; at another she allows them to take it into their hands, to touch all their organs of sense with it, even to preserve it in their own houses, that they may thankfully avail themselves to the utmost of so precious a gift of God. In one place she administers the life-giving Sacrament only under one kind, in order to avoid accidental irreverences which the use of the chalice entails; in another she administers it under both kinds, in order to set before our minds in a more lively manner the passion and death of Christ, and his own most sacred institution. It is right that we should receive this holy Sacrament upon our knees, to express the humility and self-abasement with which we should always appear before the majesty of the Son of God; yet there have been times when it was deemed right that men should receive it standing, to shew forth the resurrection of Christ, and their own resurrection in and by Him. Even so, in the very same way, it is fitting that this Sacrament should be withdrawn as far as possible from human gaze, that men should learn to appreciate its surpassing dignity, and to think and speak of it with becoming reverence; but it is no less fitting that it should be set up on high and exhibited in solemn procession, that it may be proposed to the people as the object of their adoration and worship. It is right that the sight of it should be forbidden to unfaithful Christians and notorious sinners, to render them more fully aware of their unworthiness; and yet, again, the sight of it may well be permitted to them, in order to enkindle in them feelings of love and affection for so good and gracious a Redeemer. Only it belongs to the rulers of the Church, and not to private individuals, to determine the time and place, and all the other circumstances, which require one of these manifestations rather than the other; it is these who are appointed over the Lord's family to give them meat in season; these are the householders who are "to bring forth out of their treasure things new and

old;" and it is by their wisdom, not by individual caprice, that such important matters should be regulated. "It is a most difficult question," says Benedict XIV., "to decide what degree of frequency is desirable, both of exposition and of Benediction; there is need to guard against irreverence, and yet care must be taken that the devotion of the people be not disappointed and offended."*

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

Chapter VII. *The Death-Bed.*

"Josephine, what can be the meaning of purl-twist? do you know?" inquired Mrs. Selby, as, on a sultry June evening, she divided her attention between a half-finished anti-macassar and an open book which lay beside her. Miss Bradshawe shook her head.

"Ah, you never know any thing useful, that's one comfort. I suppose your religion consists in holding your tongue and looking miserable; not a word have you spoken for the last hour; one might as well be dumb as live with you."

"I thought just now you said you could not knit if I interrupted you," said Josephine, with a half smile.

"There now, I've dropped a stitch; that's all through you," exclaimed the old lady, assuming her spectacles; "and I don't think I can see to take it up. Where was I? Oh, slip one, purl two, knit—I'm all wrong; I must undo the whole row. Well, Catholics are, without exception, the most tiresome people in the world; they always talk when they should be silent, and think of nothing but a set of worthless creatures. I'm sure you're not like the same being that you used to be; I don't wonder at what Lord Lindore says.—Pray, Josephine, be silent; I think I can make it come right now."

Perfectly accustomed to Mrs. Selby's continual fault-finding, Miss Bradshawe had resumed her book, without having penetrated the meaning of one word of her aunt's soliloquy; and as the latter's attention was for a short time engrossed by the refractory knitting, she gradually sank again into the train of thought which had been so suddenly broken. She was seated near a small table by an open window, her cheek resting on her hand, her eyes apparently fixed on the volume before her; yet as the reflection of the lamp fell full on her features, it would have been obvious to a more scrutinising observer that her thoughts had wandered far from its author. There was on

* Instit. xxx. tom. i. p. 136; and Bullar. iii. 88.

her open brow an expression of gravity almost amounting to severity, and her lips were firmly compressed, as was her wont when she had once formed a resolution, or, as Mrs. Selby would express it, "when she was in an obstinate fit." Her left hand mechanically wandered amongst a number of dirty-looking notes, which lay scattered around; and her deep though unconscious sigh again attracted the notice of her companion, who, having mastered her difficulty, was now at leisure to attend to external objects.

"What is the matter, child?" she inquired; "what can you be thinking of? You tire yourself running no one knows where all the morning: Dr. Sumners told Lady Lindore you'd kill yourself if you went on as you do this hot weather."

"I was thinking," exclaimed Josephine, replying to the first part of Mrs. Selby's speech,—"I was thinking of what now should occupy all our thoughts,—I mean, the cholera."

"Bless me, my dear, you don't really mean to say it is here? how you do frighten one! Why all the world expected it last year, and prepared accordingly; but it all ended in nothing."

"Ask Dr. Sumners what *he* thinks," answered Josephine calmly; "though perhaps he is too politic to frighten his patients out of harm's way."

"Why he certainly did tell the Lindores there *might* be a *few* cases, and disinterestedly advised them to leave town as soon as this tiresome law-suit would permit, for there seems no chance of Angela and Lord Norville's making up their minds this season; and the Earl said he should like to take you with them, if—, and that I could go to Malvern."

"If what? and why did not my uncle speak to me himself?"

"Because he did not think you would agree to his terms, and he knows you inherit all the perversity of your mother's race."

"Agree! are his demands, then, so very unreasonable that you fear to name them?" inquired Josephine gravely.

"Why, my dear, it would not be for long. And if you could just go to church with the family, or stay at home quietly, or do any thing but scandalise the whole neighbourhood by posting by yourself to that tumble-down loft which they call a chapel, and where they perform such abominable mummeries, that I am astonished a girl of your sense can be present without laughing outright; and if you would abstain from crossing yourself when the chaplain says grace, and looking grave when he dances the polka, or is *rather* witty; and if you would eat meat on Fridays, and—"

"In short, if I would put my conscience into harness, and resign the reins to my uncle's hands. Pray did Lord Lindore expect this?" and Josephine's eyes flashed, whilst her cheek glowed with indignation.

"I cannot say he did; on the contrary, he thought it useless broaching the subject. He said something about your having made one *great* sacrifice, and the folly of expecting to shake you afterwards; though I'm sure *I* never heard of any sacrifice you had to make. You've every thing you want; and if you think proper to occupy your time in this strange manner, it's your own choice, that's quite certain."

"I am glad Lord Lindore, at least, does me justice," exclaimed Miss Bradshawe rather bitterly. "And as for Dr. Sumner's *probabilities*, he knows as well as I do that the cholera has been for some time in London; ay, and in this very parish too, within a stone's throw from where we stand; that the cases have rapidly multiplied during the last week; and although I myself have as yet witnessed none which have terminated fatally, the bills of mortality are on the increase, and we cannot expect (considering the filthy lodgings and undrained localities inhabited by our poor neighbours) to escape scatheless."

"*Not as yet?* Why, Josephine, do you really mean to say you have seen the cholera?" inquired Mrs. Selby, pale with alarm.

"I mean to say I have seen several attacked by that disease, and within a few days too; they have all, however, recovered rapidly, some even without medical attendance, though I fear this favourable form of the disorder cannot be expected to last long."

"But surely *you* are not going to visit people who have the cholera? and surely Catholic priests are not mad enough to venture into such dens of contagion, are they?"

"Then what is to become of the poor?" demanded Josephine, with a suppressed smile.

"They must go to the hospital, of course, where there are nurses and doctors, and all that sort of thing, and where they'll be much better off."

"As far as their bodies are concerned, I grant you, though, by the by, the hospitals would not hold half of them; yet what is to become of their souls, should the Catholics *not* earn your title to insanity, I am at a loss to guess. But rest assured, my dear aunt, none of these poor creatures will be allowed to perish without spiritual consolation whilst London contains a single priest to impart it, even although he knew the consequences to himself must be instantaneous death."

"You don't mean to tell me that's a part of the system?"

inquired Mrs. Selby, opening her eyes very wide; "I thought your ministers only attended rich people, and got them to make their wills, and disinherit their children, and force their daughters into convents, and"——

Miss Bradshawe laughed outright. "It is astonishing," she exclaimed, "that with all these so easily-acquired riches our churches remain so poor; and it is still more astonishing that all these disinherited heirs should take their wrongs so quietly that we never hear of them; at any rate, it is quite certain that whatever the magnitude of the danger, the souls of the Catholic poor will neither be entrusted to nurses, doctors, nor workhouse chaplains, even if"——

"Why, Josephine, what objection have you to workhouse chaplains? You wouldn't surely expect Dr. Selwood to risk *his* valuable life, and take home such a dreadful disease to his wife and six beautiful children, when any one can read a chapter or two in the Bible?"

"Without entering into a discussion as to what may or may not be Dr. Selwood's clerical duties, I can only repeat that the Catholic priest having a little more to do at a death-bed than read a chapter in the Bible, is not in the habit of delegating nurse or doctor to fulfil one of the most important offices of his sacred ministry. A few prayers mumbled at the end of the ward, a hurried inquiry as to this or that patient, *would-be* cutting remarks on Popery should any Catholic be present, and the spiritual functions of hospitals are considered zealously performed—nay, more"—

"What is the matter, Ellen?" interrupted Mrs. Selby, as the servant entering presented a soiled and strangely-folded paper, decorated with an enormous wafer, still wet, to Miss Bradshawe.

"The young girl who brought it, madam, waits for an answer; her name, she says, is Kate Gearey, but that you do not know her."

Josephine glanced at the address, which ran as follows: "To the honor'd Miss Bradshawe, Esq.;" and tearing it open with a smile, read as follows:

"Most kind and rivirint Miss—

"Plase, Miss, yer humbel petitioner, Winny Pratt, is dying spacheless, and says, Miss, she can't go aisey if she don't see you; so we humbly hope yer honnur won't delay, as our mother can't last the nite ony how.

"Yer honnur's humbel petitioners, her sons Pat and Mickey Pratt."

"Send the girl in, Ellen," exclaimed Josephine; and before Mrs. Selby's "What is it all about, at this hour of the night?"

had passed her lips, our heroine stood before the two ladies. The recognition was mutual; for whilst Kate gazed admiringly on the kind lady of the Indian warehouse, Josephine marked with sorrow the alteration which two short months had effected on the unsophisticated healthy-looking 'Gracian.' Bad diet and worse air had rendered her pretty features pale, wasted, and careworn; years, not weeks, seemed added to her life; whilst notwithstanding the restraint imposed by those in whose presence she found herself, it was evident she had completely lost that genuine simplicity which had first attracted Miss Bradshawe's attention.

"I think I have seen you before?" said the latter, gently.

"Yes, plase, me lady, whin I was luking afther the situation; but I didn't git it at all, and its meesilf didn't know what I'd do."

"And what did you do?" inquired Josephine.

"Nothink, me lady; an how could I? The character was of no use; and meesilf didn't know the ways of London, an had no one to spake for me, an"—

"Did you apply to any of the priests?"

"Indeed an I didn't; becase there was a well-wisher of mine said it was of no use, they had so many; an I'd betther wait till Easter come round, and thin it ud be time enough."

"Wait for twelve months!" exclaimed her auditor; "but I see there is something you wish to conceal, and will not press you further."

"Oh, me lady, its ownly a thrifle; but I forgot the poor crathur that sint me, an I'm feared you'll not overtake her thin."

"Is she really so ill? she was in perfect health two days ago."

"So I've heerde," answered Kattie; "an I'm ownly a neybour. She lives in the ind room on Moll Carty's floore; but I know they said it was jist off that she was, an she wouldn't die till you cum."

"Has Father Morgan been sent for?" inquired Josephine, anxiously.

"An it's meesilf knows nothing at all, at all," said Kate, wincing at the bare mention of a priest; "but sure whin yer ladyship cums, *you'll* know all about it:" and she edged rapidly towards the door.

"Never mind; I shall be there as soon as yourself," exclaimed Josephine, as the girl disappeared, glad to escape a cross-examination she was so ill prepared to meet. A few short weeks ago, and Kate Gearey would have hailed with delight this encounter with Josephine Bradshawe; as it was,

she shrank abashed, conscious that she had too easily imbibed the tastes, habits, nay vices of the worthless and bad into whose society she had been thrown. The temptations had, it is true, been great; but into the gulf had she fallen without a struggle, urged on by sloth, vanity, and confidence in her own powers of resistance.

"But you are not really going, Josephine?" insisted Mrs. Selby, as her niece put on her bonnet, and allowed Ellen to arrange her mantilla: "it is past ten o'clock."

"It *is* very late; yet I think in this case it is an imperative duty."

"I see no duty at all, and I dare say the woman can wait until to-morrow; I should not be surprised if it was all a trick to murder you."

"I do not see what they could gain by that: however, I know the woman, and have often visited her lately; so set your mind at ease, and I will tell you in a few words why I am so anxious to go to her. About a month ago, being in —— Buildings, I was asked by Mary Sheehan to step into the Large House, and see a woman whom they considered to be possessed; I did so, and found this very Winny Pratt stretched on the floor, foaming at the mouth, raving in the wildest manner, and attempting to bite every one who approached her. On my entrance, she accosted me as the Evil Spirit, and even endeavoured to strike the crucifix from my hand; she had leeches on her temples, but in the violence of her struggles she dashed them off, and the blood spirted against the wall. From the neighbours I could glean nothing, except that she had totally neglected her religious duties since she came there, and that was near two years ago. Well, Father Morgan was sent for, and administered the sacrament of extreme unction, amidst the most horrible imprecations and language, which even now makes me shudder: we went away, and shortly after our departure the fit left her. On my calling next day, she seemed perfectly recovered. I then learnt that it was years since she had entered a church, and that wherever she went she had been considered a curse to her neighbours and a scandal to her children, who had, alas, followed too closely in her footsteps; still she promised to amend her life, and day after day have I urged her to keep her word, feeling a presentiment something terrible would shortly befall her. You now see the results."

"Still I do not comprehend what all this is to you," grumbled Mrs. Selby; "Protestant ladies know their duty to society too well to run themselves into such scenes; besides, no woman should ever go into a sick-room until she is forty at least. But I might as well talk to a statue," she continued, as

the door closed after Josephine; "I wish to goodness she was married, and then she might be of some use."

With a light, rapid step, and perfect self-possession, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, did Miss Bradshawe pass down one or two streets, and then cross the square mentioned in our first chapter; nor did she slacken her pace until she reached the entrance of the Buildings. It was a clear, moonlight night; yet so pre-occupied was her mind, that although sensitively alive to the beauties of nature, she now heeded them not. She paused for a moment before plunging into the long dark alley, filled by men quarrelling, *larking*, and in most cases the worse for liquor; it was, however, only to raise her veil, and once known she passed onward, the dense crowd opening as if mechanically, and closing again behind her; whilst "God speed you, miss!" and other exclamations of a similar nature, issued from the lips of those able to articulate. Not even the intense darkness and intricate passages of the Large House seemed to offer any impediment to her progress; she hurried down the latter, ascended the perilous stairs with an heroic disregard of projecting nails, loose boards, broken balustrades, and even the well itself, passing many doors from which issued a confusion of sounds that drowned her footsteps; and then placing her hand against a broken panel at the extremity of the suite of rooms by which the deserter had made his escape, it yielded to her touch, and in a moment she stood by the bed of the dying woman,—for that dying she was, Josephine was assured at a single glance.

The countenance of Winny Pratt had already assumed that greenish-blue tint, almost the last and most painful stage of the dreaded and prevalent disorder; her head was thrown back, and her long dark hair streamed around her as she rolled to and fro in her agony. The cramps were at times so violent that the back of the sufferer was occasionally drawn into an arch, now rising from the acuteness of pain until she rested on the soles of her feet, then sinking again with the most thrilling screams; the nails of her fingers were livid, but the hands and even the arms were blackened, as though mortification had already taken place. Her sons and one or two women were present; yet though hurrying to and fro, as if busied about something, it was evident none dared approach the quarter of the chamber where she lay.

"It is the cholera," exclaimed Josephine, pressing her fingers on the woman's wrist, and turning pale as she marked the quick feeble beatings of the pulse. "She has not many hours to live; have you sent for Father Morgan?"

"Shure an, me lady, she wouldn't be said by us," an-

swered her eldest son; "an its yersilf she wanthed intirely."

"Dhrink! dhrink! I'm choking wid the drought," yelled the sufferer; "give me the dhrink, I say."

Josephine held a broken cup containing some cold tea to her lips; and then writing a line in pencil on one of the leaves of her pocket-book, consigned it to Pat, with an injunction to lose no time before he placed it in the hands of one of the priests.

"Who's there?" again vociferated the woman, glaring around her; "it's divils I see every where. I'm dying now, an what'll become of my sowl?"

"Oh, mother," said Mickey, cautiously advancing, "the praste ull be here in no time, an Miss Bradshawe ull read to ye."

"Yer welcome, miss," she answered wildly. "Didn't I promise I'd go to my dooty? it's too late now, you see; I'll be dead before the praste cums, an I can't pray nayther."

Another terrible spasm succeeded, which made Josephine fear her prediction would indeed be verified.

"I will pray for you," she said, when Winny was a little more tranquil; and kneeling down, she commenced the litanies for the dying, though not without many an anxious glance towards the door.

"Tell me, miss," said the woman, in a tone of concentrated passion, rising as she spoke in her bed, "must we forgive our inimies? I'd like to know."

"Of course, if we hope to be forgiven; surely we have offended our good God more than any creature can have offended us."

"Sure an I'm not expicted to forgive me husband? Didn't he lave me to starve wid the childer? An didn't he take up wid a Pradestant like himsilf before me? An didn't he kick me, an bate me, an"——

"Do not think of his cruel treatment now, but pray that you may be happy together in heaven."

"In heaven!" shrieked the sufferer, her countenance even more distorted by rage than pain; "in heaven! what ud he do in heaven, a desaver? Didn't he thry to make me sill me religion and become a swaddler, to git the district money? An didn't he break me bones becase I'd not let him make haythens of the childer? An didn't he stale me beautiful girl to be a sarvant to the pair of thim? An didn't he make a divil of me, an make me curse? An now the divil ull have us both."

Another paroxysm succeeded, and poor Winny sank back exhausted, fast merging towards a state of collapse. With a

trembling voice did Josephine re-commence the litanies, as it was evident the ill-spent life of the unfortunate woman was drawing towards its close; and it was almost with a shriek of joy she sprang to her feet, as Father Morgan and Pat entered the room.

"Am I too late?" inquired the former, looking at Miss Bradshawe. Josephine pointed to the bed. The good priest bent down; and after addressing a few words to the sufferer, made a sign for those present to leave the room. The men, with the insensibility produced by habitual intoxication, lounged into the court, only eager to escape the reprimand they were conscious of having merited; the women were soon gossiping in the adjoining chambers; and Josephine knelt down on the dark broken stair, occupying herself during the next half-hour by petitioning the Mother of her God, the meek, the compassionate Mary, to intercede for this poor erring creature, about to appear before an offended Judge.

And how was this half-hour passed by Father Morgan? Delicate in constitution, worn out and exhausted by a day of labour which scarce left him time to snatch a hasty meal, he had, on the eve of retiring to rest, cheerfully attended the summons of duty; and now imbibing the fetid, plague-laden atmosphere of a cell polluted by filth and overrun with vermin, he rested on the edge of the bed, and leant over her whose every respiration was death, whose every wild raving was an arrow to the heart of one whose innocent life of self-sacrifice would have been cheerfully rendered up to purchase the salvation of one immortal soul. Yet he thought not of weariness or of danger; it was his duty. Duty! that magic word—that war-cry of Catholic priests—the ensign round which they rally; and despite persecution, ingratitude, failing health, incompetent means, and every other obstacle, perish or conquer, no matter which. Careless of the world's smiles, heedless of its frowns, sympathising with, yet above, its petty sorrows, they press onwards, until a blighted youth or toilsome old age is rewarded by the martyr's crown and a glorious eternity. Such are the priests of God's Church; such have they ever been, in the dungeon, on the rack or scaffold, ready to dare all, to suffer all; contributing, no less by their example than by their ministry, to the preservation in all its purity of the religion for which they were born, and for which they are willing to die.

The door at length opened; and on a sign from Father Morgan, Josephine re-entered the apartment. The woman was now sensible and free from pain, although very weak, and apparently sinking fast.

"I shall administer the Viaticum, since the sickness has ceased," exclaimed the priest, gravely; whilst Miss Bradshawe looked around in vain for any place which she might prepare for this last and most solemn sacrament of the Church. In this abode of wretchedness, table there was none; the bed on which Mrs. Pratt lay, a bundle of shavings forming the nightly resting-place of her sons, and what had once been a chair, but was now divested of the back and one of its legs, constituted the sole furniture of the apartment. On the mantel-shelf glimmered an inch of candle, fastened to an oyster-shell by a drop of its own grease, scarcely affording sufficient light to distinguish surrounding objects. Yet here, without hesitation, did Father Morgan, opening his ritual, commence those touching and beautiful prayers prescribed by the Church for such occasions. It had been a fine study for a painter: the ruinous and ill-furnished room; the bright moonlight streaming through the broken and uncurtained casement, investing even the rude domestic implements with a halo peculiarly its own, and falling full on the white robes of the kneeling girl, who, with bowed head and clasped hands, seemed insensible to aught save the presence of her God; the discoloured and pain-distorted features of the dying woman, whose eyes were yet up-turned with an expression of hopeful resignation to the countenance of the priest, which was bent over her, wearing the aspect of meek adoration beseeming the solemnity of the occasion and the august Presence which then graced that wretched hovel, and whose minister he was.

Of all the imposing and touching ceremonies of the Church, there is none more imposing, more touching, than that in which the reconciled sinner, whose life has been one continued scene of suffering and poverty, perhaps also steeped to the very lips in guilt, prepares for the last time to receive within his bosom that God before Whom the seraphim veil their faces and the great ones of the earth are as nought, and before Whom he himself is presently to appear. Yes, that very sacrament which was just now borne in triumph round our churches with all the little pomp our grateful hearts could offer, attended by richly-robed priests, preceded by floating banners, innumerable lights, clouds of incense, and above all by God's own gift, the fairest and sweetest flowers, is carried, immediately perhaps after the procession is over, by that same priest, alone, on foot, and in the most inclement weather, to the pallet of some expiring wretch; there (without any outward demonstration of respect, perhaps not even a single friend to breathe a prayer,) to soothe his passage from this world, and accompany him in his last terrible journey.

The rites of religion had been administered to Mrs. Pratt, and the concluding sentences yet lingered on the lips of Father Morgan, when Josephine, whose eyes were fixed on her face, observed a movement, slight indeed, but sufficient to indicate that the vital spark had fled; she raised her hand, and the priest at once understanding the action and its cause, passed on to recite the prayers for a departed soul. He had hardly closed the book, when a number of the neighbours bustled into the room, some from curiosity, others under pretext of assisting Mrs. Pratt; but really, unwilling to lose so good an opportunity of explaining their wants, neither few nor trifling, to one who never, whilst his pocket contained a single coin, allowed them to pass unrelieved. A tumultuous and universal petition (for "shoes for the childer to go to school; flannel petticoats for the ould woman; the price of the tay; a light for the night, as Mickey had hurted hissilf,") was suddenly checked, as the priest pointed emphatically towards the corse. The first moment's silent astonishment was changed into that deafening howl, so peculiar to the Irish nation under any circumstances of grief or excitement. Almost sinking with fatigue, Father Morgan availed himself of this opportunity to effect his escape; and Josephine, alarmed at the lateness of the hour, prepared to follow his example, when her arm was seized by a wild ruffian-looking man, who loitered on the threshold, as if longing, yet dreading to advance.

"Your pardon, madam," he exclaimed; "but what's all this here row about? It's a strange thing, when a man comes to his own home, to find it filled in this way, as if Bedlam was let loose, and no mistake."

"Sure an it's Pratt himsilf, the ripribate!" screamed a diminutive crone, whose voice had been predominant in the preceding tumult. "Cum an luk at your work, you murtherer you; sure an an't you shamed to face yer two sons? But you've ate shame, an dhrank afther it too for that matther, you vagabond, an bad manners to you."

"For heaven's sake, young lady, tell me what she means," said the man, turning very pale, and gazing wildly around him. He had evidently been drinking, and Miss Bradshawe shrank timidly from the contact.

"I will not hurt you: why do you fear *me* more than these?" and he pointed contemptuously towards the group.

"Becase she's no raison to fear us, I'd hope," said our old acquaintance, Norry Casey, proudly; "an if you lay the print of your hand on the very gownd she wears, sure an it's meesilf ull call the min, an it's not in a whole skin you'll sleep the nite, Ned Pratt. But as I spose you must be answered, bein

as it were the natral masther of the room, p'raps you'd be plased to know your wife's dead, an widout seeing the child, you brute baste."

Effectually sobered by this intelligence, the man again turned towards Josephine, and gasped out, "For God's sake, madam, does she speak the truth?"

Touched by his present distress and the agony she knew must be in store for him, she replied mildly, "She does; but she died happily, and resigned."

"'Tis false, girl, 'tis false!" roared the man, with an intensity of passion which made the crowd draw back; then darting towards the bed, he gazed for a moment on his wife's face, bearing palpable marks of that dire disease which had terminated her existence. "Winny," he exclaimed, sinking on his knees by her side, "look at me, your husband; I'm come back to you. I'm a monster, a brute, I know it; only tell me so."

"She is dead; 'tis useless," said Josephine, her eyes full of tears; "but in that you are not to blame; she died of the cholera."

"I knew the hag lied when she said I killed her," yelled the man, shaking his fist at Norry, who returned the compliment, though in so grotesque a manner as under other circumstances to have excited the mirth of Josephine; "but, lady, 'tis well she died, for my tongue must have broken her heart. Did she ask for her child?"

"Ah, what's it you've done wid her? there's Pat an Mickey ull bring you to the fore, Misther Pratt," interrupted Mrs. Casey; "so you'd betther sind her here in time for the wake."

"Oh, would that I could!" groaned the conscience-stricken wretch, writhing in agony, and burying his face in the rags which covered the corse, "would that I could! But—you at least will pity me;" and he turned his bloodshot eyes on Josephine. "I was a soldier three-and-twenty years ago (no much good either); my regiment was quartered in Cork. Now whether it was my red coat, or my handsome face (I was handsome enough then), when we were ordered home, I persuaded poor Winny there to leave her father's house. She was the only child of an old man, and motherless, which made it worse. We were married by a Catholic priest, and at first I was kind enough, at least for me; but drink and bad company were my bane. I was disgraced, left the army, treated my wife worse than a dog; at last I left her altogether, and took up with an English woman—not that I cared much for her, but she was as bad as myself, and did not trouble herself how I came by the money, so she had it to spend. I saw Winny now and then; I think she hoped I'd come back some day; but the woman

paid me off; somehow or other she'd found every thing out, and could hang me if she chose. Every day I grew worse and worse, yes, and more miserable too; I wanted something to love, and every thing seemed to hate me, except my little girl; whenever I came home, the child clung to me and kissed me, and called me 'father;' so at last I stole her, and took her to live with me and Martha. This only made matters worse: the woman hated her, and tried all she could to make her as wicked as herself; and when she could not succeed, ill-treated her, to cause her to run away. She had grown up very pretty, too pretty—like her mother when I first saw her—and I hoped to get her a situation; but who would take the daughter of one like me into their houses? However, as ill-luck would have it, twelve months ago I took a fever; the doctor said it was brought on by drink, and I went to the hospital; my head was quite gone, so that I hardly knew how long I had been there. At last I was discharged, and went back to my lodgings; but I found the room shut up, the furniture sold, and the woman—the fiend!—gone. I did not care for her; I was glad to be rid of her; but my child! the property I had gained at the peril of my life, by the loss of my soul! I tracked the wretch, and found her married; yes, married to one who, bad as I am, was a thousand times worse; she taunted, laughed at me; but when I asked for my girl, she bade me seek her in —the—streets! This maddened me; I struck her to the earth, left her weltering in her own black blood, was imprisoned, punished, narrowly escaped transportation, and on being released, wandered here: you know the rest. Now, madam, I have a favour to ask;" and he stood erect before her. "I do not intend to repent; I am at war with my fellow-men, and where I am stung, will sting again; for this world I care not, of the next I know nothing. But for my poor lost girl I do care; and sooner or later, when tired of her sinful life, I know her mother's early lessons, and the influence of that religion—true or false I don't know, and I don't care—in which she was brought up, will lead her here again; befriend her then—and may God bless you!" Scarcely had he ceased speaking, when the hubbub re-commenced; and Miss Bradshawe, deeply affected, yet not knowing how to offer consolation in his present excited state, resolved to step into Moll Carty's rooms, and send Sheehan to prevent any unpleasant result from a meeting between Pratt and his sons. As she hurried along the passage, not without uneasiness at the alarm her protracted absence must occasion Mrs. Selby, she fancied she detected unequivocal symptoms of wild riot proceeding from the large room. After pausing a moment, she set it

down to an imagination weakened by the horrors she had so lately witnessed; boldly advancing, she lifted the latch, and before she was aware of it, stood in the midst of a scene to which no description can do justice, and which, had it been in her power, she would gladly have avoided.

Chapter VIII. *The Adventure.*

Kate breathed more freely when the door of Mrs. Selby's house closed behind her, but it was not until she had reached the end of the street that she in any way recovered her self-possession. Disinclined as she was for reflection, she could not still the voice which would make itself heard; and the unexpected identity of Josephine with the lady whom she had never forgotten, awakened any thing but a pleasing retrospect as she contrasted her present self with what she then was.

Dispirited—nay, disgusted—by her first ineffectual search for a situation, Kate had easily yielded to Florry Daly's suggestion that "they two had bist make a match of it;" although the reasons she had assigned to herself were neither very far-sighted nor very prudential. "Florry was a handsome lad, an ud mak a fortin somehow; he was up to the ways of London too; an as she *must* marry sooner or later, she might go farther an fare worse. An wasn't there Nill Sillivan dying wid the luv of him? an what a crow it ud be over her, an from a Gracian too! an then there'd be an ind of the lectures which ould blind Murphy gave, jist to shew how knowing he was: an —" but here Kate's arguments assumed a less pleasing form. "Florry did not go to his dooty at all," and he particularly objected to his wife's "thrubbling the prastes, barring Easter." Kate, on the contrary, had never, since her first communion, allowed an indulgence to pass without approaching the sacraments, and she had much wished to consult one of the "clargy" before yielding her conscience so unconditionally into his hands; but he was not the lad to ask twice. Poor Kattie's little money was quite gone, and her few superfluous articles of clothing had been parted with, at first reluctantly enough; yet she had of late become surprisingly inured to a pawnbroker's box, her shamefacedness having melted as snow before the fire of Mrs. Carty's wrath, invariably kindled when her young lodger was unable to satisfy her not always reasonable demands.

"What's the matther now, Kattie?" inquired Mary Sheehan, as one day entering the room she found our heroine alone, busily rubbing a very tearful face with a dirty apron.

"Shure an it's meesilf doesn't know what I'll do, Mary

dear; that ould skinflint, Moll Carty, insists on the rint for her dirty hole, an didn't I pawn me gown an shawl to sadisfy her? an what'll become of me? I've ownly these lift, an it'll break me heart to part thim, becase they belonged to me poor mother, God rist her sowl!" and as she spoke, she held up an old-fashioned rosary, the beads of which being silver were of some trifling value.

"Did Moll Carty see those?" inquired Mary anxiously.

"Yis; an what thin?" answered Kattie.

"Thin part thim directly, me girl; there's nothing too hot or too heavy for the paws of the dirthy ould vagabond; she'll conjure thim away wid some of her divil's thricks; it's small rivirince the likes of her has for bades or holy things: you can git thim agin whin you're married to Florry."

"Married to Florry! ah, that's another great thrubble!" and her tears began to flow afresh. "You see, Biddy Sarchfield advised me to spake to one of the clargy, an maybe he'd assist me for the time; an I've not knelt before one of thim iver since I came to this haythenish place; an I've neglicted me prayers, an stayed from the Mass; an what ud Father Phelim say if he knew it all? Will, Florry heerd her, an rapped out a tundering oath, that ud have made me crass meesilf but that I saw Nill Sillivan grin; an he swore no praste should let or make in his consarns, that he'd be married by the parson or not at all: for why? it didn't shute him to sittle his conscience jist at present; an he looked quite awfullike. Now, Mary, what'll I do? if I don't have him, Nilly will, an I must go to sarvice afther all."

Mrs. Sheehan, kind and good-hearted as she was, constituted by no means a wise or safe adviser; she merely contented herself by observing,—

"I don't think Florry dhrinks, at laste not to come up to my good-for-nothink Pat, who spinds more than he earns."

She then prepared to set out for the "walk," whilst Kate sauntered down the Hollow with the beads, wondering what she'd get on them, and muttering to herself in a tone of reproach,—

"Yis, an indeed it's sildom enough I say them now; an it's safe stowed they'll be, that's one comfort."

This and scenes of a similar description crowded through her brain as she slowly walked homewards; and she was more than once tempted to place the matter in Miss Bradshawe's hands, who she knew was able, and doubted not was willing also, to assist her. Alas, these good resolutions were stifled in the bud, as she remembered the inevitable consequences of such a proceeding would be a return to her duty, and the

instant transfer of Daly's affections to her rival, an event more galling to her vanity than feelings. Yet as Kate was now become sufficiently idle, the thought of "sarvice" had lost all its attractions. Wearied by this unprecedented stretch of mental exertion, she wound it up by "laving things to take their own way, an thin it ud be no fault of hers if they didn't go right," and began to stare about her. Unfortunately, owing to the lateness of the hour, the shops were all closed; and Kate, thus deprived of one of the greatest sources of her amusement, debated if she had not better go home at once. But on passing one of the largest mansions in —— Square, her attention was arrested by the sounds of music, rendered more audible from the windows being thrown open on account of the heat: within there were innumerable lights, and other unmistakeable signs of revelry; without, crowds of footmen, linkboys, and idlers of every description. To the latter our heroine hastened to join herself; and, as carriage after carriage deposited its burden, strove to catch a passing glance of the splendidly-attired and joyous-looking girls, whose fairy forms hovered for a moment in her sight, and were then lost under the smartly-striped awning which extended from the street-door to the kerb-stone. Oh, how Kate wished those walls had been of glass, that she might catch one little glimpse of the scene within; how she envied the servants, who seemed quite used to it, and on whom all these waving plumes and glittering robes appeared to make no impression! She had determined every carriage should be the last, yet she still lingered; just one peep at that magnificent equipage, and she would go. It stopped, the steps rattled down, an unusual flutter took place amongst the liveried attendants, and two gentlemen alighted, of whom Kate took no notice, and after them a lady, stately and beautiful, amidst whose raven tresses sparkled such a profusion of brilliants as to dazzle her eyes and produce an involuntary curtsey, as a vague idea flashed across her mind that it must be the queen herself; and last of all tripped a girl whose lovely face Kate felt certain was familiar to her. A short stoppage took place as the young lady let fall her bouquet, and our heroine had full time to admire the robe of spotless satin, the long auburn curls escaping in every direction from the pearl wreaths which vainly sought to restrain their luxuriance, and above all the radiant laughter-loving eyes and bright smile of the Lady Angela Malvern. Another second, and she too had passed as a dream; and Kate, with a sigh, prepared to depart, unconscious that she herself had attracted the attention of one of the gentlemen of the party. He lingered behind his companions, and as she turned

to cast a farewell glance at the gay crowd, accosted her in a somewhat careless tone with, "And where are you going, my pretty one?"

"Sure an I'm goin home, sir," said Kate, with a smile in which simplicity and coquetry were so strangely blended as to pique the curiosity of the stranger, whose first address had been merely words of course. He was a tall dignified man, about eight-and-twenty, with a severe cast of features and a proud dark eye, which seemed as if it would penetrate the very soul of the girl, as he again demanded,

"And where is your home? Shall I see you there?"

"Jist beyand in the Buildings, sir, an you can cum if you like; that is," she added archly, "if you're not affeard of Florry, for maybe it's jealous he'll be."

"I am not a very great coward," he replied, in a tone which even to her, unthinking as she was, appeared rather grave; "at any rate, I'll see the end of this adventure." He continued to mutter in an under tone, as he went along, something about "the girl being Irish, and of course a Catholic, this boasted religion which inculcates such doctrines and sets forth such examples of purity," and more to the same purpose. Kattie chattered away without noticing the vagueness and brevity of the answers she received, or heeding the sarcastically triumphant smile which played round his mouth, and gave so disagreeable an expression to his countenance. Far different were the feelings which animated the bosoms of the pair thus singularly thrown together. Kate's little heart beat high with gratified vanity; and too unused to the world's ways to know to what injurious suspicions her conduct must give rise, she amused herself by picturing how mad Florry would be at a "rale gintleman" seeing her home, and then laughed aloud at the certain surprise of the latter when he found himself in such a "quare place" as the Buildings. Indeed so fully did she enter into the frolic, that the dying woman, Josephine, all were forgotten; and a row, the probable consequences of her imprudence, was regarded by her as a thing of no moment, so natural to her had become the habits of those amongst whom she resided. The motives of the stranger were, however, more difficult to analyse; in fact, they were a riddle even to himself. His handsome, though, as I before said, severe countenance certainly evinced no particular admiration for the little Irish girl; on the contrary, impatience at her ceaseless prattle seemed scarcely restrained by a more powerful feeling: for he noted with intense interest every word which fell from her lips; evidently they afforded him little pleasure, for his cheek flushed and his eye kindled as he muttered between his teeth,

"And is it amongst such as these her lot is cast? Is she for ever to be allowed her own headstrong way? I will see this farce to an end, and then we meet again."

"Here we are, sir, jist at the ind of the coort," interrupted Kate, half doubtful how much farther it was safe to carry her joke; "p'raps it's no nearer you'd betther come."

"Is it here you live?" he inquired rather abruptly; "nay, as I have come thus far, I'll see you to the door."

"There is no doore," said Kate simply; "the people tuk it last winther to kindle the fires. I live at the big house below there; but ralely, sir, I'd raythor you'd go back; if the min have been dhrinking, they mightn't be altogether paceable, an I'd be sorry harm came of it."

"It is my pleasure to go on," he repeated, but in so determined a tone that Kate, heedless as she was, saw she had made a great mistake somewhere; she looked earnestly in his face; a stern, determined gaze met hers, and her confusion was complete as she then remembered, for the first time, there were those in Moll Carty's room who were likely to resent the intrusion of a stranger, especially at an hour when they were almost certain to be assembled. Kate had seen too much lately of Florry's violence not to dread its effects, especially if herself were to be its object. Almost at her wit's end, she yielded to the impulse of the moment, and, trusting to her swiftness of foot and superior knowledge of the locality, darted off at full speed, threading her way through the various groups with which the Buildings, more especially the courts, were still thronged. But Kate had reckoned without her host; pausing in the doorway to take breath before ascending the stairs of the Large House, she found her pursuer close to her side; so intent had the inhabitants been on their own affairs, that he had passed amongst them unnoticed, almost unseen. Terrified half out of her senses, she exclaimed, imploringly,—

"Ah, pray now, go back, sir; there's a woman dying of the cholera above there, an a lady's wid her jist now; and if ye foller me, there'll be murther this blessed nite."

"The cholera! a lady!" and he darted a glance full of suspicion at his companion; "at this hour too. It's of no use, girl; I'm determined."

"Thin take care of the well, an mind it's not my fault if ye'r intirely kilt; you'll niver git safe up these ould crazy stairs, that's one comfort." And springing forward, she was soon lost to sight in the darkness. Not to be baffled, he pressed on, and, with no other guide than the echo of her footsteps, surmounted the perils of stair and passage, until he reached the long passage leading to the fortune-teller's domicile.

"What wild-goose chase am I engaged in!" he exclaimed, as, finding himself at fault, he stood fearful to advance or recede. "Can I ever hope to convince one so wedded to her folly? or will she ever give me credit for the motives which brought me here? A fine story this young wench can make of it, and doubtless will—ha! there she is again." As he spoke, Kate threw open the door of Moll Carty's room; and before the greater part of its inmates were even aware of their entrance, both herself and the stranger stood in the very midst of them.

Had the latter leisure for observation, the varied avocations of the different families must have had to him at least all the attractions of novelty. Biddy Sarchfield, although retired for the night, was sitting bolt upright in her sittle, sewing a remnant of an old plaid shawl into the tattered corduroys of blind Murphy, who, seated on his basket, had concealed the absence of that indispensable article by the petticoat of his sempstress, the materials of which it was composed remaining to this day a mystery, owing to the dust of about twelve months in which it was enshrined. Mrs. Flanaghan, like a careful wife, was washing Will's shirt, her own gown, and the childer's little bits of things, herself and husband doing without those necessaries "jist for the time;" whilst their offspring, having been stowed away under the sack of rags, had crept out here and there, and were sporting in very insufficient clothing at as great a distance as might be from their industrious mother. Moll Carty was, as usual, diving into the future, for the special benefit of Nell Sullivan; whilst such of the men as were at home, Sheehan excepted, were congregated round a small table, covered with short pipes and battered pewter-pots, and lighted by a solitary rush.

"Sure an what's all this, Kate?" exclaimed the hostess, throwing down her inseparable companions, the cards; "we thought it was niver coming back you were"——

"Howld yer jaw, you witch!" vociferated Daly, springing to his feet. "Where have you been gadding, Kate? an who the divil's this, I'd like to know?" and he advanced fiercely towards the intruder, who, having awoke from his surprise to all the awkwardness of his position, drew himself to his full height, preparing, though without even a cane in his hand, to resist the threatened attack.

"Who I may be, is decidedly no concern of yours," he answered; "and"—he stammered, conscious he had no excuse for his presence where it was neither expected nor desired.

"Musha! an isn't it a consarn of ours what brings you here, my fine chap?" said Sheehan, rousing himself from a comfortable nap, and observing with visible satisfaction the

absence of his wife. "This is a quare time of night to walk in widout 'By yer lave,' or 'God save all here;' and if you've ony particler value for yer bones, take yersilf off in a jiffey: unless you priferr the winder to the doore; it'll save time, that's sartain."

"It's no quarrel of yours, Pat," said Florry, in a voice hoarse with passion; "and you, sir, answer me, did you foller this girl wid her own consint or no? Ayther way, I'll be the death of you," he continued, almost beside himself; "but if it's her fault, she'll be sorry for it, that's all."

"Your threats and questions will remain alike unheeded, unanswered; I shall defend my life as best I may, and may thank my own folly for placing myself in such a situation."

The calmness of this speech caused his antagonist to hesitate for a moment, which Kate perceiving, eagerly exclaimed:

"Ah thin, Florry, wasn't it meesilf intirely that was to blame? I tould the gintleman where I lived, and said he might see me home if he liked."

"You did, you hussy? then take that for your pains;" and infuriated by rage and drink, he dealt her a blow which, though slight, sent her screaming to the side of the bed where Biddy Sarchfield was still quietly ensconced, regarding the affray as got up for her own especial amusement.

"You cowardly scoundrel, how dare you strike the girl?" exclaimed the stranger, aiming, as he spoke, at the fellow's head; a compliment the latter dexterously avoided, and catching up a thick stick, prepared to return, with a force which must have proved fatal to his opponent, when Jack Burke, seizing hold of his arm, half whispered, "Hold, Florry Daly; I know him: now look at him yersilf, man, an see am I right?"

"Yes, and I know you, you villain!" exclaimed the person alluded to; "I saved your life once, and I believe you are already too well acquainted with the weight of my arm to provoke it a second time."

"Yer honour spakes truth," said Burke, sheepishly, tugging at one of his long ragged-looking locks. "But for you, yer overfed raskil of a flunkey (wid the nose of an Irish mother, jist to give a quality taste to his fat jowls) ud have sint an ounce of lead to thry the thickness of me skull, whin he found me a wanting to borry the horse; an sure, though you gave me the sound bating, you didn't take the oath against me, bekase I promised to refarm; an so I have: but no one shall touch a button of yer honour's coat, as I'm an honest man."

"That's more than you can promise," growled Daly; "this fine gentleman or nobleman tells no more tales; if I am to be

hanged, it shan't be for nothing;" and struggling to rid himself of Burke, he again endeavoured to spring on his antagonist. The latter prepared, as well as he was able, to sustain the shock, though completely unarmed he was no match for the herculean Irishman. It was, however, with no small surprise that he observed Daly pause midway in his career, start, and hang his head; whilst a simultaneous expression of regret, shame, and apology burst from both actors and spectators of the strife. Turning rapidly towards the door, he too gazed on the apparition, as if his whole soul were in that look, his present pallor being rendered more striking by its contrast with the angry flush it had chased from his brow. Yet the form which presented itself was no way calculated to excite alarm; it was the slight figure of a girl, whose snowy robe and elegant though simple walking attire would have alone stamped her as belonging to a very different grade of society from those amongst whom she had thus unexpectedly appeared. Yet it was not this which attracted the attention of the stranger; his gaze was riveted on her face: those regular features, now so pale you might have deemed them fresh from the sculptor's hands; those dark-blue eyes; the curved, half-disdainful lip; the haughty wave of the head, too natural to offend;—it was surely the same. Time had passed lightly over *her;* and but that her bright curls were now simply parted on her high forehead, and the smile, so sunny and frequent, was no longer there, she differed not from what she had been when he had left her in anger six long years ago!

"Josephine!" "Lord Norville!" burst from the lips of either; whilst Sheehan, irresolute whether to advance or recede, stammered out, "Sure an, Miss Bradshawe, yer wilcome, miss; an I hope the noise didn't scare you; but yer used to the ways of us, ony how." His voice recalled the self-possession of Josephine: though ignorant of the cause, her quick eye divined the danger to which the earl had exposed himself; and rapidly advancing into the centre of the room, she placed herself in such a position as effectually to separate Daly from his antagonist.

"Sheehan," she exclaimed, laying her hand on the sleeve of his tattered coat, "are you aware Winny Pratt is dead?"

"The Lord be marciful to us!" groaned Biddy Sarchfield, popping her head from under what we may by courtesy style bed-clothes; "an widout the benefit of the clargy?"

"No, Father Morgan was with her; and it was most fortunate for you all that he did not enter here. Now recollect what I say: she died of the cholera; and if you attempt to wake the body, I will not answer for the consequences."

"Sure but, me lady," said Biddy, "what ud the corse say if it was lift widout the friends, an what ud the neybours think if they didn't hear the keening?"

"Think you had left off your heathenish practices, for they are no better," answered Miss Bradshawe, with a smile; "at any rate, if you persist in this instance, it will not be without danger to yourselves."

"Josephine," exclaimed Lord Norville, no longer able to keep silence, "are you aware of the character of those amongst whom I find you at this hour? and do you, in the wildest flights of enthusiasm, imagine you can ever benefit such as they are? Your very life is in peril."

"An who'd hurt her, pray? sure an I'd like to see him at it. She's as safe as the clargy, an she knows it too," said Sheehan, eagerly: "but if you're a frind of Miss Bradshawe's, bist take yersilf off, for the fit's on Florry yit."

"Daly," exclaimed Josephine, who, whatever her outward composure, really felt apprehensions for the safety of the intruder, "this gentleman is an old acquaintance of mine: how he came here I know not, but for my sake you must drop your quarrel; it is very late, and he will accompany me home."

"For that matther, miss, there's enough of us widout sich as him," answered Burke, with a glance of ineffable contempt at Lord Norville; "but of course Florry 'll be said by you."

"But you've not heerde the rights of it yet, my lady," said Daly, on whose passion it was evident Josephine's presence was the only restraint. "Could not that girl be sint of an errand widout bringing this fine chap bolt afther her to me very teeth, an I jist about to put up the bans too?"

Miss Bradshawe did not answer; but she cast an involuntary glance of surprise, not unmingled with scorn, in the direction of Lord Norville, who, to say the truth, began to cut a very ridiculous figure in the aspect which affairs had now assumed. "Yes, my lady, it's quite thrue," continued Florry, eager to improve his advantage; for, with his natural shrewdness, he had correctly interpreted the look of Josephine; "an can ye wondher thut it made the blood boil up? But I'll have me revinge on him yet."

"Not before me, I hope," said Miss Bradshawe, with a smile; "you must tell me all about it to-morrow. I thought, Mrs. Carty, you had given up those cards."

"Ah, an, me lady, it's meesilf promised it too; an the divil niver lits me rist night or day; he twists himsilf round me like a sarpant as he is, and sits me rid-hot wid his breath, till I'm 'bliged to drown meesilf undher the pump, for it's all alight I am."

"There's no pace at all wid the poor crathur," whined Biddy Sarchfield from the bed. "She was chopping about wid the broken knife all the livelong night; an didn't she catch hoult of me ragged petticoat, an sware it was the tail of the baste? An that minds me, my lady, praps you've an ould one to spare; or if yer short, maybe you'd pitch into his rivirince for one, for it's not fit for a Christian she's lift it on me." This was too much. Josephine smiled; and Lord Norville, despite his chagrin, laughed outright.

"Well, good night to you all," said Miss Bradshawe; and she moved towards the door, accompanied by the earl, and, in obedience to a glance, followed by Pat Sheehan. As soon as they were out of hearing, she inquired of Sheehan, in a low tone, "Is *he* in danger?"

"Indeed an he is, me lady. Florry's dark intirely, an not about the girl ayther. You minded, sir, what Jack Burke said? Daly's not lik the rist on us; we think much of an injury, he niver forgives a binifit. But *you* are quite safe, Miss Bradshawe; an why shouldn't you be, I'd like to know? Sure, if ony one touched a hair of yer head, the boys ud limb him."

"*I* safe," answered Josephine; and she mechanically passed her hand through the arm of her companion. There was a tenderness in the tone, an interest in the action, which sent a thrill of joy to the heart of Lord Norville, and amply compensated for the annoyance he had endured.

"I'd best go wid you, though," said Pat; "Florry may be afther you wid his mad ways."

"No, stay here and detain him until we have cleared the Buildings," answered Miss Bradshawe.

"Don't go down the Buildings at all, miss; you know the ways of the Hollow; cut through Bryant's stables into the coorte; it's rayther dark, but you know the way. I'll go back an pick a quarrel wid Florry, jist to keep his hand in, you know."

"Do not make it a real one, mind," said Josephine, whilst Lord Norville pressed a sovereign into the good-natured fellow's palm. His first impulse was to return it; but the recollection of his own trousers and Mary's best gown both at the pawnbroker's, "an to be relased for the Sinday," conquered his disinterestedness; so he quietly placed in his pocket "the first bit of gould he had iver called cousin."

"Not a word," whispered Josephine, as, firmly holding Lord Norville's hand, she led him with a swift though noiseless step along the dangerous and intricate passages he had so lately traversed. Their natural positions were decidedly reversed, and the earl knew not whether to be mortified or

pleased at circumstances which obliged him to depend for protection on a being so frail, so almost childlike in appearance. She, however, allowed him no time for reflection. On reaching the doorway, instead of proceeding down the court, now comparatively deserted, they turned sharp round, and passing through the iron gateway before mentioned, prepared to descend the steps leading to the Hollow. The reader already knows how steep, rugged, and slippery they were at all times; and as the projecting houses by which they were flanked completely intercepted the light of the moon, now also they were in utter darkness.

"For heaven's sake, my dearest girl, where are we going?" inquired her companion, with such real alarm in his tone that Miss Bradshawe could not suppress a low laugh, bringing a flush of vexation to his cheek.

"A few moments more and all will be right," she replied. "These stones are rather uneven, though."

The trickling of water here again arrested his attention; and whilst Josephine sprang over the impediment, he had the pleasure of stepping full into the midst of a dirty rivulet issuing from a pipe in a factory-wall, thereby completely saturating his thin shoes and silk stockings. Feeling that the adventure was now partaking largely of the ludicrous, and not at all satisfied with the part he had been destined to play throughout, he resigned himself in sullen silence to his fate, angry with himself, his guide, and the whole world. In this way they proceeded half-way down a dirty ill-paved mews, stumbling now and then over loose stones, masses of broken bricks, and other obstructions, which he was inclined to think were laid purposely in *his* way, as if the little dirty urchins whose playthings they were had ever dreamed the whole world contained such a being as Edgar Earl of Norville, or that he would that night be perambulating the "Hollow" in full ball-costume. They paused at length before what appeared to him a hole in the wall, the only distinctly visible object being a heap of wet straw at the mouth of a pit, which imagination painted as unfathomable, and from the depths of which his ears were saluted by a discordant sound peculiar to no animal of which he had any knowledge.

"Where are we going now?" he inquired, almost pettishly; "surely there must be a thoroughfare to this dreadful hole."

"Yes, but the arch is at present filled by loungers from the public-house, and my white dress would insure a recognition more noisy than welcome."

"But you are never going into that den; and what noise is that?"

"Only the poor old horse; he is perfectly quiet, good fellow, and knows my voice; he will not kick, if you do not touch him." So saying, she bounded forward; and Lord Norville felt himself compelled to follow her example, though not so adroitly but that his feet became entangled in the manure, and he stumbled against the poor horse, who by a tremendous snort testified both his surprise and displeasure at this invasion of his narrow territories. "There is another *very* steep step to mount; and pray be careful, or you will fall down the kitchen-stairs and wake all the children. I am really sorry, but it is not my fault," said Miss Bradshawe simply. With a suppressed oath, the step was ascended, then two or three broken stairs, then came a long dark passage, a street-door was pushed open, and at length they stood in a court strongly resembling the one they had quitted, except that it possessed the advantage of a carriage-way, "which was a great thing," as it saved the inhabitants "the thrubble of washing their stones."

Much to the astonishment of the earl, the few remaining loiterers regarded the appearance of Miss Bradshawe as no unusual event, and the repetition of her name as she passed the different groups jarred on his ears. "And she might have been a countess," he soliloquised; "might have passed through life with no wish ungratified, no care unsoothed, and,"— His reflections were abruptly terminated by their finding themselves at the end of the court, and to Lord Norville's astonishment, in the midst of —— street. "Is it possible!" he exclaimed; "I have passed down this street thousands of times, and never suspected the existence of such a rookery as this."

"Here, then, we must part, Lord Norville," said Josephine calmly; "Mrs. Selby will be much alarmed at my protracted absence."

"To *you*, at least, I might still be Edgar Wellborne," he exclaimed bitterly; "unlike yourself, I do not *pretend* indifference."

Josephine moved onwards without reply; but before she had proceeded half-a-dozen steps, he was again by her side. "Miss Bradshawe," he continued in a decisive tone, "you do not escape me thus; do you suppose I will allow you to pass unprotected through the streets of London at this hour? and how could I answer to Lord Lindore for humouring such gross imprudence?"

"*Imprudence!*" answered Josephine archly, as her companion drew her hand forcibly through his arm; and they proceeded in the direction of Mrs. Selby's abode.

"I understand your meaning, but must defer an explana-

tion of my share in this night's adventure until a more fitting time. Yet, Josephine, promise me, at least till we meet again, you will not expose your life amongst those uncivilised barbarians; Edgar Wellborne may ask that which would most probably be denied to the Earl of Norville."

"I seek no explanation, my lord, of what concerns me not; I make no promises to avoid a danger which does not exist. Betwixt these people, wild as they appear, and myself, there is a tie which nothing would induce them to violate."

"A tie? a tie between the very refuse of Ireland, the dross of London, and the niece of the Earl of Lindore?—you are surely mad or jesting."

"Yes, the tie of religion; a link which those of the Reformed Church do not appreciate, or even understand. Now tell me candidly, would you consider Angela safe amongst Protestants of the same class as those we visited to-night?"

"I am sure her father would not," said Lord Norville, changing colour; "and to be sincere with you, Josephine, it is not from the people, bad as they are, that I anticipate danger."

"From what then?" she inquired, half playfully: "do you expect I shall fall down some of those steps or pits which you encountered so unwillingly to-night?"

"I expect nothing of the kind, wilful girl; I dread that awful disease which has already commenced its ravages through our land, and which, from the dirty and dissipated habits of the poor, is sure to fix its stronghold amongst them."

"Ay, *that* indeed!" she answered solemnly. "Yet as the martyrs of the olden time shrank not from the rack or scaffold, so must we not shrink from the performance of our duty, however painful, nay dangerous, it may be; it is the will of Almighty God: and was I not equally under his protection by the bedside of that dying woman as had I remained idly at home? Yet, trust me, the cholera will not be confined to the poor alone; if it proceeds from an impure atmosphere, London is so thoroughly intersected by places even worse than these, that we can never hope to escape."

"I fear me not," said Lord Norville with a sigh; "yet, Josephine, since you Catholics are so fond of a sermon, tell me is it not selfish to rend the hearts of those who love you by thus rashly exposing yourself? Be a Romanist if you will, but do not cease to be a rational being."

"Years have indeed added to your prudence, Edgar," she replied. The name had been pronounced involuntarily, and she would gladly have recalled it; but it was too late: the evil was done; and she felt the hand he held pressed to her companion's heart.

"God bless you, my Josephine, for that one word! You have not, then, become the cold heartless being we believed? you have not yet forgotten"——

"The word escaped from the mere force of habit," she eagerly interrupted; "for the rest, I assure you my actions and feelings are in perfect accordance, nor do I see how either can or ought to interest the affianced husband of my cousin. But I am nearly exhausted, and would rather perform the remainder of our short journey in silence." He did not answer, and both appeared lost in a profound reverie, until they reached the door at which they were to part. The time had been employed by Josephine in earnest mental prayer; she was conscious of the temptation to which she was exposed; it had, therefore, lost half its danger; yet the wounds of her heart had been reopened; and as she offered her sufferings to her God, she turned towards His mild and compassionate Mother to pray for and to pity her. For Lord Norville, the subject of his meditations may be guessed; since, on relinquishing Miss Bradshawe's hand, he passionately exclaimed, "Of one thing rest assured, Josephine,—I shall never be the husband of Lady Angela Malvern." He turned away; and whilst Josephine, overcome by fatigue, calmly slept, he paced up and down the street, scarcely conscious of what he was about. Two Josephines flitted before him. The one as he had last beheld her in that old hall, the abode of her ancestors, with her young heart all his own, yet at the call of duty severing with her own hand the links by which they were united. The other Josephine, no longer his, a calm placid being, who acted, thought, was even apparently happy, without the slightest reference to him; the face seemed the same, the form slighter than ever: and it was evident that whatever feeling might linger in her bosom, it was subordinate, and only sufficient to relieve her from the charge of insensibility; she was a free agent too, not the blind tool he had thought to find her; too content with her present position to waste one sigh on what she had sacrificed. Of this Lord Lindore had often assured him; but he never believed it, and he even now sought to stifle a conviction so unflattering to his self-love. How should he act? A bright though intruding figure solved this question for him. The youthful high-born Angela, with her light heart and all the dazzling loveliness of her mother's Italian ancestors, must ever stand betwixt himself and Josephine. Ah, why was this engagement ever entered into? It had pleased Lord Lindore little, himself less; Angela had scarce been consulted at all; Lord Norville must marry some one: so somehow or other, the countess had it all her own

way. Still he was resolved. At this moment a policeman, who had for some time past been watching his movements, not altogether approving of his lengthened promenade in so confined a space, requested him to move on; and Lord Norville reluctantly obeyed.

THE GOLD-FIELDS OF THE ANCIENTS.

In a former paper on this subject, mention was made of gold having been found, even in modern times, in Scotland. We now adduce the evidence of this fact,—that of an eye-witness, whose curious work, very rare in the original, has recently been reprinted. It is entitled *Metallum Martis*, by Dud Dudley, and was first published in the year 1665. Particles of gold, we may observe, are still occasionally met with in the lead-hills of Scotland.*

"The author did see, anno '37, at Shortlough, in Scotland, six men to dig and carry with wheele-barrows the common earth or mould unto rivolets remote, out of which those men did wash gold-grains as good as in the sand of the rivers, in which rivers many have gotten gold, and seen grains of sol near one ounce weight, both in the Lowlands and in the Highlands; also he hath seen gold gotten in England, but not so plentiful as in Scotland. For Sir James Hope, anno 1654, brought from Scotland baggs of gold grains unto Cromwell, some of which grains were very large, and as fine as any gold in the world that is in mines; thus I came to see the baggs, taking a view of the Lowlands and Highlands of Scotland anno '37, in which year I spent the whole summer in opening of mines and making of discoveries, was at Sir James Hope's lead-hills, near which I got gold; and he coming to London, imployed Captain David Acheson, a refiner, whom I met in Scotland, anno '37, to find me out. When I came unto Sir James Hope, dwelling in White Hall, he produced the baggs unto me, and poured the gold out upon a board; in which was one large piece of gold which had to it adjoyning a large piece of white spar very transparent, which Cap. David Acheson, yet living at Edinburgh, saw."

Humboldt in his *Cosmos*† has some brief remarks on the sources from which the Phœnicians and Greeks obtained their supplies of the precious metal; but the greater portion of his account is taken up with a not very profitable discussion of the disputed question as to the locality of the scriptural Ophir.

* Mrs. Somerville's Physical Geography, vol. i. p. 297.
† Vol. ii. pp. 132-4, 141-2.

Some writers consider that it was situated on the eastern coast of Africa; others place it on the western coast of India. Now there can be no doubt at all that a considerable quantity of gold was imported from India into Europe in very early times. The commerce with India in shawls, spices, silks, gems, and perfumery, was well known to the Greeks before the expedition of Alexander, and probably even before the Persian wars. The embroidered πέπλοι (much the same manufactures which we still prize so highly as Indian shawls), "the works of Sidonian women," are mentioned even in Homer.* The same were also called "Babylonian" in later times, and must be considered rather as Indian works, obtained by and through the Phœnicians, Tyrians, or Sidonians, than as the productions of those nations. It is not uninteresting to remark, that the beautiful vegetable dyes of India were celebrated in the Augustan age; as Strabo writes, "This country (India) produces admirable dyes both for the hair and for garments."† But to revert to gold, as the one produce of India with which we are now especially concerned, Strabo repeatedly affirms its existence, and even specifies the rivers and mines from which it was obtained. Speaking of the Seres (a name familiar to the readers of Horace and Virgil), he says, "It is peculiar to them not to make any use of gold and silver, though they have mines."‡ On the authority of Megasthenes, he also says that the rivers in the north of India "brought down particles of gold, from which tribute was paid to the Persian king."§ In the country of Carmania, lying west of India and between that and Persia, the geographer quotes Onesicritus as testifying to the existence of gold and silver both in mines and in particles washed down by a certain river.|| A more particular account is given of the gold obtained in Arabia:¶ "A river flows through this part of the country which carries down gold-dust, but the people do not know how to work it. Near to this tribe is a more civilised race, inhabiting a finer land, both well watered and fertilised by rain. Here gold is dug up, not as mere dust, but in lumps, requiring very little refining, the smallest of them as large as a cherry-stone, the mean size that of a medlar, and the largest as big as a walnut. They string these bits of gold alternately with transparent

* Iliad, vi. 289.

† Strabo, lib. xv. cap. 1. The Tyrian dyes were sea-purple, from the shell-fish called *murex trunculus*.

‡ Lib. xv. cap. 1.

§ Ibid. The gold-mines and gold-dust of India are mentioned by Herodotus, lib. iii. 106.

|| Lib. xv. cap. 2.

¶ Lib. xvi. cap. 4.

pebbles, and make necklaces and bracelets. They also barter the gold at a low price with their neighbours, giving three times the quantity of it for copper, and twice the quantity for silver. This happens through their ignorance of any method of working it, and the scarcity of the necessaries of life which they obtain in exchange."

Strabo has a very interesting passage,* in which he gives at one view the sources from which the ancient kings of Asia derived their abundant wealth in gold, though he avows that his authorities are not as trustworthy as might be desired: "The riches of Tantalus and the descendants of Pelops came from the mines near Phrygia and mount Sipylus; Cadmus obtained his in the region of Thrace and mount Pangæum; Priam, from the gold-mines at Astyra, near Abydos, where some small remnants may yet be collected, and the quantity of soil thrown up and the excavations are proofs of the ancient gold-diggings. The wealth of Midas came from the parts near mount Bermius; that of Gyges and Alyattes and Crœsus, from a deserted village of Lydia, which now has the soil round it turned up by mining." It appears, therefore, that the coast of Asia Minor was once extremely rich in gold, since the great wealth of Midas and Crœsus was proverbial. "As rich as Crœsus," is a phrase still familiar to all, though few, perhaps, take the trouble to consider the grounds of its origin. The immense riches of that king are described by the most authentic witnesses. Solon himself was allowed to inspect the royal treasury, and Herodotus has recorded it.† The golden ingots, statues, and bowls offered by him to the temple of Apollo at Delphi, besides others sent to Thebes, are minutely specified, both as to weight and size, by the same trustworthy writer,‡ who speaks of them as for the most part still existing. These offerings are of such enormous value, that the quantity of gold then existing must have been truly prodigious.

The north-eastern parts of Europe, and the vast country formerly called by the general name of Scythia, and now known as Tartary and Siberia, were in very early times celebrated for their gold. Herodotus§ describes a Scythian tribe, the Massagetæ, as using copper and gold "for all purposes;" the latter for ornamenting the trappings of their horses and their own armour, the former for axes and spears; "for," he adds, "they have no silver nor iron, but copper and gold in great plenty." The famous story of the Argonautic expedition and the Golden Fleece is now plausibly explained as a myth representing a very early voyage of the Greeks to obtain possession of certain gold-

* Lib. xiv. cap. 5. † Lib. i. cap. 30. ‡ Lib. i. cap. 50-2.
§ Lib. i. cap. 215.

washings beyond the Euxine sea; the "golden fleece" implying that the loose particles were caught by placing sheep-skins in the rapids of auriferous streams. The very curious tradition, mentioned by both Greek and Latin writers, of gigantic ants, which in their burrowings threw up golden sand, has been well explained by Humboldt,* the Hindostanee words for "ant" and for a small kind of leopard being almost identical. "In this desert," says Herodotus, who seems to have been the originator of the story,† "and in the sand, are certain immense ants, less than dogs, but larger than foxes; for there are some of them kept by the Persian king, having been caught and taken thence. These ants, in making for themselves subterraneous habitations, throw up the soil just as the ants in Greece do; and the sand thus turned up is full of gold particles. In search of this gold the Indians make expeditions into the desert." He goes on to describe at some length the process of getting the gold-sand, which the Indians stuff hastily into bags and gallop off on their camels, before the ants, which are busy burrowing underground, perceive them by the smell; and he assures us that if they did not make good speed, the ants would overtake and devour them! The region here spoken of is placed by Humboldt north of the Himalaya mountains, and towards the great desert of Gobi.

Strange and improbable as was this tale about the ants, Latin writers have not hesitated to follow the account. Propertius,‡ in describing the avarice and luxury of the Romans in the Augustan age, says—

> "Inda cavis aurum mittit formica metallis,
> Et venit e rubro concha Erycina salo."

And Pliny§ has the same statement, doubtless taken from Herodotus: "Indicæ formicæ .... aurum ex cavernis egerunt terræ in regione septemtrionalium Indorum."

The island of Thasos, to the south of Thrace, supplied an amount of gold annually, which Herodotus, who himself saw the mines, estimates at eighty talents;|| but he considers the sum-total of gold received by the Thasians from their own mines and the adjacent continent at 300 talents in the best years. Gold and silver were also extracted from a mountain not far from the same place.¶

There is but little mention, we believe, in the classical writers, of gold obtained from Africa. The western coast

* Cosmos, vol. ii. p. 142.
† Lib. iii. cap. 102.
‡ Book iii. El. xiii. v. 5.
§ Nat. Hist. lib. xi. 36.
|| Herod. lib. vi. cap. 46. A gold talent, which is here probably meant, was less than an ounce weight.
¶ Ibid. lib. vii. 112.

which is so rich in that metal, was hardly knownexcept in the north-west part. Herodotus, however, speaks of gold-dust being extracted from a lake in an island not far from Carthage.*

It is sufficiently evident from what has already been said (and to pursue the subject in all its details would require a volume), that the supply of the precious metals both in Greece and Rome was very large. When the greater portion of the known world became subject to the Roman Empire in the reign of Augustus, the influx of wealth was necessarily enormous; sums of money are very frequently spoken of in writers of credit which would surpass all belief, if we were not assured of the immense riches of that people. In the reign of Tiberius a law was enacted by the senate, "ne vasa auro solida ministrandis cibis fierent," that it should be unlawful to possess dinner-services of solid gold.† This single fact seems conclusive of the question. Now, the amount of gold and silver, in their nature almost indestructible, has been constantly accumulating for the last 2000 years, and yet the relative value has probably remained much the same. For instance, a comparison of the value of the Attic coins shews that gold was worth about 1000 times as much as copper;‡ and if we take a farthing to be the same size as a sovereign, we shall find that 960 of the former go to one of the latter. The accumulation of gold and silver (and, indeed, of all the metals in common use) in all parts of the world at the present day will appear very vast, when we consider that there is only one way (apart from oxidisation, to which the vulgar metals are more or less liable), namely, by being sunk in the deep sea, in which they can be irretrievably lost. We say *irretrievably*, because buried treasure may at any time be, and very often is, accidentally recovered. It is possible, therefore, that any one of our sovereigns may contain in it particles of gold which have been in the hands of men and in active circulation for thousands of years. Many persons, it is well known, are alarmed lest, with twenty millions of bullion already deposited in our national treasury, a glut of gold from California and Australia should produce a serious evil,—a complete revolution in our monetary system, and consequently in society itself. Not, of course, that we can have more gold than we want, so long as it retains its standard or relative value; but lest that value should be diminished, and a sovereign become comparatively

* Herod. iv. 195. It was obtained by young girls plunging feathers dipped in pitch into the mud.

† Tacitus, Ann. book ii. cap. 33.

‡ Dictionary of Antiquities, in v. Talentum.

worthless. We before stated the improbability of this. It is evident that the value of all metals employed in coinage is to a certain extent fictitious. The discovery of new iron-mines might reduce the price of that metal one or two pounds per ton; but copper would not be similarly affected by any sudden influx, so long as twelve pennies are convertible with a shilling, and twenty shillings with a pound. Within the last six years, nearly a million sterling of copper has been smelted from the Burra Burra mines in South Australia; but a penny, or in other words, an ounce of copper, is still precisely of the same relative value. It will seem to many an extraordinary fact, that a great abundance of national wealth, instead of reducing the actual value of money, regarded as the means of procuring the necessaries and comforts of life, actually enhances it. The reason is, that trade and competition are so stimulated by a copious supply of money, that commodities become, as we call it, cheaper; which is the same as saying a sovereign will procure more, or is more valuable. It is an admitted truth, that 100*l.* at the present time will "go as far" as 150*l.* would some twenty years ago; that is, a person can now live on 100*l.* a-year with as much of comfort and luxury as he then could on 150*l.* Consequently the real value of money has been raised in the same proportion, while it has become much more plentiful.

It is a common remark, that money was worth much more some hundreds of years ago than it now is; for example, that 100*l.* paid in the reign of Henry VIII. was as large a sum as 1000*l.* would be in the coinage of Queen Victoria. There is a fallacy in this which requires a few words of explanation. If a certain sum, say 100*l.*, is regarded *as a moiety of the whole national capital*, when that capital is small, it is very true that it is, *pro tanto*, as valuable, and will make the possessor *relatively as rich*, as ten times that sum when the whole national capital is ten times as great. But it is absurd to infer that 100*l.* in those days would purchase as many goods as 1000*l.* would now do; for the very reverse is more probably the fact, viz. that 1000*l.* then would not have purchased a larger heap of corn or a better wardrobe, or have furnished a house more comfortably, than 100*l.* would now do.

There is no fear, therefore, of the influx of gold to *any* amount, so long as its standard value is maintained. And as this is a matter of law, and as the welfare of society absolutely requires that it should be maintained, no alarm need be felt lest the possessor of ten thousand pounds should find himself, in the course of a few years, the possessor only of ten thousand shillings.

Let us be allowed, in conclusion, to add a few words on the interesting question, *What is gold?* This is a problem, indeed, which neither the alchemists of the middle ages, nor the most acute philosophers of our times, have been able fully to resolve. Nevertheless, something is known with considerable certainty on the subject.

Gold, like every other metal, is the combination of a peculiar earth with electricity. According as the electricity is more or less firmly inherent, the metal is more or less bright, ductile, and malleable. Those metals which easily rust, easily part with their electricity and combine with oxygen. If the electricity can be artificially imparted, as in galvanised iron, and as appears to be the case in the rails on our railways which are not liable to rust like quiescent iron, then the tendency to oxidise is diminished. Now the earth of which metals are formed is believed to have risen from the heated interior of our globe, and to have filled crevices previously made in the ancient rocks by the process of cooling or the action of electric currents. Some metals, as tin and copper, lie very deep; others, of which gold is one, are always comparatively superficial. But generally, the deeper the mine, the less productive are the lodes. The reason of this is, that the outer crust of the earth, having first cooled, arrested and consolidated the greater portion of the volatile mineral matter.

If we would ascend to the primitive or elementary existence of the metals, we must probably refer them to some subtle admixture in that cosmical vapour or solar atmosphere from which all planetary systems are believed to have been consolidated in vast concentric rings around a central nucleus. The circumstance that aërolites, which are believed to be minute and as it were fragmentary planetary bodies, always contain the very same* metals which exist in the crust of our earth, is in favour of this view. Therefore, metals may have been deposited by sublimation—by gaseous exhalations from the great fire-lakes which occupy the interior of our globe. They may be capable of constant or periodical renewal, or their formation may have been consequent on certain conditions of the earth which have long passed away and will never return.

* Humboldt, Cosmos, vol. i. p. 120.

Reviews.

CATHOLIC BIOGRAPHY UNDER THE PENAL LAWS.

Life of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, of St. Anthony's, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in Northumberland. Newcastle-upon-Tyne: Imprinted by George Bouchier Richardson, Printer to the Society of Antiquaries, &c. 1851.

We have read with great interest this very pleasing little sketch of the life of an English Catholic lady at the close of the sixteenth century, or rather in the early part of the seventeenth, for the heroine of the tale had not long been married when James I. came to the throne in 1603, and she lived till about the middle of King Charles's reign. It is a story without any remarkable incidents; no hairbreadth escapes or perpetual threatenings of danger, such as one might naturally have expected in any Catholic biography belonging to that period; but, on the contrary, a most calm and peaceful picture of a life spent in the zealous discharge of all Christian duties, even including those corporal and spiritual works of mercy whose exercise we should scarcely have thought practicable to a Catholic in those times. Altogether it is so valuable a piece of biography, and belonging to a class of which we have so few specimens—we scarcely know another that can be named with it, except it be that of Mrs. Margaret Clitheroe,—that we are anxious to call our readers' special attention to it.

It is from the pen of the Rev. William Palmes or Palmer, a member of the Society of Jesus, and private chaplain and confessor to Mrs. Lawson for a period of seven years, up to the time of her death in 1632; so that we have the very surest guarantee for the truth and accuracy of its statements. The original ms. was unfortunately lost on the occasion of the English nuns leaving Bruges at the breaking out of the French Revolution, and the oldest copy now extant is thus inscribed: "This book belongs to M. Lawson, begun first to be copied from the originall by the Rev. Father Ambrose Pain, of the Seraphicall Order of Saint Francis, and finished by Sister Mary Anastasia Lawson, of the third order, att Princenhoff in Bruges, 1749." It has never before been printed; and even now, being published by a merely Archæological Society at Newcastle, it was deemed advisable to omit some few portions of the work, which, however edifying to the faithful, would only be received with a sneer of scorn by the world in general. This circumstance having come to our knowledge, we applied to the present head of the family, in

whose possession the manuscript is, for leave to publish those portions in our pages; and we have great pleasure in publicly acknowledging the ready courtesy with which our request was acceded to. A copy of the suppressed passages was immediately forwarded to us, and will be inserted in the course of the present article. But first we must give a brief outline of the narrative.

Mrs. Dorothy Lawson, daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Margaret Constable, was born at the house of her maternal grandfather, Sir Robert Dormer, in the year of our Lord 1580. Lady Margaret was a sincere and zealous Catholic, and amongst the number of those who suffered imprisonment for the faith. She is quaintly described to us as having been

"rarely parted by nature, embellished with singular endowments in the internall, a beauty in the externall, full of majesty, tall in stature, sweet in countenance, fair in complexion, qualified with a proportion of vermilion, of an accomplished gracefulness, and in her whole composition so attractive, that she was commonly stiled the star of the court, and a mirrour or looking-glass in the country."

And her daughter, the subject of the present history, was just such another:

"In stature, voice, proportion, comeliness, and all other lineaments drawn by the curious pencil of nature, she was so lively a piece of her mother, that they were scarcely by any thing but age distinguishable; so that to form a new description of the daughter, were to repeat my precedent of the mother."

At the early age of seventeen she was persuaded by her parents, "a word of whom to *her* temper was as much as a thousand to one of another garbe," to accept the hand of Roger Lawson, Esq., son and heir to Sir Ralph Lawson of Brough. The marriage was celebrated "with universall acclamations of friends, and splendour in every particular correspondent to their calling." We are assured, however, by her reverend biographer, that "in the confluence of these allurements the bride herself was as weary of such strait as ever shee was of learning her A B C, or of needle-work, when a child."

At the end of a week or ten days her husband and his father—for she had gone to live with her husband's family at Brough—had "occasions of concearnment" which called them to London; and the young bride took this opportunity of opening her mind to her mother-in-law upon the subject nearest to her heart, the free exercise of her religion.

"She made a spiritual complaint to my lady Lawson, that whilst her body feasted, her soul fasted; . . . . . and that good lady was

much edified and taken with her querimonious request, but answered she neither knew where to find a priest nor how (all her servants being conformable to the times) to entertain him. . . . . The coldness of this answer nothing abated the edge of her desire; . . . . . she therefore undauntedly reply'd, she bothe knew how to find one, and with her permission to send for him and entertain him."

Accordingly she succeeded in obtaining a visit of a week from Father Holtby, a Jesuit, and afterwards Provincial of his order; harbouring him during these seven days in a room within the quarter allotted for her own lodging, and

"herself and her woman, who were the only Catholicks among the servants, making ready his chamber and diet. This gallantry so animated the good lady Lawson, that whereas she formerly went abroad to divine service, hereafter, during the time of her daughter's abode there, she had it constantly every month at home. Nor did the sunshine of her resplendent virtues make a stand at this point; it proceeded by her industry to the conversion of all Sir Ralph's children [excepting, as we shall presently see, her own husband], and increased the number of servants to six in the faith of Christ. This happened in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when if the perswaders to that profession were brought to their teste, their punishment was death, by a statute enacted under that princess. Wherefore as persecution was hott, so conversions were rare, and only to be attempted by such as God gave courage to say, 'love is strong as death.'"

In process of time, Mrs. Lawson's family came to be so numerous, that it was necessary to seek a home elsewhere; and the whole task of arranging the new residence (which was at Heton, near Newcastle-upon-Tyne) devolved upon Mrs. L., her husband being continually absent in London "about law business." This circumstance enabled her to provide, what she had lacked at Brough, a private oratory in the house, with proper conveniences for the residence of a priest. The oratory, or "house for God," was "in a decent garbe," we are told; and the priest's chamber was ostensibly "appointed by grant from her husband, only for his children to say their prayers," in order to avoid suspicion. Moreover, she was obliged to convey the priest into the house by night; and, still further to shelter herself from all suspicion, and

"for her husband's satisfaction, who still comply'd with the times, she went monthly abroad, as if she had wanted the conveniences at home. Her second care and solicitude was to provide Catholick servants, the which shee did so dexterously by little and little, hiering one after another, and never two att once, that her husband, between jest and earnest, tould her his family was become Papists ere he perceived it."

We shall the better appreciate this latter act of Christian charity towards the poorer members of the household of faith, if we call to mind the refinement of cruelty that had just then been introduced into the penal laws, by which it was enacted that every householder, of whatever religion, keeping Catholic servants, should be liable to pay for each individual 10*l.* per lunar month; a burden which was found so intolerable that, as we learn from the correspondence of Boderie, at that time the French ambassador in this country, very many persons immediately dismissed their whole establishments, one nobleman alone discharging sixty in one day. The same authority, however, goes on to say that he knew of other noble families who were determined to suffer any penalty, however severe, rather than be guilty of such inhumanity. Mrs. Lawson's discreet but heroic conduct was still more noble than theirs: she gradually dismissed a large Protestant household, who would find no difficulty in procuring situations elsewhere, and introduced Catholics in their stead; thus proving herself a very angel of charity to that numerous and oppressed class, of Catholic servants, in the hour of their greatest need. Nor were this lady's noble exertions "for the faith once delivered to the saints" confined to her own domestic circle. Not only did she instruct her own children in Christian doctrine, and gather around her a Christian household, but the warmth of her divine charity made itself felt throughout the whole neighbourhood; dissolving hearts that had been long "congealed in the hard ice of obstinate heresy;" relieving the distressed; baptising with her own hand children in danger of death; and "converting souls to the true faith, with success so prosperous, that many, above a hundred, were reconciled by her endeavours." It must not be forgotten too that, as our author expressly mentions, it was necessary that all these labours in the service of God should be, "like those of Nicodemus, by night and by stealth."

At length, about the year 1614, her husband died; not, however, before she had had the consolation of procuring him a priest, who, with all the rites and ceremonies of the Catholic Church, prepared him for his passage out of this world into the next: and it is during the remaining twenty years of her life that the truly heroic courage and never-dying charity of this saintly woman shone forth with their most perfect brilliancy. Before this event, she had been obliged to do many things, and (we cannot but suppose) to forbear also from doing many things to which her pious will inclined her, out of a proper dutiful regard for her husband, "who was conformable to the times." Henceforth she had no such restraints; and

the ardour of her zeal carried her forwards to many undertakings which (as we have already said) we should scarcely have supposed possible at such a time. For with however great indifference either James or Charles may have been themselves personally disposed to view the full practice of the Catholic religion by individuals living in the strictest privacy, yet the authority of the penal laws had given so much power against those who violated them into the hands of every wicked spy or calumniator, however base, that it is marvellous to see a lady of noble birth, and holding a conspicuous position in the neighbourhood, the mistress of a large establishment, practising all the duties of the Catholic religion without fear or compromise, and assisting at the celebration of all its rites and ceremonies, without ever being informed against, or, as far as we know, in any way molested, by the hatred, envy, or even the cold and calculating covetousness of some heretical neighbour. We *know* from other sources that in those calamitous times the son was often led to denounce or accuse the parent, the husband the wife, the brother the brother, the penitent the priest, the servant the master, tempted to such wickedness by the luring bait of gold; and the fact that this lady was never once interfered with during nearly twenty years' continued violation of the laws, with circumstances of even more than ordinary boldness, speaks volumes for the commanding influence which her generous self-denying charity had obtained for her: it must have been indeed, as her biographer has told us, "that every one loved her with fear, and feared her with love."

By and by she was again constrained to change her residence; and this time she had not to arrange an old house, but to build a new one. She selected a spot for this purpose called St. Anthony's, which in Catholic times had been dedicated to that saint, "his picture being decently placed in a tree near the river Tyne for the comfort of seamen." It had been partly this circumstance which had led her to fix upon this particular spot; partly, also, certain peculiar conveniences which it offered for retirement and security. As she intended the house

"chiefly for spiritual uses, she invited Mr. Holtby, Superior of the Society of Jesus, to lay the first stone. Att the end of the house, opposite to the water, shee caused to be made the sacred name of Jesus, large in proportion and accurate for art, that it might serve the mariners instead of St. Antony's picture; and when the fabric was ended, shee dedicated the whole to St. Michael and St. Antony, and each room (the chappell excepted, which was consecrated to the Mother of God) was nominated and publickly known by the name of some particular saint."

It appears that some of her more cautious and timid friends thought that "these remarkable ensigns" (the sacred monogram) "would but provoke the enemy, and foment malice, hatred, danger, and some insolent attempts." She persisted, however, in having it executed in the manner we have described; partly for her own safeguard and protection, "esteeming herself ever safest under that standard;" partly for the benefit of seafaring men of other nations, who might observe it as they came sailing up the river, and know it to be a Catholic house: and it seems to have been eminently successful for both these purposes. Foreigners were led by it to "fly thither in swarmes for their spirituall reflection;" and whereas all other Catholic houses were severely searched, this mercifully escaped, the Holy Name proving "to this little hermitage the letter *Tau* in times of severest persecution."

No sooner had she settled in this new home than "shee had an earnest desire to be like a solitary turtle in the desert," and to retire into some religious solitude. This pious desire, however, was overruled by her spiritual director, to whom she yielded a ready acquiescence; and indeed it is easy to see that the retirement of such a person into a religious house at that time would have been attended with the most disastrous consequences to all the Catholics of the neighbourhood, "who spiritually depended of her."

"On festivall-days they heard mass and evensong; and when there was not a sermon in the morning, there was usually a catechisme in the afternoon, to which her neighbours' children were called with her own household, and herself never absent, delighting much to hear them examined, and distributing medalls and Agnus-deis to those that answered best. In the Holy Week shee had performed in that chappell all the ceremonies appropriated to that blessed time. . . . . On Holy Thursday a sepulcher, deck'd with sumptuous jewells, and reverently attended day and night by her family and neighbours. On Friday creeping to the cross, which in kissing shee bathed with tears. . . . . Finally, those that repaired there for their Easter communion, *which were sometimes nigh a hundred*, were all invited (according to our phrase) to break Lent's neck with her, in honour of Christ's joyful and glorious resurrection." Christmas, too, was celebrated with equal solemnity: "shee spent the eve of this festivity, from eight att night till two in the morning, in prayer; littanies began punctually at eight; immediately after, confessions, which with a sermon lasted till twelve; att twelve were celebrated three masses; which being ended, all broak their fast with a Christmass pye, and departed to their own houses."

"When this apostolical spirit arrived first at Heton, there was but one Catholic family in the parish or circuit; no church-stuff but hers, which was carried to severall places upon necessity. But att

her departure from thence (or St. Anthony's, which is all one, because it borders upon it) to heaven, there was not one heretick family, and six altars were erected for divine service."

We pass by many other interesting passages, which concern either her own particular devotions or the state of English Catholic society at that time, because we hope that our readers will be induced to make a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself; and we must now hurry forward to those portions of which we have already spoken, that are not to be found there. After giving us an account of Mrs. Lawson's death and burial, how "with Jesus in her mouth and a jubily in her soul, she sweetly departed about twelve of the clock, in the year of our Lord 1632, and of her own age 52;" and how her body was laid "with Catholic ceremonies in the grave" two days afterwards at Newcastle,—Father Palmer goes on, according to the usual practice of the biographers of saints, to enumerate the "various testimonials of her sanctity."

"God is ever wonderful, says the Holy Ghost, in his saints, commending, by extraordinary operations, his particular love to them, and universal providence over all the whole world. His love; for that whereas at first they were fermented by nature into a gross bulk or body of leaven, He subtilises them by grace, which schoolmen call *gratum faciens*, making gratefull; and the first being, or creation in sin, He recreates by a second architecture, incomparably better, of sanctity and virtue. His providence to the world, for elevating them by another grace called *data gratis*, bestowed upon them gratis to operate for the good of things above any power under the Highest. This never-ceasing bounty was not deficient in our glorious saint, but testified her eminent holiness by several remonstrances [demonstrations] before and since her death, which, if I may not assume the liberty yet to know miracles, certainly I shall not be responsable to the honour I owe her renowned merits, and account I am tied by charge to give unto the world, if I acknowledge them pheasible by any hand, sublunary or supernall, but God's.

"The first is, that above twenty years before she died she was seen by her husband in two places at once; for delighting much to see her take care of her domestick affairs, as she could doe it extreamly well, he beheld her one day amongst the servants in the kitchin as he pass'd by, and going directly to his chamber, which was accessible but by one pair of stairs, he found her there upon her knees, with such astonishment, as after that he profess'd he never thought time lost in housekeeping which she spent in prayer.

"The second: some years after, being dangerously sick, she

prophecied her own recovery, and that in her life-time a sect should arise in England like the Catholick profession, but not Catholick; both which happened according to her prediction: for it pleas'd God she recover'd of that sickness, tho' given over by all physicians, except one, whose opinion was only grounded on the goodness of God's mercies, who, he thought, would not deprive so many children of such a parent; and about a dozen years after Armenism [query, *Arminianism?*] was publickly professed in those parts, with altars, crucifixes, candles, and other ceremonies of the Roman Church; but like a beautiful sepulcher, fair without and foul within, and nothing in reality semblable to it.

"The third: presently after her death," &c.&c. (See printed life, p. 53, ending with "so worthy a lady.")

"The fourth miracle: three years after her death, I did lend the beads she ordinarily used, and gave them from about her arm the very morning she died, to a woman in a desperate feaver, who was suddenly restor'd to health, and ascrib'd this favour, next to God, to her merits; these beads the Countess of Nidsdale keeps for a special relick, and places them amongst her dearest jewels.

"Now I must conclude." (See printed life, p. 54. The MS. terminates with the words "her mediation in heaven.")

In conclusion, we venture to express a very earnest hope that the example which has been set by the gentleman to whom we are indebted for this interesting and valuable little book, may before long be very generally followed by other old English Catholic families, in whose keeping documents of a similar kind may still exist. There are not many, perhaps, who could produce so complete a life in so authentic a form (being the work of a contemporary, and one possessing singular advantages for the most intimate knowledge of his subject) of any individual member of their family during the last three centuries; still it cannot be but that tradition has preserved in very many of them lively reminiscences of the deeds and sufferings of their forefathers; of the holy self-denying lives of some, the saintly deaths of others; of the special trials which this one underwent, or the methods of concealment or of escape by which another managed to baffle the pursuit of his enemies; in a word, of a thousand interesting particulars belonging to those ages of persecution, a knowledge of which would tend greatly to the edification of the faithful at the present day. In some instances we have reason to believe that these traditions are very copious, and have been long since committed to writing; and it is from no feeling of cu-

riosity that we desire to see them made public, but, as we have already hinted, because we believe they would have a powerful effect for the edification of the faithful. We observe that the Rev. J. Anderson has lately given to the world a handsome volume entitled *Ladies of the Covenant, or Memorials of distinguished Scottish Female Characters during the period of the Covenant and the Persecution;* and no one, with any knowledge of human nature, can doubt but that such a work is not only intended to rescue from oblivion the events which it commemorates, but also is eminently calculated to foster and strengthen in those who study it that particular cast of character and form of belief through which the heroines of the tale became famous. Shall Catholics be less jealous than such as these to preserve the memory of their saintly martyrs and confessors; or less anxious to do all that lies in their power to commend their heavenly virtues to the imitation of their brethren? The ancient Church was ever careful to preserve, for the benefit of future ages, every thing that concerned the histories of her saints and martyrs; and as soon as the severity of the persecution was at all abated, so as to admit of free communication between one Church and another, such memorials were transmitted from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, throughout the whole Christian world. Moreover, each particular Church always retained, as was natural, a special reverence and devotion for the heroes of its own locality, and guarded with peculiar jealousy all memorials belonging to them. And if in times past the social condition and circumstances of Catholics in this country have not been such as to allow of their following the practice of their forefathers in this regard—certainly it has not been such as to encourage them to do so—yet now at least the times are greatly changed; and there seems to be a special call for the publication of memorials like this of Mrs. Dorothy Lawson. The English Church is just now emerging, as it were, from a prison-house of three centuries; her bishops again in their chairs, and her priests standing around in their places; and the people, startled out of their long lethargy by this vision of a Catholic hierarchy rising before their eyes, ask with astonished bewilderment where the Church has been during these ages that are past, what she has been doing, and why they have not heard of her before. These questions are partly answered, indeed, by books already in existence; such as Challoner's *Missionary Priests,* Madden's *Sketch of the Penal Laws,* and the like; but they would also be answered quite as fully, and in a far more winning way, by memoirs of the kind we have been now considering. We earnestly hope, then, that

the present publication will prove to be only the first-fruits of a rich and plentiful harvest soon to be gathered in; and that the deficiency in our historical literature to which we have called attention will soon be supplied by those who alone have the power of supplying it,—the representatives of some of our old English Catholic families.

DR. PHILLPOTTS AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

The Edinburgh Review. No. 193, January 1852. Longmans.

A Letter to Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., M.P., on certain Statements in an Article of the Edinburgh Review, No. 193, *entitled "Bishop Phillpotts."* By Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. Murray, London.

A Rejoinder to the Bishop of Exeter's Reply to the Edinburgh Review. By the Edinburgh Reviewer. Longmans.

A Letter to the Archdeacon of Totnes on the Necessity of Episcopal Ordination. By Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter. 1852. Murray, London.

THERE are many amiable persons, ministers of the Establishment and others, belonging to what is called the High-Church party, who are in the habit of looking upon the Protestant Bishop of Exeter as a confessor, if not a doctor also, of the "Anglican branch of the Catholic Church;" or, to borrow the language of the Edinburgh Reviewer, as "the Athanasius of the West, the champion of the faith, the pillar of the tottering Church, 'alone among the faithless faithful found.'" Out of a feeling of pure compassion for these estimable individuals—such at least is the motive put forward by the writer himself—a contributor to the Whig Quarterly has lately undertaken to dispel all such pleasing delusions by presenting his readers with what he considers to be a true and faithful portrait of that dignitary's character, as far at least as it may be gathered from his actions as a politician and as the administrator (under her Majesty) of the ecclesiastical affairs of his diocese. The general object and character of the article in which this portrait is exhibited will be best understood by the following brief extracts, which are a very fair sample of the whole. Dr. Phillpotts is described as

> "a shrewd and worldly churchman, violent by calculation, intemperate by policy, selfish in his ends, and unscrupulous in his means."

The writer undertakes to prove that "every act of his administration may be referred to one of three motives,—love of power, love of family, or love of notoriety;" and, finally, he accuses him of "adopting intolerance as a cloak for self-interest; mixing the most exalted spiritual pretensions with the most tortuous secular intrigues; exaggerating the sanctity of the clerical office, yet violating it by the most scandalous acts of nepotism; assuming the loftiest tone of an apostle, to mask the sharpest practice of an attorney; stirring up a tempest of agitation, only that the turbid atmosphere may veil his transgressions from the public eye."

Such is the nature of the charges brought against the dignitary who presides over her Majesty's clergy in the western extremity of this island; and if we may trust the very strong internal evidence of the article and its rejoinder, they are brought by one of his own subordinate officers. It is scarcely to be wondered at, perhaps, that his lordship should have felt himself called upon to take some public notice of them; not, of course, in the vague general form in which we have here exhibited them, but in the way of a reply to certain specific examples by which the reviewer had endeavoured to substantiate them. Nobody, however, but Henry of Exeter himself would ever have conducted his defence in the way in which he has done it: he declares, and of course we are bound to believe him, that he has not read the article which he undertakes to answer, but only received an account of its principal contents from a trustworthy friend; "the *Review* contains, *I am told*, the following passage;" "*I am informed* that the reviewer has inserted the following note," &c. &c. This very peculiar mode of replying to an attack is eminently characteristic. Of course it gives his adversaries the advantage of asserting, that to all those charges of which he has not made express mention he pleads guilty; and of this advantage they have (naturally and justly) not been slow to avail themselves. On the other hand, it gives his lordship the advantage of being able to retort, with the same literal truthfulness at least, if not with the same real justice, "How unwarrantable a conclusion! how illogical and immoral an inference! Did I not most distinctly say that I had never read the whole article, that I confined myself to certain important extracts communicated to me by a friend?" and a great deal more in the same strain, which we do not care to repeat, but which any one familiar with the Exonian style of controversy will very readily supply.

We have no intention, however, of entering into all the details of this unseemly quarrel, nor of awarding the palm of victory to either disputant. It matters little to us whether Dr. Phillpotts became possessed of the temporalities of the see

of Exeter because he *ratted* at a critical moment upon a great political question; since, if his right reverend predecessors and brethren upon "the bench" be not strangely slandered, individuals have been before now promoted to that coveted post for transactions of a still less priestly character. Neither does it concern us to know how his lordship tried to *jockey* his brother of Worcester out of the presentation to a living, and how his brother of Worcester now takes ample revenge for the unsuccessful attempt by telling the story to all his neighbours. We have no curiosity to ascertain how many livings his lordship has given to his sons and daughters (we mean, of course, to his daughters' husbands); neither do we feel called upon to decide whether Lord Seymour spoke the truth when he told his constituents at Totnes, in 1847, that his diocesan had been guilty "of a deliberate and direct contradiction of the truth;" or whether that diocesan himself speaks truly now, when he accuses Lord Seymour, in his own peculiar style, of having been guilty of conduct "inconsistent with any principle of action which an honourable man would not blush to avow." Matters such as these, though by no means unimportant to the prelate himself, nor to the individual who has thus publicly alleged them against him, are happily no concern of ours; and, to confess the truth, we do not think that they are much calculated to promote the end which the writer professes to have in view. That end, as we have already stated, was to disabuse the minds of certain *Anglo-Catholics*, who look up to Dr. Phillpotts as to a very mirror of orthodoxy, a pillar of the Church; and a most praiseworthy end it is: we would gladly contribute something towards it ourselves, for we are convinced that a more thorough theological *sham* could with difficulty be found than the creed of this pseudo-Athanasius; but we conceive that such an end would be far better answered by an exposure of his lordship's theological eccentricities and inconsistencies, than by an attack, however just and truthful, upon his private life and character. We wish, indeed, that some able pen might, ere it is too late, take up this most fruitful subject, and write the "History of the Variations" of the Anglican bishops, and of Dr. Phillpotts in particular, during the rise, progress, and decay of the Tractarian party in the Establishment. There would be some rare curiosities in such a history; and the see of Exeter, we believe, would be far from behind the rest in contributing its quota.

We do not profess to be very intimately acquainted with all the details of the civil strife that has been so happily raging in every quarter of the Establishment during the past twenty years; numerous incidents, however, which have from time to

time become public through the medium of the newspapers, or in separate pamphlets, or which have obtained private circulation, have betrayed an amount of theological ignorance, and consequently of eccentricities and vacillations in ecclesiastical conduct, on the part of the (so-called) Protestant bishops, which is truly amazing. Nor has it always happened that the inconsistencies in argument and in conduct, by which these dignitaries have distinguished themselves, have been proportioned to their ignorance of theology, or the apparent distance of their opinions from the dogmas of the Catholic faith; on the contrary, an evangelical prelate, even though his ignorance of theology may have been supreme, and his belief the very contradictory of the Catholic creed, yet has had far less difficulty in maintaining a straightforward and consistent line of conduct during these troublous times than any of the High-Church party, whose misfortune it has been to occupy positions of authority during the same period. These last have been hopelessly hampered by the very anomalies of their creed. From the days of Laud downwards, this has always been the one "damning spot" in their vaunted *Via Media*, namely, that the arguments by which it is supported are available for so much more than its advocates desire. They began by using these arguments against Puritans, Methodists, and Latitudinarians, and for this purpose they prove most effective; but by and by some amongst their disciples, more eager or more thoughtful than the rest, boldly pursue these principles to their legitimate and only true conclusions, and by the grace of God are led to take refuge in the Catholic Church. Then the untenableness of the original High-Church position becomes patent to all but its unfortunate occupants. These proceed to argue with their rebellious disciples who have dared to be consistent and to embrace the conclusions of their admitted premisses, and soon find to their cost that the weapons which have done them such good service in previous engagements against another foe now fall powerless from their hands, or rather recoil with fatal force against themselves. They have been using weapons pilfered from the armory of the Church, and those weapons have a double edge; they cannot be handled safely by any but the soldiers of the Church. Before any "defections" (as they were called) had taken place, we may suppose that the combatants had been unconscious of this dangerous characteristic of their weapons; they had used them in good faith against their Low-Church adversaries, and were blameless. But henceforward the case was materially altered: it was necessary to be more cautious; new weapons must be forged, or the old ones carefully altered, or the position must

be abandoned altogether. Some had recourse to one of these devices, others to another; but there were others again, not a few, who chose rather, at all risks, to continue the ancient mode of warfare, dangerous as it had always been, dishonest as it had now been proved to be.

Amongst this latter number was Dr. Phillpotts; it was a mode of warfare peculiarly suited as well to his intellectual capacities as to his theological attainments. Keen without being deep, ignorant of theology, but gifted with powers of energy and understanding that would always enable him to *get up* as much of it as was necessary for the particular matter in hand, he was just the man to rest contented with an inconsistent, inchoate, and utterly disproportionate form of religious belief and of ecclesiastical polity. A busy, active politician by inclination and by habit, he has never applied himself to the study of theology as a real and perfect science, but has been led to pick up one truth (or falsehood) after another, here a bit and there a bit, as accident has forced it upon his notice, without stopping to inquire how far each new addition harmonised with what had gone before, or what further consequences necessarily followed from its adoption. The result is, as might have been expected, unsatisfactory and self-contradictory in the extreme; and without any intentional dishonesty, perhaps even without being really conscious of the fact, he argues on one side of a question to-day, and on the other to-morrow, with equal confidence and ability, though not, of course, with equal success. In fact, it is impossible not to see that Henry of Exeter has decidedly missed his vocation; he was born for the woolsack, not for the episcopal bench; his letters, charges, and all other semi-personal, semi-theological productions of which his pen has been so prolific a parent, bear a far closer resemblance to the special pleadings of some eminent lawyer than to the sober exposition of a theological thesis by a learned dignitary of the Church. He deals with questions of divinity just as a barrister is obliged to deal with questions in any particular branch of the arts and sciences that happen to come across him in the course of his professional practice. A. B. brings an action against C. D. for having infringed the patent which he had obtained for some improvement in the manufacture of a particular kind of cloth. The party who is proceeded against pleads that he has not infringed any existing patent, but introduced a substantially new invention: and he retains the Attorney-general to defend him. Of the art of cloth-making the Attorney-general probably knows absolutely nothing; but he sets to work with admirable energy, and by dint of steady, patient

application, makes himself so far master of all the mysteries of the craft, that he comes into court brimful of knowledge, astonishes the learned judge and the unlearned audience by his familiarity with the most minute technical details, and triumphantly establishes his client's plea. But ask the Attorney-general six months or six weeks after the trial is over, how much of this knowledge he has retained, and you may find that the most illiterate clothier in Gloucestershire will then be more than a match for him, and be able to prove to the satisfaction of judge and jury, ay and of the learned counsel himself, that the verdict ought to be reversed. Just such is the theological lore of Henry of Exeter; a creature of time and chance; it holds together and has an imposing aspect as long as nobody meddles with it; but draw near and examine it, and you will find that it is utterly void of life; it has no vital principle, of which the whole is the natural development, and by which each and every portion necessarily holds together. Proceed a step further and dare to attack it, question him upon it, and you will find that at one time he will give an answer seeming to tend in the Catholic direction, at another an answer swaying back into ultra-Protestantism, according to the side upon which he is attacked, and the quarter from which he apprehends danger.

This is remarkably exemplified by the letter which he has recently written to the Archdeacon of Totnes and one hundred and twenty of his High-Church clergy, "on the Necessity of Episcopal Ordination." In this letter he pleads with his usual skill and eloquence, (and with the usual contradiction to the judgment of his metropolitan, Dr. Sumner,) that it is the doctrine of the Church of England, "consentient with that of the Catholic Church, that they only can be deemed validly ordained who have received the laying on of hands by those to whom the apostolic succession has descended;" in other words, that episcopal ordination is an essential condition of all true ministers of God's word and sacraments. He even insinuates that if the Church of England were to waver or speak doubtfully upon this point, she would forfeit her claim to be considered a branch of the Catholic Church; for he says that the necessity of episcopal ordination was "universally acknowledged during the first fifteen hundred years, and therefore *necessary* to be still acknowledged in every communion claiming to be a part of that Church." All this is distinct enough: and yet we remember to have seen a letter of his lordship's, written under different circumstances, in which he as distinctly enunciated that the divine institution of episcopacy was not an article of faith in the Church of England; and that although

she did not allow any but episcopally ordained ministers to serve at her altars, yet she carefully abstained from pronouncing on the necessity of such ordination elsewhere; it was an open question. This letter has never, we believe, been published; we can vouch for its authenticity, however, having ourselves had an opportunity of seeing the original. Whence this discrepancy, then, between the sentiments of the two letters? It is to be found in the character of the persons to whom he was writing. The published letter was intended to reassure the minds of the High-Church party, who had just then been scandalised out of their propriety by Dr. Sumner's assertion, that no two bishops on the bench, and not one clergyman in fifty, believed the imposition of episcopal hands to be necessary to the validity of orders. It was to be feared that this assertion, coming from such high authority, might prove dispiriting to zealous High-Churchmen, and that some amongst them might be tempted immediately to abandon a communion which, by its own confession, was only accidentally superior to the Scotch Kirk. There was a call, therefore, for some equally strong assertion, in quarters as high as might be found, of the absolute and indispensable necessity of the despised ordinance; and Henry of Exeter was admirably suited for the task. The private letter, on the other hand, was intended to calm the apprehensions of one of his clergy, who had lately discovered that there was quite as much Scriptural evidence for the Roman doctrine of the Papal Supremacy as there was for the English doctrine of Episcopacy; and being, as he supposed, obliged by virtue of his position in the Church of England to receive the latter doctrine, and having moreover a weakness for consistency and no drawings towards the Free Kirk, he felt bound to embrace the former doctrine also: he had therefore intimated to his lordship that there was a very imminent risk of his becoming a Catholic. This was an evil to be averted at all hazards; and the High-Church prelate hastened to assure his wavering curate that the stern necessity of logic did not require any such fatal step as he was contemplating; for that the Church of England left her children free to choose whether they would believe in the divine institution of Episcopacy or whether they would not; whereas the Church of Rome was far from exhibiting the same tender consideration upon the subject of Papal Supremacy, but on the contrary required it to be believed by all men under pain of anathema; there was not that parallel, therefore, between the two cases which the misguided curate had imagined: he might rest in peace. We need hardly add that his lordship's sophistry failed in producing the desired effect; otherwise

we should not have had this opportunity of calling attention to it.

We believe that the same correspondence contained also some very curious admissions on the subject of Baptism, such as would have been little expected from the future antagonist of Mr. Gorham; but we have no space for entering into details upon this head, and we have already said more than enough to justify our assertion as to the eminently forensic character of his lordship's theology. It is in the main High-Churchism of course, there is no question about that; but then it is also very uncertain; you cannot trust it. If driven by an untoward pressure of circumstances towards a conclusion he would fain avoid, he has very little difficulty in shifting colours for the nonce, and can make out a very fair case on both sides of the question. On the whole, we estimate his lordship's claims to canonisation as a doctor of the Church precisely as the Edinburgh Reviewer does, though on different grounds. Other members of the episcopal bench may be more uniformly in the wrong than he, more consistent patrons of heresy; but we should feel most serious misgivings for any system of doctrine or party of men professing to rest on such a pillar as Dr. Phillpotts. He has before now proved a very reed piercing the sides of those too-confiding clergy who leaned upon him; we allude, of course, to his conduct during the celebrated Surplice Row: and however eagerly the High-Church party may, under their present circumstances of depression and discouragement, hail with gladness any appearance of sympathy and support from people in high places, we imagine that there are few, either in the diocese of Exeter or elsewhere, who would hazard any practical changes on the mere authority of this prelate's professions.

We cannot altogether take our leave of this subject without giving our readers an opportunity to judge for themselves how far we have overstated his lordship's ignorance of theology, at least his ignorance as it was twenty years ago. The following specimen is taken from his famous letters to Mr. Canning in 1827; but he has just given renewed publicity to it in this letter to Sir Robert Inglis in 1852. It is the oath or declaration which he proposed as a proper test or security to be given by all Catholics who might be admitted to a seat in the legislature, in consequence of the then agitated measure of Catholic Emancipation. It is a gem worth preserving, and the lapse of a score of years has done nothing towards tarnishing its splendour. We give it *in extenso*.

"I, A. B., do declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I do not hold, nor believe, that it is necessary, in order to their eternal

salvation, that his Majesty King George, or any of his liege people, being Protestants, be, or shall become, in any way subject to the Pope, or to any authority of the see of Rome; and I do declare, that I do not hold, nor believe, that the Protestant Church of England and Ireland as by law established is in such wise heretical, that any of the members thereof are on that account excluded from the promises of the gospel, or cut off from Christian salvation; and I do faithfully promise and swear, that I will not use any power, right, or privilege which does or shall to me belong, for the purpose of destroying, or in any way weakening, the Protestant Church, and the establishment thereof, as it is now by law maintained. So help me God."

The latter portion of this proposed test is pretty nearly what was in the end adopted; but the first portion of it is a real theological curiosity. It is also the portion upon which the future prelate seems especially to have prided himself. For in the sentences which usher in this precious document, he says that one most important feature of any measure for the relief of Catholics should be a test that should

"continue the exclusion of those who would not renounce that most mischievous of all their dogmas, that great practical heresy, ... I mean the tenet, 'that all men are bound, of necessity to salvation, to be subject to the Pope, and to be members of the Church of Rome.'"

Then, having safely delivered himself of this most extraordinary *lusus naturæ* or *lusus theologiæ*, he contemplates with complacent smile the fruits of his labour, and says of it—

"That such a test would be offensive to the Church of Rome, and to all the bigoted members of that Church, I have little doubt, and for that very reason I should have more reliance on its efficacy. The great desideratum has always been to separate between the bigots and the moderate members of that Church. . . . I should hope that among the noble and the educated laity of that communion, both in England and Ireland, many would be found who would spurn the mandates of their Church, if she would refuse to let them give to their Protestant countrymen such a security for the safe and honest exercise of their functions as legislators."

In other words, this gentleman gravely and seriously proposed, as a fit and proper test for the admission of Catholics to certain civil rights and privileges, that they should first renounce the faith; moreover, he really believed that many noble and educated men among the Catholic laity would be found ready to purchase the mess of pottage at such a price. We are well aware that the author of this monstrous proposal did not look upon his Scibboleth as tantamount to an act of apostacy; but this is precisely the subject of our complaint,

that a keen-sighted man, such as Dr. Phillpotts undoubtedly is, and "a master in Israel" too, as he supposed himself to be, should have been so profoundly ignorant of the first principles of theology as not to have recognised this obvious fact, that the dogma, *Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus*, is a fundamental and necessary law, not only of the Catholic faith, but of every system of religion, whether true or false, which comprehends the idea of a Church at all. His lordship now says that, on looking back at his proposal, he must "frankly own that he does not think it was marked by absolute wisdom." Would that we might interpret this confession as being equivalent to an acknowledgment that it was marked by consummate folly! Would that we could hope that Henry of Exeter were so far true to his professions of High-Churchism as to hold this primary, elementary Catholic truth. But we fear not; it is too simple in itself, and too obvious in its application, to allow of its being held by men in the present position of the Anglo-Catholic party, more especially since the leaders of that party are just now shewing most unequivocal symptoms of a disposition to abandon all dogmatic truth whatever.

The preceding remarks were already written, and on the eve of being sent to the press, when there appeared another letter from Henry of Exeter, addressed to the notorious Miss Sellon. This letter furnishes a very striking corroboration of what we have said as to the untrustworthiness of his lordship's professions the moment that there is any appearance of danger. The interior of Miss Sellon's community had been somewhat rudely exposed to the public gaze through the intervention of a Mr. Spurrill and an anonymous young lady who had seceded from the "sisterhood." This exposure contained some very startling statements about the sisters, and severe inuendoes against the Bishop. At first an attempt was made to blink the real question that had thus been raised, and to join issue upon the very irrelevant point as to whether Mr. Spurrill and the unknown had not seriously misbehaved themselves in publishing such documents to the world at all; then Miss Sellon herself came to the rescue with a Reply, for parts of which we could have respected her, had not other parts been too deeply dyed with that spirit of subterfuge and equivocation which is so painful a feature of modern Puseyism when called upon to give an account of itself, either at the bar of public Protestant opinion, or by the ecclesiastical authorities to whom it professes obedience. And now we have the third act of this drama, in the shape of an eminently characteristic letter from Dr. Phillpotts;—we call it eminently characteristic, because in it

he does precisely what we anticipated he would do from the first moment that the storm was begun. He throws Miss Sellon overboard, not absolutely and without qualification, but still practically and officially: he "withdraws from that connexion with the institution which is indicated by the title of Visitor,"—that is to say, he shirks all responsibility; Miss Sellon is no longer to look to him as bound in any way to stand forward as her champion; she must fight her own battles. We remember once to have heard of a little child, whose affections being warmly set upon a certain fruit-tart, were thereby brought into painful collision with the claims of filial duty, his mother having put her veto upon the coveted morsel. Under these circumstances, the mother made an appeal to the fine feelings of her child, and proposed the following question: "Which do you love best, me or the tart?" The child immediately replied, "I like you, mamma, better than the fruit, but not quite so well as the crust." Dr. Phillpotts' appreciation of Miss Sellon seems to be equally clear and precise; only in his case the fruit is the object of his choice,—it is the crust in which it is imbedded which he does not find so palatable. He subscribes himself as a "faithful, admiring, and affectionate friend;" assures his correspondent that he shall not cease "to take the same lively interest as before in the prosperity of her institution;" calls both her and her companions "faithful, devoted, and most exemplary servants of God," "a community labouring for the best and noblest ends;" and yet in the same page announces that all "official connexion with them must cease." And why? Lest "he should have the appearance of sanctioning and approving" things which Miss Sellon and her friends, "in the exercise of their Christian liberty, as allowed by the Church," might desire to practise, but which he might "deem inexpedient, or even perilous," yet at the same time could not, without "a very questionable exercise of authority, forbid." In other words, Dr. Phillpotts heartily approves, and has a most enthusiastic admiration of, these Protestant Sisters of Mercy, and the work in which they are engaged; but because of certain minor details which, according to his judgment, the Church of England allows, but against which the world in general, and ultra-Protestants in particular, make a great outcry, he refuses to be any longer officially responsible for them. Poor Miss Sellon! the event which (as it appears from Mr. Spurrill's pamphlet) she has before now dreaded, and must indeed, from the very nature of things, have often had occasion to apprehend, has at last come to pass, and she is left upon the wide world to shift for herself, as best she may, in her most anomalous position; "having people under her," but no longer

even with the semblance of being herself "under authority" to any superior whatever. "The most unkindest cut of all" in Dr. Phillpotts' abandonment of his *protégée* is his denunciation of her claim to be considered "a mother in Israel." After commenting upon what "he deems the extravagance of Miss S.'s claim upon the obedience of the sisterhood," he continues:

"While I am on this subject, I will remark on the title which you claim of 'Spiritual Mother,' and still more, 'Mother in Christ.' Is, then, a commission from your Saviour claimed by you? Did He, while on earth, institute such societies as yours, and place predecessors of yours at the head of them? Be content, I beseech you, with being a '*sister* in Christ' of those who labour with you, and will rejoice to recognise you as the superior,—the only title which the original rules give you; as such, they will, I doubt not, love and honour you as a mother."

THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON.

The Life of General Washington, first President of the United States, written by Himself; comprising his Memoirs and Correspondence as prepared by him for publication, &c. Edited by the Rev. C. W. Upham. 2 Vols. London: 227 Strand.

We cannot concede to this work the claims which its title arrogates, of being considered an autobiography. It might with greater propriety have been designated General Washington's public and private correspondence, together with a short notice of his life; though even this would scarcely have been correct, since more bulky publications contain letters which are not to be found in the present volumes. It is not enough, in order to constitute an autobiography, that the editor should keep himself out of sight, as Mr. Upham in the preface very modestly proposes to do; it is necessary that the subject should himself have provided an abundance of materials to compensate for the editor's silence; and this it does not appear that General Washington ever did. We do not mean to deny but that nine-tenths of the present work consist of Washington's own writings; but they are mainly his public and official despatches, or private letters commenting upon public events; they give us little or no insight into his own personal and domestic habits, his real private life. The true cause of this defect, however, is to be found, we suppose, not in any want of diligence on the part of the editor in seeking for information of this kind, but in the very circumstances themselves of

Washington's life. His was essentially a public life; almost from his earliest youth down to the very day of his death, he was more or less a public character; and we cannot give a stronger proof of the little that is known of his own innermost self,—we almost fear that we should add, of the very little that there was to know,—of the *man* as distinguished from the warrior and the statesman, than is contained in the following acknowledgment of his *Reverend* biographer:

"His opinions, in reference to the creeds of different churches and questions of controversial theology, were never made known, and cannot now be ascertained."—Vol. ii. 307.

Now, though we are not so unreasonable as to expect that a general and a politician ought also to be a profound theologian, we are certainly a little shocked to find that the real import of this sentence is not merely confined to such distinctions of creed as separate the High Church from the Low Church, or the Independent from the Baptist, but comprehends a far wider range. An appeal is made to his adopted daughter, the grand-daughter of his wife, and a member of his family for twenty years, to give what testimony she can upon this interesting point, of General Washington's religion; and the letter which she sent in reply contains the following passages:

"I never *witnessed* his private devotions. I never *inquired* about them. I should have thought it the greatest heresy to doubt his firm belief in Christianity. His life, his writings, prove that he was a Christian. He was not one of those who act or pray that they may be seen of men; he communed with his God in secret. Mrs. Washington never omitted her private devotions or her public duties; and she and her husband were so perfectly united and happy, that he must have been a Christian. She had no doubts, no fears for him. After forty years of devoted affection and uninterrupted happiness, she resigned him without a murmur into the arms of his Saviour and his God, with the assured hope of his eternal felicity. Is it necessary that any one should certify, 'General Washington avowed himself to *me* a believer in Christianity?' As well may we question his patriotism, his heroic disinterested devotion to his country. His mottoes were, 'Deeds, not words,' and 'For God and my country.'"—Ibid.

In too painful conformity with these extracts is the account given by Mr. Upham himself of his hero's last illness and death. As far as the one thing needful is concerned, all is a dreary blank; yet the editor seems scarcely conscious of the deficiency.

"On the 12th of December 1799, General Washington rode out to his farms about ten o'clock, and returned about three. On reaching home he franked some letters, but did not send them to the post-office, saying that the weather was too bad to expose the servant in carrying them. The next day, Friday, he complained of having

taken cold; he walked out, however, to attend to the marking of some trees. In the evening he was quite hoarse, but continued reading some newspapers that had been brought in, and engaging with great cheerfulness in conversation from time to time. Between two and three o'clock he awoke Mrs. Washington, and complained of an ague, saying that he was very unwell. He continued to grow worse. Every thing was done to relieve him. Several physicians, among them his old friend Dr. Craik, were present. They bled him repeatedly, and applied other remedies, but in vain. In the course of Saturday afternoon, he said to Mr. Lear, his secretary, 'I find I am going. My breath cannot last long. I believed from the first that the disorder would prove fatal. Do you arrange and record all my late military letters and papers. Arrange my accounts, and settle my books.' To one of his attendants he said, 'I am afraid I shall fatigue you too much;' and upon a reply that the only wish of every one was to give him ease, he observed, 'Well, it is a debt we must pay to each other, and I hope when you want aid of this kind, you will find it.' About five o'clock he said to Dr. Craik, 'Doctor, I die hard, but I am not afraid to go. I believed, from my first attack, that I should not survive it. My breath cannot last long.' Shortly after, he said to his physicians, 'I feel myself going. I thank you for your attentions, but I pray you to take no more trouble about me. Let me go off quietly. I cannot last long.' Between ten and eleven o'clock on Saturday evening, December 14th, he expired. He was buried on Wednesday the 18th."

Setting aside, however, the melancholy thoughts which crowd unbidden on the mind after contemplating such a death-bed scene as this, we know of no public character which will bear a more minute inspection, considered simply and solely in regard to its public relations, than General Washington's. For disinterested uprightness and uniform consistency of conduct, under the most trying and difficult circumstances, tempered by a most unusual degree of moderation and candour towards his opponents, the first President of the United States certainly holds a most honourable position amongst either ancient or modern politicians. We do not say that we are prepared to give an unqualified assent to so *supremely superlative* a panegyric as the following; but there is sufficient ground for it to render it excusable, perhaps, from the pen of an enthusiastic fellow-countryman.

"Neither the actual annals of human experience, nor the creations of poetical fancy, have ever presented a character more worthy of entire respect and admiration. The mind contemplates him with a completeness of satisfaction such as but few objects belonging to this present scene of things suggest. As the military leader of a political revolution, as the ruler of a free, and the father of a great people, he appears stamped with the character of absolute perfection.

"Our minds have been so entirely satisfied and filled by the contemplation of the triumphant leader of a war of independence, and the patriotic founder of an empire of liberty, that we have forgotten the blooming warrior, who, combining the beauty of youth with the strength of manhood, cast in Nature's noblest mould, with every grace of person, with every ornament which intelligence, refinement, courage, and virtue can give to manners and character, came forth in a remote colonial plantation to astonish veteran generals by his bravery, wisdom, and skill, exciting the wonder and delight of those who had seen the best chivalry of Europe; and, after performing prodigies of valour, enduring fatigues, privations, and sufferings which would have consumed and destroyed any ordinary constitution, experiencing hair-breadth escapes in the battle-field and in the wilderness, and winning the confidence, admiration, and love of all hearts, withdrew, while still scarcely more than a youth, into the walks of private life."

Both his military and his political career lay through a most thorny field, in which nothing was more easy than to fall, nothing more difficult than to succeed. We can take but a hasty glance at some of his principal difficulties in both these capacities.

As a general, he had to take the command of a mixed multitude of undisciplined insurgents, called into the field from different states and towns, with every variety of accoutrements, or still more frequently with no accoutrements at all, and with no other bond of union than the cause in which they were engaged. These heterogeneous materials he had to consolidate into a body capable of offering an effective resistance to the well-trained, well-armed, and well-paid troops of the British army. He had to keep up their spirits under the severe privations to which they were necessarily exposed, yet at the same time to reduce them to a state of subordination, in nowise inferior to that of their more disciplined adversaries. His wisdom, firmness, and courage proved to be not unequal to the task, even though his efforts were but feebly backed by those whose duty and interest it was to have done all in their power to support him. Even as late as the month of December 1777, when matters had long since proceeded to such extremities between the two countries that retreat on the American side was altogether out of the question, we find him obliged to address the following spirited letter of remonstrance to the President of Congress:

"Sir,—Full as I was in my representation of the matters in the commissary's department yesterday, fresh and more powerful reasons oblige me to add, that I am now convinced beyond a doubt that, unless some great and capital change suddenly takes place in that line, this army must inevitably be reduced to one or other of these

three things: starve, dissolve, or disperse in order to obtain subsistence in the best manner they can. Rest assured, sir, this is not an exaggerated picture, and that I have abundant reason to suppose what I say.

"Yesterday afternoon, receiving information that the enemy in force had left the city, and were advancing towards Derby with the apparent design to forage and draw subsistence from that part of the country, I ordered the troops to be in readiness, that I might give every opposition in my power; when, behold, to my great mortification, I was not only informed, but convinced, that the men were unable to stir on account of provision, and that a dangerous mutiny, begun the night before, and which with difficulty was suppressed by the spirited exertions of some officers, was still much to be apprehended for want of this article. This brought forth the only commissary in the purchasing line in this camp; and with him this melancholy and alarming truth, that he had not a single hoof of any kind to slaughter, and not more than twenty-five barrels of flour! From hence form an opinion of our situation when I add, that he could not tell when to expect any. . . .

"Since the month of July we have had no assistance from the quartermaster-general, and to want of assistance from this department the commissary-general charges great part of his deficiency. To this I am to add that, notwithstanding it is a standing order and often repeated, that the troops shall always have two days' provisions by them, that they might be ready at any sudden call; yet an opportunity has scarcely ever offered of taking an advantage of the enemy, that has not been either totally obstructed or greatly impeded on this account. And this, the great and crying evil, is not all. The soap, vinegar, and other articles allowed by Congress, we see none of, nor have we seen them, I believe, since the battle of Brandywine. The first, indeed, we have now little occasion for,—few men having more than one shirt, many only the moiety of one, and some none at all. In addition to which, as a proof of the little benefit received from a clothier-general, and as a further proof of the inability of an army under the circumstances of this to perform the common duties of soldiers (besides a number of men confined to hospitals for want of shoes, and others in farmers' houses on the same account), we have, by a field-return this day made, no less than two thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight men now in camp unfit for duty, because they are barefoot and otherwise naked."

In another letter, at a somewhat later date, addressed to the same authority, he speaks of the marches of his troops being to be traced by the blood from their feet, of their being almost as often without provisions as with them, of their taking up their winter-quarters within a day's march of the enemy without a house or hut to cover them; and says, probably without any exaggeration, that "no history now extant can furnish an instance of an army suffering such uncommon hard-

ships as ours has done, and bearing them with the same patience and fortitude."

It is clear, then, that his position as a military leader was embarrassed by a variety of complex and untoward circumstances, which exposed him to a thousand chances of defeat, and would have rendered that defeat, had it happened, no stigma upon his military character. As it was, however, he triumphed over all in a way which excited universal admiration, and won for him the eternal gratitude of his country. Nor was his success as a politician either less complete or less important to the welfare of the States. The constitution may almost be said to have been the creation of his own unassisted genius; certainly it would never have been adopted by the several States for whom it was intended, but through the commanding influence which was attached to his name; and when adopted, the country could not afford to entrust the working of it to any other hands than his. It was in vain that he shrank from the task which the will of his country imposed upon him; and though he felt, as he himself expressed it, that he was "entering upon an unexplored field, enveloped on every side with clouds and darkness," it was clear from the result that his country had wisely chosen. It was not until the reins of government had been successfully held by him for a period of eight years, that any other American either felt himself equal to the task, or enjoyed the necessary confidence of his fellow-citizens which alone could enable him to occupy such a position with comfort and with safety.

The following specimens of some of the minor difficulties by which the new President was surrounded are sufficiently amusing, as compared with the corresponding difficulties of a more recently appointed President:

"In a letter of last year, to the best of my recollection, I informed you of the motives which *compelled* me to allot a day for the reception of idle and ceremonious visits — for it never has prevented those of sociability and friendship in the afternoon, or at any other time; but, if I am mistaken in this, the history of this business is simply and shortly as follows: Before the custom was established which now accommodates foreign characters, strangers, and others, who, from motives of curiosity, respect to the chief magistrate, or any other cause, are induced to call upon me, I was unable to attend to any business whatsoever; for gentlemen, consulting their own convenience rather than mine, were calling from the time I rose from breakfast, often before, until I sat down to dinner. This, as I resolved not to neglect my public duties, reduced me to the choice of one of these alternatives: either to refuse them altogether, or to appropriate a time for the reception of them. The former would, I

well knew, be disgusting to many; the latter I expected would undergo animadversion and blazoning from those who would find fault *with* or *without* cause. To please every body was impossible. I therefore adopted that line of conduct which combined public advantage with private convenience, and which in my judgment was unexceptionable in itself. That I have not been able to make bows to the taste of poor Colonel B. (who, by the by, I believe never saw one of them), is to be regretted, especially, too, as upon those occasions they were indiscriminately bestowed, and the best I was master of. Would it not have been better to throw the veil of charity over them, ascribing their stiffness to the effects of age, or to the unskilfulness of my teacher, rather than to pride and dignity of office, which God knows has no charms for me? For I can truly say I had rather be at Mount Vernon, with a friend or two about me, than to be attended at the seat of government by the officers of state and the representatives of every power in Europe.

"These visits are optional; they are made without invitation. Between the hours of three and four every Tuesday I am prepared to receive them. Gentlemen, often in great numbers, come and go, chat with each other, and act as they please. A porter shews them into the room, and they retire from it when they please, and without ceremony. At their first entrance they salute me, and I them, and as many as I can talk to I do. What pomp there is in all this I am unable to discover. Perhaps it consists in not sitting. To this two reasons are opposed: first, it is unusual; secondly (which is a more substantial one), because I have no room large enough to contain a third of the chairs which would be sufficient to admit it. If it is supposed that ostentation or the fashions of courts (which, by the by, I believe originate oftener in convenience, not to say necessity, than is generally imagined,) gave rise to this custom, I will boldly affirm that no supposition was ever more erroneous; for, if I were to give indulgence to my inclinations, every moment that I could withdraw from the fatigue of my station should be spent in retirement. That it is not, proceeds from the sense I entertain of the propriety of giving to every one as free access as consists with that respect which is due to the chair of government; and that respect, I conceive, is neither to be acquired nor preserved but by observing a just medium between too much state and too great familiarity.

"Similar to the above, but of a more sociable kind, are the visits every Friday afternoon to Mrs. Washington, where I always am. These public meetings, and a dinner once a week to as many as my table will hold, with the references to and from the different departments of state, and other communications with all parts of the Union, are as much, if not more, than I am able to undergo."

The following queries were submitted by Washington to Mr. Madison, Mr. Jay, Mr. Hamilton, and the Vice-President, John Adams:

"1. Whether a line of conduct, equally distant from an associa-

tion with all kinds of company on the one hand, and from a total seclusion from society on the other, ought to be adopted by him? And in that case, how is it to be done?

"2. What will be the least exceptionable method of bringing any system which may be adopted on this subject before the public and into use?

"3. Whether, after a little time, one day in every week will not be sufficient for receiving visits of compliment?

"4. Whether it would tend to prompt impertinent applications, and involve disagreeable consequences, to have it known that the President will, every morning at eight o'clock, be at leisure to give audience to persons who may have business with him?

"5. Whether, when it shall have been understood that the President is not to give general entertainments in the manner the presidents of Congress have formerly done, it will be practicable to draw such a line of discrimination in regard to persons, as that six, eight, or ten official characters, including in rotation the members of both houses of Congress, may be invited, informally or otherwise, to dine with him on the days fixed for receiving company, without exciting clamours in the rest of the community?

"6. Whether it would be satisfactory to the public for the President to make about four great entertainments in a year, on such great occasions as the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, the alliance with France, the peace with Great Britain, the organisation of the general government; and whether arrangements of these two last kinds could be in danger of diverting too much of the President's time from business, or of producing the evils which it was intended to avoid by his living more recluse than the presidents of Congress have heretofore lived?

"7. Whether there would be any impropriety in the President's making informal visits; that is to say, in his calling upon his acquaintances or public characters, for the purpose of sociability or civility? and what, as to the form of doing it, might evince these visits to have been made in his private character, so as that they may not be construed into visits from the President of the United States? And in what light would his appearance *rarely* at tea-parties be considered?"

THE CAPE AND THE KAFIRS.

The Cape and the Kafirs; or, Notes of Five Years' Residence in South Africa. By Alfred W. Cole. Bentley.

As long as the Cape of Good Hope is a British possession, every tolerable book which gives an insight into its condition and inhabitants is worth reading. Mr. Cole's account of his

experiences is not an exception to the rule. He is a lively, intelligent, off-hand sort of an individual, with a dash of *slang* about his style, though not introduced to any offensive extent. In one respect, he saw the colony with advantages above those of most persons who have favoured the world with their facts and views upon it. He went there without any views, intentions, or notions whatsoever: he never intended to go there at all, but was shipwrecked not far from Cape Town on his voyage to New Zealand, and making the best of his ill-luck, he spent five years at the Cape, going hither and thither, chiefly, it appears, as inclination called him, and prepared to see things simply as they were. Hence neither satisfied or disappointed hopes, neither official or anti-official prejudices, warped his judgment or transformed him from a traveller into a partisan. And his book is just what might be expected from its history. It contains nothing very profound or totally new; nothing (or very little) in the way of statistics; not much in the way of politics, though Mr. Cole entertains a very cordial dislike of Colonial-office misgovernment and a keen sympathy with the sufferings of the border colonists. As to religion, he seems to be a sort of *Christian unattached*, an hereditary Church-of-England man, with tolerably decent notions, but no very acute moral sensibilities; laudably open to conviction as far as bare facts of missionary pretensions and doings are concerned, and ready to admit truths in favour of the disciples of that Catholic Church for whose doctrines and discipline he has not the faintest particle of personal liking. Those who would like a few hours' light and agreeable reading, not altogether without instruction, will find Mr. Cole's gossipping pages a pleasant companion, and will probably agree with us in thinking that, as far as they go, his stories and speculations generally wear the mark of truth.

Probably there are few spots in the world where savage life and civilised life are mixed together in such close contact as at the Cape. The ordinary negro is, after all, almost a polished being in comparison with the Hottentot of South Africa. The Hottentot never seems to be *touched* by his intercourse, however prolonged, with the European. His civilisation, such as it is, drops off from him in a moment, as soon as a change of circumstances makes it possible or agreeable. Here he is, in Mr. Cole's estimation. What are the plagues of English and Irish servants compared to the nuisance of such household companions as the following?

"I never knew a Hottentot who had acquired property, though I have known every other class of coloured people who have done so. A Hottentot is the most improvident, lazy animal on the face

of the earth. Secure of a livelihood and good wages at any time, in a land where labour is the great want, he will work for a month, and as soon as he has pocketed his wages, leave his master, and be drunk while he has a solitary sixpence left. He is a living paradox; a drunkard and a thief, and yet one that can practise abstinence, and never rob his master. Sometimes you may trust him with any thing of any value, while in your service, and he will not 'pick and steal.' After he has left you, he will as soon appropriate your Wellingtons (if he calls to see his successor in office) as wear his own shoes. He is the dirtiest fellow on earth, and will neither clean your room, your boots, nor your knives and forks, unless you are eternally driving him to his work; yet he will wash his hands with the utmost care before he touches the food he is preparing for your dinner, though he has the greatest natural antipathy to the contact of cold water; and if he wears any linen at all, never changes it till it is worn out and in rags."

Probably, moreover, there is no spot in the world where three races can be found in such close proximity, and exhibiting such striking varieties in physical development as the Hottentots, Bushmen, and Kafirs. Compared to a Bushman, a Hottentot is a gentleman, an Adonis, and a philosopher; and perhaps it is in part to our experience of the South-African natives having been so much confined to these two miserable races that we (*i. e.* the Colonial-office and its instruments) have blundered so fatally in our dealings with the Kafirs. How very different a matter it is to have these latter gentry for our border foes, it needs little acuteness to judge, if Mr. Cole's ideas are at all within the mark. He draws Macomo, the celebrated Kafir chief, from his own personal knowledge of him.

"Macomo was at this time the most powerful chief in Kafirland, with the exception probably of Sandilli, whom, however, he far surpassed in abilities. I have already said that he could bring about ten thousand men into the field. All of these men would be well armed—many (perhaps most) with guns, and some two thousand mounted. He was a man of great natural sagacity; superior in this respect to the rest of his countrymen, of whom, in other qualities, he might be regarded as the type. He was cunning, avaricious, dishonest to an excess, vicious in his tendencies, and false in every relation of life. In a word, he was a thief, a sot, a liar, and in some respects a coward. And such is the Kafir!

"When Sir George Napier (once Governor of the Cape) made 'a progress' through the colony, he called a meeting of the Kafir chiefs, in order to hear from them their opinions of the relations subsisting between themselves and the colonists. On this occasion Macomo addressed his excellency in a speech of three hours' duration, in which he took so sensible and masterly a view of the sub-

ject, explained his own views so clearly, dilated on the advantages of peace so strongly, and expressed his own determination to maintain an amicable feeling between his people and the colony so forcibly, that his hearers were not only amazed at his knowledge and his eloquence, but most completely 'bamboozled' by his protestations. Yet, at that very time, the scoundrel was daily helping himself, through means of his people, to the herds, and flocks, and studs of the colonists. He had four hundred horses, which *must* have come from the colony, though he had never been known to purchase one. He has been false to us in every successive outbreak, and ought most assuredly to have been hanged last war as an example to his fellows; but Sir Harry Smith was contented with putting his foot on the fellow's neck, and talking 'big,' instead of putting a halter round it, and saying, 'This is the punishment of treachery, treason, and murder.'

"Macomo, however, has since taken his revenge, by maintaining his position in his native hills, in spite of all Sir Harry's efforts to dislodge him. It is amusing enough to see how Sir Harry always gains a victory, and yet the Kafirs do not budge an inch. Methinks a Kafir Gazette, with Macomo's despatches and general orders, would tell us strange tales.

"And now for my own interview with the great chief.

"The proper dress of a Kafir chief is a kaross of leopard-skin, which can be worn by no other Kafir. Arms, legs, and feet are left bare, and so is the head. Macomo, however, is very fond of turning out in European costume; and as he selects his wardrobes in a very diffusive manner, the effect he produces is more remarkable than elegant. Judge of my surprise at seeing the great leader of ten thousand warriors thus habited. He wore a blue dress-coat with brass buttons, considerably too large for him and very much the worse for wear; a pair of old dragoon trousers, with a tarnished gold stripe down the legs; yellow velt-schoens; a shocking bad straw hat; no shirt, no waistcoat, and no stockings! He was mounted on a little rough, ungroomed pony, with a cheap saddle and an old worn-out bridle. In place of a riding-whip, he carried in his hand a knob-keerie of formidable dimensions, and in his mouth was stuck a small blackened clay pipe. In addition to this, he was by no means sober, though not drunk 'for Macomo,' I was informed.

"My interview with the worthy was not a very long one. I was introduced to him by a man who knew him, and I had a little conversation with him of no importance, but rather amusing, from the manner in which it ended,—namely, by the great chief asking me to lend him sixpence. Of course I complied, and saw him two hours later in a state of helpless intoxication. My sixpence had done it. You can get drunk on the most economical terms at the Cape.

"Macomo, however, had given me a pressing invitation to visit him at his kraal, which is a very few miles from Fort Beaufort; and I determined to avail myself of the 'honour.'

"Next morning I mounted my nag at about ten o'clock, and rode into Kafirland. It is strange how different the country looks after you have passed the colonial boundary; and the people you meet, albeit of the same dusky hue as those you have left behind, are another people in person and expression of countenance.

"The Kafir is certainly a fine animal. He is tall, well-knit, clean-limbed, and graceful in his motions. It is rare to see a Kafir with any personal deformity, however trifling,—I do not speak of lameness, hump-backs, &c. but of knock-knees, bow-legs, and such minor inelegancies, which so often mar the manly form among civilised nations. He has not the small hands and feet, and the delicately rounded ancles of the Hottentot; but he has a fine muscular arm, and a good calf to his leg. I have seen some dozen races of coloured people, and I have no hesitation in pronouncing the Kafirs by far the finest of them.

"Their features are not negro; though some of them (especially Macomo, who is the ugliest man in his dominions,) partake very much of that character. High cheek-bones are universal; but very respectably shaped noses are sometimes met with, instead of the flattened 'nigger' one. Their colour varies from almost black to a light copper hue. Their hair is tufted and woolly; but they are very fond of shaving the head. * * *

"Here I am in sight of Macomo's kraal. It was very much like a homestead in the colony. There was the long, low, white-washed house, the cone-shaped huts round it, the cattle-kraals, and the fifty or sixty yelping curs. I was requested to off-saddle, and a Kafir knee-haltered my horse for me and turned him to graze, while I entered the house and sat down with the chieftain. The table was then spread, beefsteaks, coffee, and meelies, forming the entertainment. I fully expected to find plenty of 'Cape smoke' in the house of so notorious a tippler as Macomo; but there was not a drop. I believe that he seldom drinks at home, but pays a visit to Fort Beaufort whenever he wishes to get drunk, which averages about three or four times a week. Macomo was far more inclined to 'draw me out' than to be communicative, and therefore our conversation was not over entertaining. But the organ of acquisitiveness, so tremendously developed, physically and morally, in this Kafir, led him to dilate on the excellence of his horses; and he was very anxious to find out whether I wanted to purchase any. On my declining that, he turned to the subject of cattle, and sounded my views in that direction: but I had not the slightest intention of 'dealing' with him, especially as I might chance to be purchasing some of my own friends' stolen stock, and so my host was obliged to give up mercantile views altogether.

"I asked him rather abruptly whether he thought the Kafirs would go to war again with the English. Nothing could exceed the humility with which he deprecated the idea. 'The English were so powerful and so good; the Kafirs were so poor and so weak; besides, the English were so kind to the Kafirs, and they,

poor fellows, felt so grateful.' I knew the rascal was perfectly well aware that I did not believe a word that he was saying; but, of course, I looked quite satisfied of his sincerity. He then asked me the most puzzling questions about England and the Queen; whom, by the way, he flatteringly termed his 'mother.' (I doubt whether her Majesty would be proud of her son.) He asked me how many cows she had—a matter on which I was shamefully ignorant, never having inquired into the extent of the royal farming stock. He asked me whether she was always dressed in scarlet and gold, like the governor of the colony. Veracity compelled me to reply 'No,' though I was too loyal a subject to venture to lower her Majesty's dignity in the eyes of her worthy 'son,' by intimating that she occasionally wore muslin and straw bonnets. I *did* assure him, however, that she never dressed like his excellency the governor; even her position as head of the army by no means compelling her to wear the garment peculiarly distinctive of the *male* sex among Europeans.

"Macomo was very ready to insinuate evil against his neighbours, the other chiefs. Tola, Sandilli, and a few of such worthies, would not have felt flattered at his descriptions of their persons or their characters; though they are at least as honest, and far better-looking (excepting in the matter of Sandilli's withered leg), than their censor.

"I began to talk about going back to Fort Beaufort, and my host seemed quite unhappy at the thoughts of parting with me, though I soon perceived that his grief arose from the circumstance of his having failed to make a bargain out of me. As I wanted to carry off some memento of so agreeable a visit, I expressed a very high admiration of a knob-keerie standing in the corner of the room. Macomo immediately offered it to me—for sixpence! I paid the money (of course without hinting at the little loan of the previous day), and the Kafir's countenance brightened as he clutched the silver, and bade me a hearty farewell.

"I rode back to Fort Beaufort, well pleased with my visit, but more than ever satisfied of the natural cunning, avarice, craft, and dishonesty—the low moral nature, and the utter untrustworthiness (if I may coin the word) of Kafirs in general, and, above all, of Macomo."

Of Cape life altogether Mr. Cole formed a tolerably agreeable idea, but certainly not such as to tempt any man who can exist in his natural place in society at home to migrate so far across the waters. If his notions are sound, little has yet been done by the colonists towards turning the remarkable advantages of the country to the best account. He thinks even that that notorious abomination, Cape Madeira, is only abominable through the mismanagement of the vine-growers, who manufacture their worthless compound after the traditions of the old Dutch settlers, who made wine by theory,

and not from any practice in their own land of fogs and dykes at home. What the real sheep-farmer's life is, Mr. Cole thus describes:

"I trust the reader will sympathise with me when I tell him that I cannot look at the punchy little hippopotamus in the Regent's Park without thinking of the delicious pork he would make —*dairy-fed* too, by the by. This I can affirm, that I never tasted nicer pork in my life than that same piece of sea-cow flesh. How very absurd it appears for people to eat nothing but beef and mutton and pork all over the globe—as if every foreign country did not contain plenty of other animals fit for slaughter and diet, besides oxen, sheep, and pigs! Ask any hunter in South Africa, from Gordon Cumming down to any regular trader over the colonial boundary, whether buffalo-steaks, when young, are not the finest in the world; whether a baked elephant's foot is not better than a stewed calf's head; whether a wild peacock is not as good as a tame turkey? Should any sportsman, emulous of the deeds of the mighty hunter I have mentioned, be thinking of emigrating to South Africa, to pass his time in the desert amid the pleasant companionship of lions, leopards, and hyenas, I would strongly recommend him the following bill of fare for his first dinner-party in the wilderness—and I pledge my word he will find every dish excellent:

"*First course.*

Tortoise soup.

Crab, Lion fish } Found in the rivers.

Second course.

Flank of quagga.

Baked elephant's foot. Fricassee of porcupine.

Buffalo-steaks.

Ragout of earth-hog's leg. Spring-bok tendons.

Spare-rib of young hippopotamus.

Third course.

Omelette soufflé of ostrich-egg.

Wild peacock. Quails.

"Cape smoke is the name applied to brandy distilled in the colony from peaches. I can't say I liked it at all; though it is the universal liquor of the Hottentots. I swallowed some, however, on this occasion, and we started again. Fifteen miles more brought us to our destination. We approached a little, low, wattle-and-daub hut, rudely thatched over, and bearing a very unattractive appearance. My friend was a great breeder of horses, but it struck me that if he built no better stables than these, he was not over particular as to his nags' lodgings. He pulled up, whipping off fifty or sixty curs, who were all yelping and barking round us, and who seemed able (and willing too,) to devour me and my horse on the instant. A more villanous-looking set of mongrels I never saw—though I saw plenty as bad afterwards. I imitated my friend,

by laying about me right and left with my hunting-whip, to clear a space, and then dismounted, while a Hottentot led away our horses.

"'Come in,' cried my friend, diving his head into the low doorway by our side.

"I did as I was told, and saw—*not* a stable, but a room—*the* room, in fact; for there was no other, though a portion of it was partitioned off at one end to form a bed-room! And so it appeared that the very place I had been mentally abusing as a very bad stable was my host's own mansion! the dwelling-house of a man who had two or three thousand sheep, three hundred cattle, a hundred and fifty horses, and about eight thousand acres of land! Verily this is roughing it with a vengeance, thought I. * * *

"Of all lazy lives, there is not one to equal that of a sheep-farmer. An 'exquisite' in London, or a *flâneur* in Paris, is a hard-working animal, compared to him. They have *something* to do—at all events, they must wash and dress—a sheep-farmer does neither, or at least very seldom. He ought to count his sheep as they leave the pens (or kraal), in the morning about ten o'clock, and again when they come home about six; but he seldom does even this. He turns out of bed about eleven, huddles on a pair of trousers, with the shirt he slept in, thrusts his feet into a pair of shoes, pulls a wide-awake hat over his head, and his toilet is complete. He then sticks a short pipe into his mouth, loiters about the homestead, and talks to Hottentots, not *more* lazy than himself, from the simple reason that that were impossible, takes a cup of coffee, and perhaps a chop; smokes and dozes away the whole day, looks at the sheep as they come home in the evening, 'slangs' the herds, eats mutton again, and calls it 'dinner;' smokes again, and *drinks* 'smoke;' pulls off his shoes, hat, and nether garments, and turns in again to snooze till eleven the next day, and then gets up and goes through the same process once more.

"The only times when this state of existence is varied are, when a wolf (hyena) makes a midnight attack on his flock, and at shearing time. On the former occasion, he will spring up with alacrity, load his gun, and give chase to the robber for any distance. He will track him all the next day, and ride half over the country to collect his scattered flock. At shearing-time he *must* work, or his servants will not. Moreover, it is difficult to get a sufficient number of helpers, and so he must turn to work with his own hands. This he does with the more alacrity, because it is the wool, after all, which *pays*. As soon as he makes up his fleece, he can take it to his agent for shipment to England, and receive an advance on it at once.

"It is strange how little the sheep-farmers sport in a country where game of all kinds is so plentiful. When the 7th Dragoon Guards went to the Cape, they took with them a pack of foxhounds, and hunted the jackal, and nothing else. This was rather absurd in a country where every sort of game, from an elephant to a hare, from an ostrich to a quail, may be hunted or shot.

"The sheep-farmer has a strong inducement, moreover, to sport for the supply of his own table. Tough mutton twice or three times every day of one's life, and cooked only in the most primitive style, is not the most tempting or luxurious food—especially where vegetables are rarities, with the exception of a little rice vilely boiled.

"Not only do they neglect sporting, but, with fertile land around them, where every kind of fruit and vegetable will grow and thrive admirably, not one in a hundred cultivates a garden, or even grows a potato."

Mr. Cole's admiration for the Dutch Boers was decided and hearty. It has been the fate of the English colonists to have for open foes and unwilling friends the two boldest races whom they found at the Cape before them.

"The Dutch boers," says Mr. Cole, "are in person the finest men in the colony. I have seen them constantly from six feet two to six feet six inches in height; broad and muscular in proportion. Occasionally they reach a height and size bordering on the gigantic. Their strength is immense; and though a peaceably-disposed set of men, they at all times entertain a considerable feeling of contempt for any diminutive 'Englander.' The Hottentots look up to them with great reverence, as such a puny race of savages might be expected to do. At the time of the rebellion of the boers (as it has been unjustly termed), the government thought of employing the Cape Corps, which is composed principally of Hottentots, against them; but they were warned by those who knew the character of the latter people well, that they would never shew fight against men for whom they naturally felt such dread as for the boers, men whose prowess they well knew, and whose unerring aim with their long guns they had witnessed too often to wish to become their targets.

"The boers are great admirers of feats of daring, strength, and activity. A 'mighty hunter,' such as Gordon Cumming, would be welcomed with open arms by every Dutch boer in South Africa. Poor Moultrie, of the 75th, the 'lion-hunter' *par excellence*, was one of their idols. So is Bain, the 'long-haired,' who has made some half dozen excursions into the far wilderness in search of the lord of the forest and all his subjects. They hunt far more than the English farmers, and are, as I have said, 'crack' shots, though they use a great, long, awkward, heavy, flint-locked gun, that would make Purdey or Westley Richards shudder with disgust.

"The characteristics of a race certainly descend to the fifth and sixth, perhaps the fiftieth generation. The Cape Dutchmen are the same frugal, industrious, sober people as those of the parent stock in Holland. Their persons are far more altered than their mental peculiarities, though the 'Dutch build' is still apparent. They are, however, terrible 'non-progressionists.' They use the same plough as their ancestors used eighty years ago, though it is the most lumbering machine ever beheld, and requires twelve strong oxen to draw it. They often shear their sheep with the wool all dirty on their

backs, though their English fellow-colonists wash theirs most carefully, and thereby get far higher prices for their wool. They reject steam-mills, and adhere to some indescribable antediluvian contrivance for *pounding*, instead of grinding their corn. A flail is unknown to them, and the corn is trodden out to this day by horses or oxen, as described, or alluded to, in the laws of Moses, whereby the straw is entirely spoilt. Their churns I have before alluded to. When first I saw one, with a dark damsel at work at it, I took it for a blacksmith's bellows, and wondered where the fire was.

"Not the least pleasing characteristic of the Cape Dutch is their family affection. To the second and third generations they live at the same homestead, building an additional hut for each newly-wedded couple. They marry young, and have generally very large families; and, as many of them live to a great age, it is no uncommon thing to see a grandfather and grandmother of ninety surrounded by half a dozen sons, having in their turn each one half a dozen grown-up children. They appear to be truly 'happy families.'"

A concluding extract will shew our author's notions as to the Cape missionaries. It is to be observed, moreover, that in another place he speaks of the *Catholic* missionaries in very different terms, admitting that they *do* make genuine converts to Christianity.

"Were we to believe all that missionary meetings tell us in England, we should imagine that the benefits conferred by the missionaries on society in South Africa were beyond all price. I am sorry to be obliged to protest against any such supposition. I am well aware that these well-meaning gentlemen could bring a wonderful array of figures against me; but perhaps no two things differ more widely than 'figures' and 'facts.' Out of every hundred Hottentot Christians (so-called), I will venture to declare that ninety-nine are utterly ignorant of any correct notion of a future state. I speak from experience. I have frequently been by the bed-side of the sick and dying Hottentot, who has been a constant attendant at some missionary chapel, and I have asked him whether he has any fear of dying. He has smiled, and said, 'None.' I have asked him whether he expects to go to heaven? and he has answered, 'No.' 'Where then?' 'Nowhere.' I have endeavoured to explain to him that his minister must have taught him the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments. He has laughed, and said, that perhaps it might be so for 'the master, but not for him; he lies down and dies, that is all,—that is enough.' This I have heard over and over again from the lips of some of the 'pet' Christians of missionaries,—model men, whom they talk of and point out to every 'griffin' in the colony, and write long communications about to their societies in England.

"The reader, then, will naturally inquire, why these men pretend to be Christians at all? I will answer him. There are two grand inducements,—in the first place, the Hottentot Christian feels

himself a more important person, from the notice taken of him by the missionaries and their friends; in the second place, it is of very great pecuniary advantage to him. Each missionary station has a tract of land belonging to it, on which are built the chapel, the school-house, the minister's residence, &c. A Hottentot has only to go and attend the school and chapel regularly, and to play the devout well, when he will be allowed to erect a hut on the land, and a small piece of ground will be given him as a garden. He will be supplied with implements and seeds, and by doing a little work about once a week, he can thus live all the rest of the time in idleness. In a country where labour is so dear, he can at any time earn a few shillings on the nearest farm, if he wants any little luxury, and will condescend to do a day's work. But it is notorious that these people living at the missionary stations are the idlest and most useless set of people in the colony. I once knew a man who, at a sale, purchased sixty or seventy head of cattle. He wanted a herd or two to drive them home to his farm,—a couple of days' journey off. He rode to a missionary station hard by, and offered, first, *fair* wages to any two men who would come with him; he then increased his offers (seeing an unwillingness on the part of the people) till they became absurdly large. No one would stir, though there were dozens living there in utter idleness, and with no ties but those of sheer laziness to detain them. He then called on the missionary, and begged him to intercede and persuade two men to accompany him. That gentleman, however, declined to interfere; and when my friend asked him whether he thought he was conferring a benefit on the Hottentots by encouraging them in idle habits, he replied, that he never interfered save for their 'spiritual' advantage, which he thought would be more secured by their remaining in that peaceful spot,—where, by the way, promiscuous intercourse between the sexes was winked at, if not absolutely sanctioned.

"My friend rode away, leaving two or three dozen able-bodied men behind him, living in a state of complete idleness, and yet unable to procure even two 'for love or money' to drive home his cattle. Like a sensible fellow, he did it himself.

"The consequence of this system is, that you cannot frighten a farmer more seriously than by telling him that a missionary station is going to be established near him. Visions of daily desertion by his servants float across his mind's eye, and he feels strongly inclined to devote all missionaries to a place which is occasionally coupled with 'Connaught.'"

SHORT NOTICES.

We have received four bulky octavo volumes, intituled *The Spiritual Exposition of the Apocalypse, as derived from the writings of the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg; illustrated and confirmed by ancient and modern authorities; by the Rev. Augustus Clissold, M.A., formerly of Exeter College, Oxford* (London, Longman). Mr. Clissold sets out with asserting, 1st, that "the interpretation of the Apocalypse is a *desideratum*, and both in the Roman Catholic, Protestant, and Oriental Churches may be regarded as an open question;" 2dly, that "no exposition has ever yet appeared characterised by so complete a continuity of order, and uniformity of interpretation, as that of Swedenborg;" and 3dly, that "the writings of ancient and modern authors, instead of being an indigestible mass of useless and contradictory comment [as in their present and primitive form Mr. Clissold considers them to be], may [by a series of Procustean operations of the most cruel kind, performed by Mr. Clissold himself,] be made to come out in order and symmetrical array, each author contributing his own portion to the confirmation of [Swedenborg's idea of] the truth." The result of this most daring eclecticism is a theological farrago, which altogether baffles our powers of description; suffice it to say, that in these pages we come across Father Newman in company with St. Denys the Areopagite, Duns Scotus, and Dr. Doddridge; the names of Petavius and Perrone alternate pleasantly with those of Pearson, Perkins, and Dr. Pye Smith; Rabanus Maurus is made to appear a sort of Latinised form of Matthew Henry; Dean Comber, Cudworth, and Cruden are shewn to be in concord with Cornelius a Lapide and Cardinal Caietan; the Catena of St. Thomas with the Commentary of the Religious Tract Society; Drs. Lowth and Lowman with Martin Luther; Bishop Marsh with Melancthon and St. Macarius; Dr. Wordsworth and Archdeacon Wilberforce with Mr. Wesley; and so on throughout all the letters of the alphabet, and all the creeds and no-creeds of professing Christians, until our eyes become dazzled by the ever-varying kaleidoscope, and we positively require a theological *Who's who in* 1852? to set our ideas in order again, both as to the creed and the chronology of these numerous authors, thus rudely brought together and made to do honour to Mr. Clissold's prophet, the Hon. Emanuel Swedenborg.

Letters from Italy and Vienna (Cambridge, Macmillan and Co.) are Letters from Italy and *not* from Vienna, fifteen pages out of 250 having certainly no right to occupy one half of the title. In descriptions of scenery, persons, adventures, and other secular matters, they are clever and lively, and in some parts almost original, were it not for an occasional palpable imitation of the style of Dickens, who appears to have been the author's favourite guide-book; in all, however, that regards the Catholic faith and worship, they are characterised by a degree of ignorance, bigotry, and uncharitableness, which

should earn for their author a very high place among the divinities of Exeter Hall. His profaneness on the subject of the Blessed Sacrament we dare not repeat; the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius is pronounced to be "a gross imposture," "the deliberate contrivance of delusion;" nuns are "proud," priests "superstitious," the people are "ignorant and idle," &c. &c. Yet this same writer—a young Cantab, evidently fresh from his mathematics—is obliged to acknowledge that "the vast majority (of the parish priests in Rome) would be exemplary to any priesthood;" that "in no country that he has visited has he ever seen a people so given to prayer, and so unostentatious and apparently in earnest in their worship," as the Romans; and much more to the same effect.

A Sequel to the Female Jesuit (London, Partridge and Oakey,) is from the pen of the same lady who wrote the original work. It contains numerous particulars of the previous history of her heroine, together with an outline of some of her subsequent intrigues, ending with her apprehension and imprisonment at Bonn, for impositions practised upon some English Catholics resident in that city. We are sorry to see that, although the authoress is now forced to confess that the notion of Marie's having been an agent of the Jesuits is a perfect absurdity, yet she expresses no regret whatever for having circulated in four thousand different directions (such being the number of copies of her work that were sold in less than twelve months,) so injurious a falsehood; a falsehood too which she did not herself believe, but which was suggested, it appears, "by intelligent (?) friends," and put forward only as "a theory," "a suspicion." Even in the present volume a chapter is devoted to the consideration of the question, *Is she a Jesuit?* in which Mrs. Luke assures her readers, professedly on the authority of an apostate priest, that "there are many Jesuitesses in England, especially among French governesses, and that this is one of the branches of the mission of the Propaganda of Rome!"

The third and last volume of *Heroic Virtue, taken from the work of Benedict XIV., &c.* (Richardson) is now out. Of the merits of the original work it would be impertinent in us to speak; but we are confident that the learned Pontiff who wrote it little dreamed that so large a portion of it would ever find its way into the vernacular, and become one of the devotional books adorning a lady's boudoir; and we have very grave suspicions as to what he would have thought of such a phenomenon. This remark, however, is less applicable perhaps to the present volume than to its predecessors.

The first number of a new series, to be called *Readable Books* (London, Vizetelly,) is most decidedly *un*readable. Mr. Poe's *Tales of Mystery and Humour* would be more properly designated Tales of Misery and Horror. *Tales of Imagination* they certainly are, but of such an imagination as the wretched author's life sufficiently accounts for. With one or two exceptions, the subjects are too entirely horrible for the purposes of legitimate fiction.

If we may judge from the supply, there seems to be an increasing demand for books of meditation among English Catholics. Of recent publications of this class, the most valuable and important is *Meditations on the Mysteries of our Holy Faith, by the Ven. Louis de Ponte, S. J., translated from the Italian* (London, Richardson and Son). As a proof of the merits of this work, we need only mention that it passed through three Italian editions, and was translated into several other languages, within a year after its first appearance; and on the continent its popularity has never waned. We wonder, therefore, that a new English translation should not have been called for sooner.

Almost more generally useful, though in so much more humble a form, is another translation for which we are indebted to the Society of Jesus: *Instruction on Solid Piety, on Confessions of Devotion, and on the Frequentation of the Sacraments, by the Rev. J. B. Boone, S. J.* (London, Richardson and Son). It is a most admirable little book in every way; we only wish the editors had *translated* the picture as well as the text.

A third translation from the same quarter is, *Method of Honouring the Sacred Heart of Jesus, extracted from the Life of the Ven. Margaret Alacoque*, &c. (London, Richardson and Son). This also will be very acceptable to many devout souls, and can be highly recommended.

The present number of the *Dublin Review* (April) is, we think, of more than average merit. Of the nine articles which it contains, at least five strike us as particularly good. The first, on M. Nicolas' *Etudes Philosophiques*, is very able; so also (though coming somewhat late) the review of Dr. Newman's Lectures; the article on Miss Sinclair's Popish Legends, or Bible Truths, is clever and entertaining; that on the memoirs of Scipio Ricci is most opportune; and the fifth to which we allude is the elaborate examination of Mignet's History of Mary Stuart.

The name of Dr. Pagani is a sufficient security for the worth of his *One Thing needful, or the Attainment of our Last End* (Richardson).

Protestant Assertions examined and refuted, by John Baxter (York, Stutter), is a plain answer to the assertions of a particular Protestant clergyman writing in the usual strain to a Catholic sister. But we cannot approve of the author's disclaimer of the name *Roman* Catholic.

The Catholic Church and the Holy Bible—Protestantism and its Variations: Choose which you will? (York, Stutter), is an attempt to prove, by "the Bible and the Bible only," ten or twelve points of Catholic doctrine which Protestants reject, and is necessarily therefore more successful in some parts than in others. But we must protest against the citation, in page 23, of the first line of verse 10, c. xix. of the Apocalypse, without one syllable as to what follows in the very same verse, and of c. xxii. v. 8, of the same

book, with a similar suppression of verse 9. Such citations are as mischievous as they are dishonest.

The same publisher has commenced a new monthly periodical, *Extracts and Comments for those who choose to read;* a very useful miscellany for one portion of the class which it professes to address, but not made so attractive as it might have been to the far more numerous portion,—those who only choose to read what is striking, clever, or entertaining.

It is a novelty, we think, to introduce "Illustrations" into the *First Catechism,* for which many children will doubtless be grateful to Mr. Howard Dudley and Mr. Stutter (York); but we scarcely think they will be grateful for having their young eyes tried by such small print. Surely the answers should be printed in larger type than the questions, not the reverse.

An Illustrated Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary (London, Andrews, Jones, and Little) is prettily conceived and prettily "got up;" as a whole, however, we cannot say that we think it well adapted to its proposed use, "the use of young children." The spirit in which it is written is by no means so simple as the language; above all, we most strongly object to the note in p. 30, as calculated needlessly to perplex, if not positively to mislead, all young persons.

Septenary to the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, translated from the Spanish (Burns and Lambert), is a very pretty little form of devotion, and well translated, all but the use of the plural *you* for *thee,* which we have spoken of before.

Our travelling readers will thank us for calling their attention to a great improvement introduced into the map of Bradshaw's *Sixpenny Railway-Guide.* By the help of figures in red ink annexed to each railway-line on the map, and referring to the pages of the book where information about that line may be obtained, the traveller may learn in five minutes all that he wants to know about the time, expense, and all other particulars of his intended journey.

The Choir, a Collection of Sacred Music for Churches, Choral Societies, and Families (Burns and Lambert), promises to be a valuable and useful publication. The First Part contains twelve pieces of different schools, but none of them too difficult for singers of tolerable training. The *Dominus Firmamentum,* by Terziani, is a clever and spirited trio for two tenors and a bass. Lotti's *Vere Languores,* for the same voices, overflows with simple pathos. Marcello's *Agnus Dei,* for two basses, is pretty but slight. Soriano's *Ave Regina* and *Regina Cœli* are both good pieces, in the old ecclesiastical style, for four voices. Gordigiani's *Regina Cœli,* more modern, is animated in melody, with a broad and effective harmony. Colonna's *Beatus Vir* is a gem, and worthy of Palestrina. Ett's *Hæc Dies* takes rank with Gordigiani's *Regina Cœli.* The *O Sacrum Convivium* by Farrant, an English composer, is full of tranquil beauty. Volckmar's *Laudate Dominum,* for alto, tenor, and two basses, is animated and of fair merit. Baini's *Veni Sponsa,* for two

tenors and a bass, will be popular for its pleasing melody and easiness of execution; and Carissini's *Ave Verum* is a noble piece of simple counterpoint. A pretty litany, without composer's name, completes the Number. To the whole the editors have prefixed short notices of some of the composers whose works they have edited, together with the commencement of a list of music which they recommend for Catholic use. This is a very useful idea, and we shall be glad to see it well carried out.

Mr. Freeman has published his paper on *The Preservation and Restoration of Ancient Monuments* (J. H. Parker), read before the Archæological Institute at Bristol last July. It is clever and animated, and takes what may be called the common-sense view of the question discussed, in opposition to Mr. Ruskin's extravagances.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

My dear Sir,—If you think the accompanying reminiscences of Dr. Kirk will form an interesting sequel to the beautiful memoir of him in a former *Rambler*, pray use them as you like.—Yours most truly,

Feast of St. Chad, 1852. Frederick Oakeley.

The late Rev. Dr. Kirk of Lichfield.

It is a great delight to me to think of dear good Dr. Kirk, whose name connects the associations of my earliest youth with those of my few first years in the Catholic Church. I can mention some circumstances which may be interesting to his many friends and admirers; and if it were only as a gratification to my own feelings of respect and reverence for him, I should be glad to speak of them:

> "His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
> Munere."

You may not perhaps be aware, that I passed above a quarter of a century, with more or less interruption, at the Episcopal Palace in Lichfield, which my family rented till the death of my dearest mother in 1839, and that for about seven years of that time I was a Prebendary of the Cathedral. During this long period, I knew of Dr. Kirk only as the "good old Catholic priest" (for elderly he was, even when I was a boy); and a most mysterious personage was he in my youthful imagination. I was half-awed at meeting him, for I had a kind of vague notion that he practised all sorts of strange rites in his little chapel with a belfrey on the London Road; and so much did the dread and dislike of Popery prevail over curiosity, that I never dreamt of entering the forbidden precinct from the day I came to Lichfield till that on which I left it for good. And yet I recollect, somehow, that with my awe there was mingled a sort of respect; for every one spoke kindly of the old priest who spoke about him at all; and once or twice a year I used to hear some trait of good about him, or some wonderful account of a "ceremony" which was to be performed in his little chapel, which I used to contrast contemptuously with our grand cathedral. My only definite ideas of Dr. Kirk at this time were, that he was very amiable,

very awful, and very poor; and I think also, I used to hear, as I got older, that he was a great bookworm.

So matters remained till the end of 1845, when I went to St. Mary's, Oscott, as a Catholic, to receive confirmation; and being so near Lichfield, of course paid a visit to the scenes of my earlier days. Little did I suppose that the old priest, who had exceeded the age of man when I quitted Lichfield above six years before, could be still alive, or if alive, in any condition to give me his blessing. However, one of the first visits I paid was to the chapel and little presbytery adjoining, which then for the first time ceased to be forbidden ground to me. And there I found Dr. Kirk in his poor little study, which took one back fifty years in English Catholicism; for scarcely large enough was it to turn round in, with little or no furniture but books, and with signs about it of being sacristy and study in one. I never can forget the heartiness of my reception, or the interest of the conversation. Not a sign was there of intellectual, and not many of even bodily decay; to the experience of almost ninety years Dr. Kirk united the mental vigour of early manhood, and, what was stranger still, the warmest interest in what may be called the later "movement." He contrasted "these wonderful days" with the time when he first came as a priest to the midland district, and used to say Mass *incog.* in a garret. I found him thoroughly *au courant du jour* to all that was going on. Of Dr. Newman, I remember that he spoke with the greatest reverence and apparent delight; and he augured, almost with more than mere felicity of conjecture, the "great things he would do for us." I remember his telling me of his being in the refectory of the Roman College at the time when the decree of Clement XIV. for the dissolution of the Society was promulgated. The next morning (St. John Evangelist's day) I heard his Mass, which he offered (I think), and I joined in, for the intention of John Henry Newman.

My next visit to Lichfield was in last August, when I had the supreme happiness of saying Mass in the chapel there. It was at eight o'clock, and Dr. Kirk was up and alive; preparing the altar and helping me with the vestments. During the Mass, the door between the chapel and the little sacristy-study was open, and I could hear the good old man audibly at his prayers all the time. After Mass and thanksgiving I had a chat with him, and my first words were, "Well, my dear sir, now you can say that a former Prebendary of Lichfield has said Mass in your little cathedral." "The first," he answered; "let us hope not the last." He had a very bad cough, and was evidently breaking; but his mind was as vigorous as ever, his memory perfect, and his senses unimpaired. I thought it would be my last visit to him, as it has proved; but I remember his words, which were these, or the like of them, "God bless you; go and do His work in London." I make a memento of him every day, though rather as desiring to ask his prayers than to give him mine. I ought to mention, that he spoke during my last visit to him, of the kindness with which he had always been treated by the Protestants in Lichfield, with one unhappy exception, which was that during the "Papal aggression" disturbances, he was insulted by a procession before his doors. He pleased me by telling me of the invariable attention paid him by my venerable friend good old Dean Woodhouse, who, he said, always accosted him kindly in the street, and gave him the *entrée* of the Cathedral library.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.

The Rambler.

Part LIV.

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To Correspondents.

Correspondents who require answers in private are requested to send their complete address, a precaution not always observed.

We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

All communications must be *postpaid*. Communications respecting *Advertisements* must be addressed to the publishers, Messrs. Burns and Lambert.

The Rambler,

A CATHOLIC JOURNAL AND REVIEW.

VOL. IX. JUNE 1852. PART LIV.

HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF DEVOTIONS TO THE BLESSED SACRAMENT.

No. VI.—*Quarant' Ore: Perpetual Adoration.*

THAT particular form of exposition commonly known by the name of the *Quarant' Ore*, or Forty Hours, began in the middle of the sixteenth century, and, as its name imports, took its rise in Italy, from whence it has spread throughout the whole Christian world, though its character has become somewhat different from what it was in the beginning. It was first begun by Father Joseph, a Capuchin of Ferno,* or, as he is commonly called, of Milan, because it was in that city the devotion was first celebrated. Some authors have attributed the institution to one Bonus of Cremona, who, they say, persuaded Francis II., duke of Milan, to establish it in honour of the forty hours during which our Lord lay in the tomb; and that it was this same Bonus who instituted a custom in that diocese of ringing the church-bell at three o'clock every Friday afternoon, that people might pause for a while to meditate on the Crucifixion, at which time St. Charles Borromeo ordered that they should recite three Paters and three Aves.† Others, again, have named Antony Maria Zaccaria,‡ founder of the congregation of the Regular Clergy of St. Paul, as the originator of this devotion; whilst others, again, refer it to St. Ignatius and the Jesuits. But the most probable account is that which we mentioned first,—namely, that Father Joseph, a Minor Observant, who afterwards, with four or five others of his order, migrated to the Capuchins, first established it in Milan, as a means of deprecating God's wrath, and obtaining immediate relief from those troubles which Milan was then suffering from the war between the Emperor Charles V.

* Boverius Zacharias, Ann. Min. Cap. tom. i. p. 536.
† Act. Med. Eccl. tom. i. p. 8.
‡ Man. Dec. S. R. C. ed. 2nda, cap. ix. Romæ, 1845.

and Francis I., king of France; and he chose the term of forty hours in commemoration of our Lord's silent abode among the dead for that space of time. He seems to have used it much for the same purposes as in modern times missions or retreats are given: he did not intend it so much as a means of doing honour to the blessed Sacrament; still less did he contemplate its becoming, what it now is, a perpetual sacrifice of prayer and thanksgiving; but he used it to stir up the people to break off their evil habits, and to turn with a more undivided heart to the service of God, more especially by laying aside those bitter feuds and private enmities by which at that time the whole framework of society in that country was being distracted. Father Joseph was a remarkably eloquent man, and his plan was to give not long or learned harangues, but very short, frequent, and moving discourses, awakening the people to repentance, and especially disposing them to brotherly love and charity. The devotion was marked from the very first by the fruit of many wonderful conversions, and in a more particular manner by the reconciliation of private feuds, some of which had been hereditary from generation to generation, and many were so deeply rooted as to have appeared almost inveterate. Nevertheless, the influence of his eloquence in the presence of the blessed Sacrament again and again served to dispel them, and to knit in their stead the most close and enduring friendships. He went about, therefore, from town to town, principally in the north of Italy, every where establishing this form of devotion, not, as we have said, as a perpetual ordinance, but for forty hours only, during the whole of which time he often remained in the church, preaching continually at different intervals, and always with the same wonderful success. In one of these towns the Bishop publicly declared that he had extinguished a hundred quarrels during a single *quarant' ore*. At Pavia and Siena the harvest proved to be equally abundant; at Arezzo, before he arrived and the *quarant' ore* was begun, the domestic feuds had risen to such a fearful height, that many families had left the town, and there seemed a danger of the place becoming wholly depopulated; but such was the success of his preaching, that, when he paid them a second visit on his return from Siena, the clergy and magistrates went out to meet him in procession, hailing him as the second founder of their town. At Gubbio, where he found the inhabitants in daily expectation of a siege by the army of Pope Paul III., who was seeking to recover it from the unjust usurpation of Francesco della Rovere, duke of Urbino, he promised that, if they would celebrate the *quarant' ore* with great devotion, the Pope's army should never behold

the city, although it was already known to be in the immediate neighbourhood. In accordance with this prediction, the pontifical troops were snowed up at Assisi, and not long afterwards the contending parties came to some amicable arrangement of their dispute; whereupon, in token of their gratitude, the people made a decree that they would celebrate this devotion every year in the church of St. Francis at Christmas, at which time this deliverance had been granted them. At the same time it was ordered that one of the church-bells should be rung every day at noon, when the Pater noster should be recited five times, in addition to the Angelus.

Father Joseph himself died in the year 1556, and the Capuchins prosecuted the devotion which he had begun with great zeal; the people also took it up with so much fervour, that it was even necessary to regulate their forwardness in supplying wax and oil for lighting the altar on which the exposition was to be made: still it had not as yet any fixed and perpetual establishment. It was taken up, too, by some of the Italian bishops as a means of repairing the scandals committed during the last days of the carnival, that is, on the Monday and Tuesday before Ash-Wednesday; during the whole of which days the blessed Sacrament was therefore exposed with all possible magnificence, that so the faithful might go and pour forth their most earnest devotions in the immediate presence of their Lord, to make reparation for the forgetfulness, and, in too many cases, the flagrant wickedness also, of many professing Christians at that time. Different cities also had recourse to this devotion on all occasions of trouble or of imminent danger; as, for instance, Messina, in Sicily, when she had reason to apprehend an attack on the part of the Turks, A.D. 1551, and Velletri, in the States of the Church, when torn by civil strife in the year 1564. But it was to St. Charles Borromeo that we owe the first permanent establishment of the devotion in the city of Milan. That saintly prelate founded a confraternity or society expressly for this purpose; it was presided over by a priest who was to collect alms for this object, and to give notice to the people of the church in which it would be held, and of the order in which the members of the different families enrolled in the confraternity were required to be present at stated times to watch and to pray. If the alms collected by this priest exceeded what was requisite for the necessary expenses, the remainder was to be spent, according to the will of the Bishop, upon the purchase of some ornament belonging to the service of the Holy Eucharist, either in that church or in some

other that stood more in need of it. The men and women were arranged on different sides of the church; and by night no women were to be admitted, nor were the doors of the church therefore to be left open, but opened only from time to time to those who knocked for admission. If it were in the church of any monastery, then nobody at all was to be admitted by night, and the blessed Sacrament was to be restored to the tabernacle; and so also in the churches of the secular clergy, unless there could be found a sufficient number of men to come and pray before It. Two clerics, one of whom must be at least a deacon, were to watch and pray during the day, and at least one, in sacred orders, by night. Printed tablets of suitable devotions were to be attached to the rails of the altar for the use of poor simple people who had no books of their own, and were not able to give themselves up to the exercise of mental prayer. A short sermon was to be preached at the time when there was the largest number of people collected together, to excite them to meditation and prayer, and to supply them with proper subjects. At least six ecclesiastics were to be always present at the beginning and ending of the *quarant' ore* in any church. The devotion was to continue for forty hours exactly, neither more nor less, unless, indeed, it was necessary to prolong it in order that it might not be concluded in the night; and where it was kept up in many churches successively, it was to be begun in another church about an hour before the appointed time of its termination in the last, that so prayer might indeed be made without ceasing by the Church.

It will be seen, from this short sketch of the decrees upon this subject which were made by the Church of Milan during the episcopate of St. Charles, that he might almost be called the founder of the devotion in that city; certainly he seems to have been the first who conceived the idea of making it a perpetual devotion, and the rules which he laid down for the practical carrying out of this idea have served as a guide and a model ever since. In Rome, the new devotion found a most zealous and efficient advocate in St. Philip Neri. Even whilst he was not yet a priest, he persuaded his confessor to establish it in a church near the place where he was living, on the first Sunday in every month, and also during a part of Holy Week; and, like Father Joseph, he used to remain there himself during the whole time, and to preach with so much force and unction as to convert on one occasion thirty young men at once who had been living in habits of carelessness and sin. Twelve years afterwards, A.D. 1560, we have a Bull of Pius IV. confirming a confraternity *dell' Orazione*, or of

prayer (otherwise called *della Morte*, because they were devoted to the procuring medical and spiritual assistance for the sick, and to burying and praying for the dead), in the course of which he says, that this society having been moved by some heavenly inspiration, was in the habit of setting apart forty hours in every month, to be spent in prayer and watching, with exposition of the blessed Sacrament, in honour of the forty days during which our Lord prayed and fasted in the wilderness; and he allows and confirms this custom. The confraternity had begun in the church of San Lorenzo in Damaso; but having considerably increased, it was removed to the church of St. John the Evangelist. When Pius IV. confirmed it, he granted numerous indulgences to its members, and enabled them to move to any other church, with the consent of the rector for the time being; and the confraternity has remained ever since, even to the present day, having the exposition of the blessed Sacrament on the third Sunday and Monday in every month in their own church, the church of Santa Maria della Morte. Thirty years later, a Bull of Pope Clement VIII. established the devotion in its present form,—viz. as perpetual, continuing day after day, night after night, with an unceasing, untiring energy and zeal worthy of the mother and mistress of all churches; thus setting up in the Sion of Israel, in the very centre and citadel of all Christendom, a monument of perseverance in prayer, worthy of all honour and imitation.

In this Bull, after lamenting over the sad state of Christendom, especially the disturbed condition of France, the threatened invasion of the Turks, and the spread of heresies, the Holy Father goes on to declare that no human aid can be of any avail against such mighty and overwhelming evils; that there is no help, no refuge, no safety, but only in prayer, and that this is always powerful and availing in proportion to the number and fervency of the petitioners; for which purpose he ordains that, at least in this one city of Rome, prayer shall be made without ceasing day and night. "We are all poor," he says, "and stand in need of God's grace; without Him we can attain no good, escape no evil: ask, therefore, and you shall receive; knock, and it shall be opened unto you. Pray for the Holy Catholic Church, that all errors may be put to flight, and that the one true faith may be propagated throughout the whole world; pray also that all sinners may be converted, and may not be swallowed up in the waves of wickedness, but be saved by the plank of repentance. Pray for the peace of kings and the unity of all Christian people. Pray for the afflicted kingdom of France, that He who rules over all nations, whose will

nothing can resist, may restore to that most Christian kingdom, which deserves so well of our holy religion, its ancient piety and tranquillity. Pray that those most fierce enemies of the faith, the Turks, who, inflamed with an audacious fury, do not cease to threaten ruin and slavery to all Christians, may be brought low by the right hand of God. Lastly, pray for ourselves also, that God may assist our weakness, that we faint not under so great a burden, but that He may grant us to be of profit to his people both by word and by example, and to fulfil the work of our ministry; that so, together with the flock committed to our unworthy charge, we may arrive at everlasting life through the sprinkling of the blood of that spotless Lamb which we offer daily upon our altar and present to God the Father, that He may look upon the face of His anointed, and spare us sinners through the intercession of our advocate the most holy Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and of all the Saints who reign with Christ in heaven." The Bull concludes with granting very liberal indulgences to those who should assist at this devotion, and ordains that it shall begin in the Apostolic Palace on the first Sunday in Advent in that year, in the presence of the Pope himself and of all the Cardinals and Bishops, and should be moved from church to church throughout the city of Rome, according to a plan to be afterwards laid down. This arrangement has continued ever since: each year, on the first Sunday in Advent, it is begun in the Pauline chapel in the Vatican; and each year is published the order in which it will be transferred from one church to another, often in the most distant parts of the town, throughout the whole year. Benedict XIV. added certain commands concerning the details of the devotion, which also are still in force; as, for instance, that there should always be two priests, or at least two persons in sacred orders, robed in surplices, kneeling before a bench on the lowest step of the altar, and the members of some confraternity or sodality of the blessed Sacrament, if there be one, before another: at night, however, one priest was sufficient. Moreover, it is required that there should be some sign or token put up somewhere in the neighbourhood, in the public streets (usually the representation of a monstrance), to denote where the devotion is going on; also, if necessary,—that is, if the church opens directly upon any principal thoroughfare, or for any other reason is easily liable to inspection by passers-by, —an additional curtain or mat is to be put up besides that which hangs ordinarily at the door, at some little distance, so that in no way could the blessed Sacrament be seen by those who were merely passing in the streets. No relics are to be exposed at the same time, and the pictures and images are all

to be covered; only the crucifix may be allowed to remain upon the altar, if Mass is to be said there; but Mass is *not* to be said excepting in case of absolute necessity, or when the *quarant' ore* is being removed to another church; and even if it *is* said, no bell is to be rung at the sanctus or at the elevation. If any sermon is preached (but this too is rather deprecated), it is to be delivered from the high altar in such a manner that neither priest nor people shall have occasion to turn their back on the blessed Sacrament. In a word, nothing is to be done that should tend to withdraw the mind of the worshipper from the most earnest adoration of his God, there present before his very eyes, under the veil of the eucharistic species; nothing is to be left undone that could add to the splendour or solemnity with which that presence should be surrounded. And this most beautiful and touching devotion is, as we have said, perpetual; it goes on day after day, and night after night, in one unwearied round, throughout the whole year, excepting only from the morning of Maundy Thursday to the following Sunday, during which days the Church is sorrowing for her lonely widowed state, her Lord having been taken from her; and it would be manifestly out of place that she should be at the same time proposing Him to public adoration, enthroned on high amid the blaze of hundreds of lights, and with all the pomp of regal magnificence.

Another form of devotion in honour of the blessed Sacrament, still more intense, if possible, and more touching even, than the *quarant' ore*, was introduced into the Church in the middle of the seventeenth century,—we mean the adoration of the blessed Sacrament in the same place, and we had almost said by the same persons, perpetually; that is, by the members of the same religious community succeeding to one another in regular rotation, hour after hour, both by day and night. The merit of having originated this devotion is attributed to Anne of Austria, queen of France, A.D. 1653; at least she it was, in connexion with other ladies of her court, who provided the means for carrying into practical effect the idea that had been first suggested (it is said) by a good priest of her acquaintance, named Picotté; and the person selected to be the foundress of this first community of Children of the most Holy Sacrament was a venerable religious of the Benedictine order, named Matilda.

At the age of seventeen, Catherine de Barr (for such was her name in the world) had been professed in the convent of the Annunciation at Bruyères, in Lorraine; but having been driven out from thence by the civil war that was devastating

that part of the country, she retired to a Benedictine convent at Rambervilliers. Here she became the mother superior of her house; but by and by she was again obliged to change her residence from the same cause as before: this time she removed to the Faubourg St. Germain in Paris; and here her rare gifts, both spiritual and intellectual, caused her to be well known to all the most devout inhabitants of the city. From her earliest infancy she had been distinguished by a very singular devotion to the crowning mystery of God's mercy and love in the holy Eucharist; and latterly she had conceived an ardent desire of offering to God all the reparation in her power for the outrages which were at that time continually perpetrated against it by the Huguenots. She had also inspired other pious and fervent souls with the same idea; and early in the spring of 1653, these all took possession of a house that had been built expressly to receive them, in the Rue Casselta, in the same Faubourg St. Germain. On Holy Thursday in the following year the Perpetual Adoration was solemnly commenced; the queen herself, and others who had co-operated with her in building and endowing the convent, assisting at the ceremony. The devotion soon spread into other parts of France, and also to Poland, Germany, and other countries. In 1659, Father Le Quien, a Dominican, succeeded in establishing a community of the same kind in Marseilles; and many Benedictine convents in various places have followed, sooner or later, the example that Mother Matilda thus originally set them. One in particular deserves our special commemoration. In 1652, just two years before the Perpetual Adoration was begun by the new community in Paris, a Benedictine convent had been founded in the same city, with the special object of praying and otherwise labouring for the conversion of this unhappy country of England; and the first prioress of the house was a lineal descendant of the glorious martyr Chancellor Sir Thomas More. The excesses of the French Revolution, at the close of the last century, drove this religious community to England, and they are now established at St. Benedict's Priory, near Rugeley, in Staffordshire. At the time they left France they had not yet adopted the institute of the Perpetual Adoration, though they had long desired it, nor were they able for some time after their arrival in this country to obtain the necessary consent of the proper ecclesiastical authorities for this purpose. At length permission was obtained from the Right Rev. Dr. Collingridge, Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, to which at that time they belonged (being settled at Cannington, near Bridgewater), and the institute was solemnly

opened on the 2d of February 1829. His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI. approved and confirmed it in July 1833, granting many important privileges and indulgences; and ever since that time there has been an unceasing oblation by the religious of that community, not only of prayers for the conversion of England, but also of humble acts of reparation for its incredulity and consequent irreverence in all that concerns this august mystery of the altar.

Both here, however, and in the other Benedictine convents on the continent that adopted this devotion of the Perpetual Adoration, it was undertaken as an addition to their original obligations; it was not the primary purpose of their institute. It was reserved to the present century to establish religious houses whose sole end and object should be this continual worship of *Gesu sacramentato*. Sister Mary Magdalen was born in a town of Tuscany on the shores of the Mediterranean in the year 1770, and at the age of sixteen became engaged, in obedience to her father's wishes, to a native of Sorrento, in the kingdom of Naples. During his absence, however, on a voyage to Constantinople, she received a vocation to a religious life, and entered a Franciscan convent in a town situated within the States of the Church. Here, whilst yet a novice, she was favoured with a supernatural vision, in which the whole course of her future life was revealed to her; how that God had chosen her to be the instrument of adding a new jewel to the already brilliant diadem of religious orders wherewith the Church is ornamented (*circumdata varietate*), and of establishing a new devotion in honour of the blessed Sacrament. The mother superioress of the Franciscan convent and others were witnesses of the ecstasy in which she was rapt whilst receiving this heavenly vision; and one of them lived to see the whole vision as she then related it (having been required to do so under holy obedience) exactly fulfilled. Our space will not allow us to enter upon the details of this nun's history; suffice it to say, that after combating with innumerable difficulties and persecutions, such as always fall to the lot of those holy souls who are called by God to the accomplishment of any great work, she succeeded in beginning the new institute at the church of San Carlo alle Quattro Fontane in Rome, in the month of September 1807; that it was suspended, and the holy nun herself and her companions driven out of the city in the course of the ensuing year, in consequence of its occupation by the French; and that when the Holy Father returned to his capital, she also returned with her community, and they resumed their holy duties of prayer and watching, which have never since been interrupted. She herself died on November 29,

1824, and the community has since been removed to a more convenient church and convent immediately opposite the Papal palace on the Quirinal; and within those hallowed walls two consecrated virgins are ever watching, day and night, to do honour to their hidden Lord in the holy Eucharist. By day the blessed Sacrament is exposed, by night It is within the tabernacle; but at all times these holy souls are engaged in prayer and meditation before It,—in meditation upon Him who has thus condescended to take up his abode for ever among the children of men; in prayer for themselves, for us, and for the whole Church. This most solemn devotion is practised in Turin as well as in Rome by nuns of the same order, and in Naples also by a community whose rules vary but slightly from those observed by the original foundation in the Eternal City; and these, we believe, are the only houses of the kind that have yet been established. It cannot be doubted, however, but that so holy and sublime an institute will find many chosen souls, scattered up and down in the wilderness of the world, who will be irresistibly attracted towards it, and that sooner or later it will increase and multiply according to the example of all the other religious orders, at once the ornament and the strength of the Church militant.

This chapter in the history of devotions that have been practised in honour of the blessed Sacrament would scarcely be complete, were we to omit all mention of the numerous lay associations, or confraternities, which have been established at various times, and under various constitutions, to effect this same object of Perpetual Adoration, though of course they are necessarily far less perfect, and in some measure less interesting, than the religious communities of which we have been speaking. The most ancient confraternity of the blessed Sacrament of which we have any account seems to have been established in Liege (by the canons of the church of St. Martin, whose connexion with the original institution of the feast of Corpus Christi our readers will not have forgotten) at some very early period in the sixteenth century. In the year 1539, Pope Paul III. established an arch-confraternity under this title in the Dominican church of Sta. Maria sopra Minerva in Rome, to which the confraternity at Liege and others, both of earlier and of later date, have since been aggregated. The general purpose of these associations was to do honour to the holy Eucharist in every possible way; to provide all that was requisite for the due celebration of Its festival, to accompany It with lighted torches when carried to the sick, &c. &c. The additional idea of constant adoration, as a duty of the members of these confraternities, in reparation of the horrible

insults and profanations practised by the Calvinists and other heretics, is said to have originated with St. John Francis Regis during his apostolic labours in Languedoc. The establishment of these associations formed a regular part of the missions of that indefatigable Saint in the mountainous country of the Velay and amongst the heretical villages of the Vivarez, and was every where attended with the happiest results. Similar confraternities were established in the diocese of Chartres in 1658, in Lyons in 1667, and soon afterwards in many different dioceses of Provence and Normandy. Popes Clement X. and Innocent XI. issued Bulls approving and confirming them, and endowing them with many indulgences and other privileges, in the years 1664, 1676, and 1678; and about fifty years afterwards, one was established in Rome itself, in the church of Sta. Maria ad Martyres, under the special sanction of his Holiness. Since that period, the devotion has had a rapid increase in every part of the world. In England, France, Germany, and Italy, Belgium and Holland, North and South America, in a word, throughout the whole length and breadth of the Catholic Church, there are every where established associations, more or less numerous, whose members bind themselves to spend a certain time every year,—an hour or half an hour, or whatever period may be assigned by the rules of each particular association,—in humble adoration of their Lord, present in the most holy Eucharist within the tabernacle on the altar; thus literally fulfilling the words of the royal Psalmist, *Semper tota die benedicant Ei.*

KATE GEAREY; OR, IRISH LIFE IN LONDON.

Chapter IX. *The Marriage.*

Since the incidents recorded in the foregoing chapter, many were the good resolutions made by our heroine—made, alas, only to be broken! A hundred times had she "been off wid Florry," a hundred times determined to give herself up to the priest; yet Lent had long passed, and her resolutions were still as the tree which, though loaded with foliage and blossom, produces no fruit. To Lent succeeded Easter; that too passed away. The indulgence was over, and Kate had neglected to approach the Sacraments, though it was not without a pang of remorse she found herself what is so emphatically termed "an out-church Catholic." But the girl was young in

sin; it would not sit lightly at her heart; and to all Nell Sullivan's assurances that she would think nothing of "sich a thrifle" by and by, she only answered by a shake of the head and a deep-drawn sigh. It was a consolation—a miserable one, it is true, but still a consolation—to have others deem so lightly of her neglect; and although her not yet seared conscience bore testimony to the fallacy of their palliations, she eagerly sought the company of those who offered them, hoping thereby to stifle its upbraidings.

"It's of no use moping in that way, Kattie," said Florry Daly, as he found her one morning standing by the window, her hands idly clasped, and the big tears, as usual, coursing each other down her pale cheeks. "What's done can't be undone, if you cried quarts; an see the purty face you're afther spiling now. But answer me onst for all: do you intend to have me or not? becase if you don't, there are those that will, an not wait to be asked twice ayther." Kate hesitated; and Florry seeing his advantage, continued: "It doesn't shute me to be longer widout a wife an a smoke of me own, for raisons I have. The ind room where Winny Pratt died 's to be let raisonable; for why? they're all feard of the cholera. I'll take it, an git the bits of sticks togither as may be. The Burkes will lodge wid us; an if that's not betther than being plagued night an day wid Moll Carty's thricks an dhrunken vagaries, I'm not the boy I take meesilf for, that's all. Come, Kate, be a good girl; say yis at onst, an lave off this whimpering."

"But, Florry, the praste! I'm feard to go near him, an me afther neglicting me Easter dooty too."

"Thin don't go, my girl; stop a bit, an you can mak a clane breast all at onst, as it were."

"He'll niver marry us that way, Florry. I wish I'd taken ould Murphy's advice, an it ud all be over by now; an ralely I can't guess what you'll do ayther." This was said innocently and simply, but the tempter was at no loss for a reply.

"Oh, as to me, Kattie me darling, it's out of the question me thrying to face the clargy at prisint, so you must be said by me; we'll jist git married in church; the parson ull do it widout any bother, an we'll tell the praste of it aftherwards."

"Is it the parson you said?" inquired poor Kate, in a very doleful tone.

"Why, you needn't look so scared; havn't I mintioned it many times before? Now, jist humour me this onst, an you'll see what a downright illigant husband I'll make; an the first money I airn I'll buy you a red plaid shawl, that'll make Nill Sillivan cry wid spite; an you shall be married wid a ring of your *own*, lit me git it where I will."

"See that now," she answered, with a half smile. "I don't know what to do, Florry. To be sure, one scolding's betther than two, an they say Father Morgan preached very sevare last Sunday night to those who hadn't been to their dooty this Easter; an thin, to be sure, whin I'm married, I needn't hurry meesilf; I'll have time to prepare properly; an praps, if I wint now, it's ownly putting me off he'd be, an"——

"In coorse you needn't plague yersilf till nixt year, an thin you'll have yer own room an yer own lodgers, an Moll Carty not always tazing you about that paltry thrifle of rint."

"That's thrue for you," said Kate, whose scruples Daly had at length almost succeeded in removing; "an it's tired enuff I am of Moll Carty's droll ways; an for Nelly, there's small love between the pair of us."

"Sure you'll lit her be your bridesmaid, Kate, jist to vex her; an the Burkes ull go wid us, becase I can cram their mouths, an the rist ud ownly be prating about the parson, an it ud come to the ears of the clargy."

"But what ull Mary say?" inquired Kate, dubiously.

"Niver mind what she says; you're a dale more cute than her, though she's tin years older. Now you look like yersilf again, so I'll tell you a bit of a sacrate: its jist meesilf that put up the bans unknownst, an they'll be out nixt Sunday, an we'll have it over on Monday, plase God. An now, do come an take a peep at the room, an thin sit about scouring a bit. I've a particler frind ull lind us a bed, an in less than no time it ull be fit for the king himsilf."

Kate had already yielded too much to make more than a very feeble opposition; her disposition, naturally pliant, had, when deprived of the stay of religion, become a mere reed, ready to be bent and twisted whenever it suited the convenience of one so unprincipled as Daly. Yet he really felt some sort of affection for Kattie; he was proud of her beauty, and prized her genuine artlessness just in proportion as his own character partook of its opposite. He also fully intended what he promised, namely, to be kind and indulgent to her; but he had forgotten to take into account his natural violence of character, which when stimulated by the effects of his almost nightly inebriation, produced paroxysms verging on insanity. Kate knew all this, but, like most inexperienced girls, flattered herself "it ud be all right whin onst they were married; and she didn't mind the jealousy, as long as he didn't sthrike her agin, an frighten the wits out of her." That she indeed must have had few wits left, was the unanimous opinion of the wiser and older inhabitants of the Buildings; and when

it was understood that the sun which rose so cloudless on that fair June morning ushered in Kate Gearey's wedding-day, her almost-forgotten friend, Mrs. Casey, gave audible vent to her discontent, whilst kindling a few sticks under the broken saucepan in which she was warming the cup of "tay for Tim, before going out wid the stall." "Well, I'm sure," soliloquised the good dame, "I thought Tim an meesilf were the biggest fules in creashion; but thin I was decaved: I was tould it was a scholard he was, and whin I found he ownly put the crass in the book, it was intirely too late. But this child! poor thing! if Tim would have bided in the 'house,' it ud niver have come to pass. It's naythier chick or bird of Moll Carty's hatching that turned up good. But I didn't believe she was such an omaudhawn aythier; it's a sorry widding whin yer good angel stands weeping at the doore of the *church* (as they calls it). Well, she's made her bed, an she must lie in it. Here, Tim, take yer tay;" and Mrs. Casey soon forgot her chagrin whilst administering his morning meal to her now bed-ridden husband.

A bright sunshiny morning in London is a melancholy thing: the dry dusty road literally smoking under the contents of the water-carts; the glaring white pavements; the long narrow streets, where one vainly seeks a shady side, and gasps for a breath of fresh air; the few yellow parched plants so ostentatiously displayed in long balconies and parlour windows, obstinately defying all the endeavours of the patent watering-pot to preserve a five minutes' verdure; and worse than all, the large formal squares, where the grass has long since attained the dingy colour of washed-out nankin. As to the people one meets, they are invariably cross and tired, with faces not unlike beet-root in a salad-bowl; the very dogs seem making a voyage of discovery to the nearest pump; there is a great demand for ices; and a few ill-fated bipeds pant and struggle under the weight of substantial dowagers making the tour of the inner circle of the Regent's Park in an invalid chair. If such be the effect on those who are more used to the city than to the country, what must it have been to one whose whole life, the last few months only excepted, had been passed in a land probably more favoured by nature than any other in the world?

Something of all this pressed on the heart of Kate, as she stood at the window and gazed out on the "hollow." She was looking very pretty in her clean cotton dress, nicely washed and ironed for the occasion by Mary Sheehan, who, however, steadily refused to accompany her to *church*. Her bonnet was certainly the worse for wear, and the dingy white ribbons had

been evidently picked up a bargain at some of those emporiums of second-hand finery with which London abounds; but the bonnet was not yet on, and Kate's bright tresses, smoothly twisted round her little head, gave it an elegant, even classical appearance. The red plaid shawl too lay on the bed beside her; yet she heeded it not. Her eyes filled with tears, and her thoughts were at that moment in the little cabin on the banks of the Awbeg,—her heart with Father Phelim. The whole of that long summer-morning she had been trying not to think, but it would not do: had it been wet, foggy, any thing but what it was, she might have succeeded; but now there was something in the clear azure sky which reminded her, whilst her eyes were fixed on it, of her distant home, of her mother's gentle voice and soft melancholy eyes; and her guardian angel whispered "it is not too late." One prayer, one little aspiration, might have saved her even then—plucked her from the very verge of ruin; but, alas! Kate had lost the habit of prayer. She looked downwards—the spell was dissolved: in lieu of the verdant valley of Castletown she beheld the dirty and unsightly mews, the round stones glowing in the scorching sun like so many spectres standing there to dazzle and blast the sight; even the little muddy stream was dried up; no solitary nook was in shadow; every object stood revealed in its native ugliness, and ugly enough they were. At the bottom of the steps was a group of rough, dirty children, mostly boys, quarrelling, fighting, and struggling for the possession of a poor little sparrow, which was confined by a string attached to one of its legs, and to which, by way of sport, they allowed a moment's liberty, and then pulled it violently back again. Their oaths and imprecations during this pastime would have been considered a disgrace by men three times their age; in fact, the point of rivalry seemed to be, who should excel in their knowledge, not of mere slang only, but of the foulest blasphemy, which was freely bandied from one young mouth to another. Just at this moment a boy, older than any of them, but with a remarkably simple cast of countenance, descended the steps, bearing in his hand a small basket full of primroses and violets, and attempted to pass through them. This was no other than the grandson of blind Murphy; who, though distinguished in the Buildings as the "natral," was yet a universal favourite from his quiet inoffensive disposition, and the cheerful unabated perseverance with which he wandered about the streets all day and late into the night, hoping by the product of his little wares to add to the comforts of his poor old grandfather, on whom he literally doted. It was evident Phil was very proud of the treasures

his basket contained; he had trudged many a long and weary mile before it was light to procure them. They and himself were both laid out to the best advantage; his old tattered clothes were stitched here and there, his face washed, and he had borrowed a "taste of Jack Burke's brush jist to betther" the appearance of the apologies for shoes, which were secured by packthread on his poor blistered feet; a few blue-bells ornamented his cap, and a large bunch of buttercups (the other flowers were too costly) graced his button-hole. A satisfied simper pervaded his countenance as, catching a glimpse of Kate at the window, he stood on tiptoe and kissed his hand more than once. His appearance was most opportune: the unfortunate bird had just expired in the hands of its tormentors, and their brutality was now transferred to as safe, because as harmless an object.

"Irish! Irish!" was the exulting exclamation; and as this was an epithet universally applied by the pupils of the ragged-school to the boys of the Buildings, it became evident the proceedings were about to assume a national character.

Phil gathered himself up: like all of weak intellect, he had a great dislike to be laughed at; but the recollection of his precious charge checked any outward demonstration of anger, and with a comical assumption of dignity he prepared to proceed on his way.

"Irish! Irish! I would not be Irish if it was ever so," repeated his persecutors. Phil paused, his cheek became very red; but he remembered blind Murphy's snuff-box hadn't a grain in it, so he pressed forward in silence.

"I say, Phil, what did you pay the priest for whitewashing you?" asked one of the ringleaders in a jeering tone.

"It's a lie! whoever told you that," exclaimed the boy, standing quite still, although grasping his basket very tightly.

"Do you give me the lie, you Bible-hating Papist? Which of you was it that dashed the tract in the face hof that 'ere cove of a missioner that goes among you, just has hif the Hirish ad souls to be sav'd hat hall, eh, Ned?" and he gave a very knowing wink, or rather a leer, at one of his companions.

"Yea, verily, they threatened to hang the holy man to the lamp-post," answered the young gentleman addressed, with a strong nasal twang, turning up the whites of his eyes in a manner which elicited peals of mirth from his companions, and might have been mistaken for an imitation of the said missionary expounding the Scriptures at the Sabbath-evening school, where master Ned regularly attended.

"What a lark it ud be if ve lugged that here chap hinto the school, hand sent him ome han hout han hout Protestant,

vouldn't hit though? I shouldn't vonder to see him preaching on a tub yet, hall for the benefit hof his benighted brethren's precious souls."

"He'd cut a capital figure of fun, an I'd hold the hat an gather the ha'pence. Come on, my fine chaps; he shall hear the Bible for once in his life;" and the elder boys prepared to seize poor Phil, whilst the younger capered around delighted with the sport, though not exactly knowing what it was all about.

The "innocent" struggled manfully, shouting for assistance; but before Kate had time to summon any one able to render it, his basket was snatched from him, and its contents first scattered on the ground, then savagely trampled under foot by his assailants. This was too much: he ceased to resist, and covering his face with his hands, burst into an agony of tears. So passive a victim soon ceased to afford amusement to the young ruffians; one by one they departed, Ned picking up a large flint, and hurling it as he did so at the still sobbing Phil. Kate uttered a shriek; and just as one or two of the men hastened down the steps to his assistance, the affectionate yet excitable creature fell on the lowest, bathed in his own blood. He was borne insensible to the large room, and laid on one of the settles. Kate, however, was hurried by Florry from amongst the crowd who gathered round him; whilst Nell Sullivan sneeringly remarked, "She had better make a little more haste, if it was married this marning she mint to be." When they had cleared the mouth of the Buildings, Jack Burke felt her sink heavily on his arm: he looked in her face, it was deadly pale; and in answer to their inquiries, she pointed to her left hand, on which was a deep red stain fresh from the temples of poor Phil Murphy. Miss Sullivan laughingly wiped it off with her handkerchief; the girl tried to smile, but an unaccountable gloom had taken possession of the whole party, and they proceeded in silence to the church. This little incident had not, however, escaped the observation of Norry; as Kate passed the stall, she pursed-up her lips, drew her feet under her, and clutching the bride's dress with her shrivelled hand, exclaimed eagerly:

"Kattie avourneen, be ruled by me; sure an it's an ill omen intirely. Go back wid you, me darlint; an don't you let the ring go where the red blood is scarce dhry, there's nayther luck nor grace ull follow where you're going, that's sartain;" and she continued mumbling to herself long after they were out of sight.

Kate's depression was of short duration; she busied herself in conjecturing what sort of place a Protestant church could

possibly be, what she would have to say and do, when her cogitations were terminated by their coming in sight of a handsome, lofty edifice, with a gravel-walk in front, divided from the road by light iron palisades, whilst on the remaining three sides it was surrounded by a garden with fine trees, now in full verdure and beauty. Kattie was awe-stricken, and following her companions in silence, ascended the steps. After pushing aside the doors of crimson-cloth thickly studded with nails of shining brass, the whole party stood in the nave of the building. Kate looked about in vain for the holy-water stoup; and not finding it, crossed herself devoutly, to the great annoyance of the bridegroom elect, and the infinite amusement of the woman who was dusting the seats and shaking up the luxurious cushions in the high comfortable-looking pews.

"Remember where you are, Kate," whispered Florry, with some annoyance in his tone; "come, make haste: I wonder where the parson is!" he exclaimed; and addressing a portly red-faced functionary, he explained his errand in a few words, seconding his argument, to her great astonishment, by a coin which, unless her eyes deceived her, bore a strong resemblance to half-a-crown. "Sit down and wait a bit," said the man, with a sort of surly politeness. "I s'pose one of the curates will be here directly: this way, my dear," and he favoured our heroine with a prolonged stare, which would have put her completely out of countenance, had she not been engaged looking about for the altar, and wondering where it could possibly be. True, there was something at the end which was rather like one, but there was no tabernacle, no lights, no sanctuary-lamp, no images of saints; and she would have been completely puzzled to know its use, and find out what they did there, when she made what she considered a grand discovery.

"Ah, look now, Florry!" she exclaimed eagerly; "an it's quare ideas the Pradestants have of their saints, ony way. Sure an how can they mintion that beautiful image of the blessed Virgin in our own Catholic chapel (which makes us think of our prayers whin our heads ud be running on follies) in the same breath wid those ugly-looking bastes that are jist about murthering one another, an ud scare me out of me wits if I were to meet thim alone!"

"*We* do not worship the Virgin Mary, young woman," said the pew-opener pompously; "nor do we dethrone the Creator to exalt the creature: we allow no graven images in our churches, no statues of Popish saints."

"Thin are those strange figures the pictures of *Pradestant* saints?" inquired Kate; "why they're jist like the things I saw outside the shows at the fair. I dar'n't say my prayers be-

fore them; becase," she added, as if fearful of giving offence, "I'm feerd they'd not mind me to be humble an obedient, like our own dear Lady;" and her eyes involuntarily filled with tears.

"Why, the girl's an idiot!" said the beadle, with more indulgence than he might have manifested had the offender been less pretty. "One would think she had never been inside a church before: bless your heart, that be's the royal arms of England, and those be's the lion and unicorn." Our little heroine was as wise as ever; but the entrance of the curate who was to perform the ceremony terminated the dialogue, fortunately before the religious zeal of the female official had been thoroughly aroused.

The minister was a young man, evidently in a great hurry, and out of humour at having to do duty: he had been invited to a *déjeúner* at Twickenham, where he was to meet a lady into whose good graces he fancied he had polka'd himself the preceding evening, and with whose hand he hoped to obtain a tolerable slice of church preferment. Scarcely deigning to cast a glimpse at the party, he addressed the beadle:

"Going to be married, Mr. Townley? Ah, well! Very provoking; can't be helped, though. Get it over as soon as possible; no time to be lost: come along. Catholics, eh? I thought so;" and hurrying into the vestry, he returned without loss of time in a very dirty white gown, and standing by the rails of the Communion-table, hurried over a form of words which, though they *were* English, Kate neither heard nor understood. It certainly claimed no affinity to a "religious rite," much less to any marriage she had ever assisted at; but when she found the ring on her finger, and was told she was the wife of Florry Daly, the sin of which she had been guilty seemed to strike her in its full enormity; hanging down her head, she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"What's the girl crying for?" asked the clergyman, as he prepared to enter their names in the register which was kept in the vestry.

"Becase I've lost all the binifits of the Sacrament, an can niver git them now; an sure how'll I expict to prosper at all?"

"Benefits of the Sacrament? why, you foolish girl, who ever heard of marriage being a Sacrament? But I forgot—you are a Romanist, and I hav'n't time to waste talking now. Let me see: Kate Gearey, spinster, aged seventeen; Florry Daly, bachelor, aged twenty-eight?"

"No, sir; it's a widower I am."

"Widower? Indeed! Now sign your names, and do pray be quick." All, Daly excepted, protested their inability. The

bride and witnesses having accordingly affixed their crosses, the clergyman hurried away, leaving the wedding-party to follow as they pleased. On quitting the church, our heroine breathed more freely; and but for the ring, would have had some difficulty in persuading herself the whole was not an illusion. Daly, on whose arm she now leant, was unusually thoughtful; but Burke and Nelly rattled away, talking enough for all. When they reached the corner of the square, Norry was no longer at her post; a circumstance which, though almost unprecedented, Kate attributed to the old woman's not wishing to see them return. On entering the Buildings, she quickened her pace, as Phil Murphy's accident flashed across her mind; her impatience becoming at last so great that she let drop Florry's arm, and rapidly ascending the stairs, reached the room where he lay before the others were hardly aware of her absence. A confused clamour of voices saluted her ear, and some strange ceremony was evidently proceeding, in which Moll Carty was the presiding priestess. Motionless and ghastly from loss of blood, the boy was stretched at full length on the bed; by his side crouched his old blind grandfather, the very image of meek resignation, the big tears escaping from his sightless lids, and coursing each other in rapid succession down his furrowed cheeks. Mary Sheehan, Biddy Sarchfield, and Mrs. Casey stood around, all eyes engaged watching the operations of the Sibyl; though the tongues of both Mary and Norry loudly proclaimed their disbelief in her skill. The patient's chest was bare; on it the fortune-teller had placed a penny, on which stood an end of lighted candle, and the whole was covered with a broken tumbler. On this she continued to gaze with intense interest, muttering some gibberish, which she informed her auditors was the charm. "Wait till the candle burns out, thin give me the nine coppers, Murphy, an it's yersilf ull see the bone riz; an it ull be done the nine mornins, an thin it's meesilf ull warrant the cure." The broken-hearted man, almost in his dotage, fumbled in his pocket for the few pence; and although they were his last, placed them in the hand of the crone; whilst Mrs. Sheehan impatiently exclaimed, "It's not nine days, or nine hours aythor, he'll be alive, if you don't stay the bleeding; best sind to the house for a docther, an lave this fuling; for it's a praste you'll soon be wanthing, or my name's not Mary Sheehan."

"A praste ud spile the *charm*," interrupted Mrs. Carty, in an oracular tone; "it ud be more convanient if he were moved into the little room there, an he'd be out of the merry-making to-night; for Florry ull trate us all, in coorse."

"There's some sinse in that," said Norry; "but for yer docthering, Mrs. Carty, me father's ould cow ud know betther than to cure a broken head by making a light-house of the chist." This difference of opinion, which might have terminated as most Irish differences do, was cut short by the men, who, lifting the mattress, conveyed the poor sufferer tenderly enough into the inner room, laying him on the bed hitherto occupied by Kate Gearey.

Mrs. Carty's prophecy was fulfilled: Florry did "trate thim" all that night; and the scene of action was redolent not alone of tobacco and beer, but of whisky-punch itself! Blind Murphy was, however, absent—he remained fixed by the side of his boy; and even the bride herself was to be seen oftener hovering round the couch of the patient creature, with whom she was an especial favourite, than filling the post of honour assigned her as mistress of the revels.

"Kattie, child! jist see if it's asleep he is," said old Murphy, humbly; "he feels very still intirely, but I hav'n't the use of the eyes: how does he look now, darlint?"

"He luks very pale, Murphy, an breathes quite softly. What did the docther say to Pat?"

"He said he'd call whin he came his rounds to-morrow; so I sint for Father Morgan: for it's in great dread of the nite I am. But don't you stay here, Kattie, for may be it ull anger Florry; an if he changes, it's jist convaniant you are."

Kate reluctantly departed; and as she sipped the punch poured out for her by the bridegroom, her thoughts wandered still to the next room, and her eyes filled with tears as she wondered what blind Murphy would be able to do without his grandson.

"It's a burrying, not a wedding, you seem to have been at to-day, *Mrs. Daly*," said Nell, pertly, and with a marked emphasis on the name. "Thrubbles ull come soon enough, I'll warrant, widout yer meeting thim half way."

"It ud be more to yer credit, Nell, if you demaned yersilf more dacently, an poor Phil Murphy dying in the nixt room to you: it's no feeling you iver had excipt for yersilf; an that's not overmuch, if we may guess by yer conduct."

"Yer right, Mary," said Pat, approvingly; "I hope God will reward you, Kate; but for the young rascal who pitched the stone, I'll be even wid him, an tache him to murther an honest man's child."

"You'd betther wait till yer sober, Pat Sheehan," said his wife impressively. Thus admonished, her lord and master hung his head, although the discussion was angrily carried on by the rest, Phil being, as we have already said, beloved by them all.

"This cums of having thim whining, canting missioners amongst us," said Jack Burke; "an I tell you onst for all, Mrs. Flanneghan, if I catch any of thim here, I'll not lave a whole bone in his skin; I'll sarve thim as Maurice Kelley did last Sunday, an no mistake."

"How was that?" inquired Florry; "Maurice isn't one to be thricked or talked over, that's sartain."

"Why, you know, Maurice lives in a garret in the turn-court, an has as fine an attic full of childer as you'd meet in a fine summer's day. Now, you see, the school in the 'Hollow' wasn't so well attinded as they wished; the childer were here to-day an gone to-morrow; an though they talked big enough of the numbers that cum into the school, they forget, somehow, to mintion how many go out of it. They've done all they could lately, to be shure: they tould lies of the clargy, poked books undher the doores, invited all the dif ould women to have the Scripters read to thim; still they couldn't manage Maurice. At last they got a pracher who calls himself Irish, an says he, 'Me fine chaps, blud's thicker than wather; I'll convart all the Grakes, an Cockneys too, you'll see.' So he packed a bundle of Scripters undher his arm, an there's scarce a hole in the coorte where he hasn't inthroduced himsilf, in an out, like a hen on a hot griddle; and whin the peeple are sick, he watches till the neybours are gone, thin in he pops, whips out his book, and bawls away like a good 'un: so the min all vowed to duck him in the will, if ever they catched him. Well, on Sunday he bided his time; he thought Kelley was out, an detarmined to thry his luck wid the ould woman an childer; so up he sneaked two pair of stairs, an knocks quite saftly at the doore. It seems no one heerde it; so he opened it, an takin off his hat, was jist goin to open his mouth too, whin who should he see but Maurice feeding his youngest child wid bacon an cabbage, an no bad thing ayther. Maurice stared a moment, down wid the girl off his knee, up wid his fist, an bolt to his visiter. The missioner was a leetle surprised, an not havin a spache ready, 'pitched a tune.' So Kelley, not wanthing music, kicked him down the two flights into the coorte, he singing all the time, though he cut fast enuff whin his feet touched dhry land."

"What's he like?" inquired Florry, laughing.

"Like himsilf, to be sure; folkes do say he was a Catholic onst, an that makes the peeple more bitther aginst him."

Muttered threats against missioners, ragged-schools, and all who allowed their children to frequent them, "pawning their sowls to the divil, becase they hadn't courage to sill thim outright," were aimed at Mrs. Flanneghan, who sat in bodily

fear her husband might illustrate his arguments in a manner more forcible than pleasing, when a gentle rap at the door occasioned a momentary pause among the orators, whose eloquence had been considerably improved by the frequency and strength of their potations. Though not at the moment gifted with remarkable clearness of vision, they could yet discern the intruder to be a stranger, below the middle height, with a profusion of chestnut hair, mild blue eyes, and a peculiarly unassuming and pleasing expression of countenance; he was very young too, and certainly unaccustomed to so noisy an assembly as that he now encountered.

"Talk of the divil, his horns appear," roared Burke, springing to his feet. "By St. Patrick, it's the missioner; I seed him in the Buildings jist now. Turn him out, boys! turn him out!" and some words were exchanged in Irish which sent the blood from the cheeks of Kate.

"Is there not a person sick here?" inquired the stranger, endeavouring to advance.

"Hear that, now," ejaculated Sheehan. "His tongue's thruer than his heart, I'll warrant."

"How long is it since you cast yer skin?" inquired Burke, seconding the question by an energetic shove, which caused the slight frame at which it was levelled to reel for a moment.

"For whom do you take me?" he gently asked. "I came to see one Phil Murphy, who is ill."

"For a Methodist baste, you decaver—an tak *that* for your pains;" and Florry in his turn aimed a blow, which, but for his own unsteadiness, would have proved a severe one.

"One word, my men," continued the stranger, firmly; "you have been drinking; but I tell you at once, I am a Catholic priest, come to see the sick man." There was a momentary lull; but Daly, further gone and more reckless than the rest, answered, "Yer no sich thing: don't I know all the clargy, God bless thim! an do you think it's the likes of me that ud touch a praste? God forbid! I'll pay you off for that lie with the rest, you parvarting vagabond! Where's Father Morgan, thin?"

"Father Morgan is ill," answered the young man. "If you kill me, I must do my duty;" and he moved towards the door of the inner room.

"An you don't go that way, me boy," said Jack Burke, exchanging another short sentence in Irish with Daly. Kate sprang forward, and hurriedly exclaimed:

"For the love of the Blessed Virgin, not that way, sir! or they'll have you into the will; the dhrink's in thim to-nite."

The intended victim crossed himself devoutly: that action

saved his life. The ringleaders drew back, though Florry, who had not heeded it, kicked out with such force, that, losing his balance, he fell backwards, and was rendered harmless, at least for the time. It was at this moment the outer door opened, and Maurice Kelley, who had been invited to the feast, entered with evident surprise at the warlike aspect of the revellers.

"Come here, Maurice Kelley, an tell us is this the pracher?" said Sheehan, rather dubiously.

"The pracher?" exclaimed Kelley, taking off his hat respectfully; "why, man alive, it's Father Horton. Long life to your riverince!"

"Father Horton? a praste! *an I sthruck him!*" said Burke, falling on his knees, and thumping his breast. "Oh, yer riverence, forgive me, an I promise to chop off the hand that was riz aginst the clargy, for it's no good it ull iver do me agin."

"That were indeed useless," said the young priest kindly; "for your conduct to myself I have nothing to forgive, since it proceeded from a mistake; but you must ask pardon of Almighty God for offending him by such scenes as the present, and a fellow-creature so near to you on the verge of eternity."

"An," stammered Florry, trying to rise, "I promise nixt time yer riverince visits us, to take you on me back an carry you over the coorte, like a baste that I am, for kicking you."

"Your legs do not at present seem capable of supporting yourself. Now be as quiet as you can; and may God bless and reform you all." The door closed behind Father Horton; and when he returned, a good hour afterwards, most of the men were snoring on the floor, their slumbers enduring until late the following morning. Kate and Mary watched with the blind old man by the suffering Phil; and so ended the day of Kate Gearey's ill-omened marriage.

THE DOCTRINE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

*On the social Advantages that may be anticipated from a dogmatic Definition of the Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary.**

I.

MANY persons have thought it strange that the supreme Pastor of the Church during his exile at Gaeta, whither he had been driven by the vast and terrible revolutions which then agitated Europe, and more particularly Rome, should have selected that precise moment for taking the sense of the universal Church, through the organ of the entire Catholic Episcopate, upon a question purely dogmatic, and, as it would at first sight appear, far from having any bearing upon the tempest which at that time shook the world. Pius IX., by his Encyclical of February 2, 1849, enjoined the Bishops both to pray themselves, and to cause the faithful of their respective dioceses publicly and solemnly to pray, for light from Almighty God, and then to reply to his letter and to tell him what was the belief of the faithful, and what their love and devotion for the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, and what was the desire felt by the Bishops and their people on the subject of that mystery being defined as an article of faith by the Holy See. Secondly, he enjoined the Bishops to give their opinion on the desirableness and opportuneness of such a dogmatic definition being made at the present moment.

The impulse thus given by an exiled Pope was followed by a number of pastoral letters and conferences, by much prayer and study, and then by the required answers. Throughout the stormy year 1849 and during a part of 1850, whilst Europe was being agitated by seditions and revolts, by civil and foreign wars, there was going on within the bosom of the Church, which in many places was itself the subject of these agitations, prayer, discussion, and consultation; and finally an answer was given to the Vicar of Jesus Christ on the subject of the common belief of this mystery, and of the desirableness of dogmatically defining it. The answers, which were almost all written and for the most part sent during the time of the revolution, were all received by the beginning of 1851;

* The following article is taken from a recent number of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, a magazine published by the Jesuits in Rome, and generally understood to be under the especial sanction of his Holiness. In addition therefore to its own intrinsic interest and value, this document may also be looked upon as bearing almost an official character. We translate from the *Univers*.

and taken all together, they present the appearance of a dispersed council. They are about 500 in number; but the Bishops whose advice they contain are far more numerous, for one letter is sometimes signed by the Bishops of a whole province, or even kingdom. There is no language, or tribe, or people, or nation, which is not in some way represented in these documents; from Corea and the western coasts of Japan to the regions of Peru and California, from the northern shores of the Baltic to Australia and the Cape of Good Hope. The belief, the sentiments, and the wishes of two hundred millions of Catholics could not be attested in a manner more worthy or more authentic.

We have had occasion to study these documents attentively. With regard to the first question of the Encyclical, relating to the belief of the faithful in this mystery and their devotion towards it, the testimony of the Bishops is unanimous, firm, and decided. The belief, they say, is universal; on this point there is no hesitation either amongst the people or the clergy; and, saving a few rare exceptions, the desire to see this mystery dogmatically defined is equally general. Twenty-nine Bishops perhaps out of thirty write in this strain, and testify both their own conviction and desire.

We leave to theologians the care of examining whether a feeling so universal and unanimous amongst the faithful, and one may say amongst the entire Catholic episcopate, furnishes a sufficient motive and argument for a dogmatic definition; it is for them to judge whether the obscurity, whatsoever it be, in which are veiled the beginnings of the tradition relative to this belief, is sufficiently compensated by the universality and unanimity of the actual belief; whether what the Church has hitherto done, both by the solemn feasts which she celebrates and by the decree in which she expressly excepts the Blessed Virgin from the universal law of original sin, can now justify this last step. For ourselves, we abstain from passing any judgment on the purely dogmatic question, on which persons more specially versed in such studies will pronounce. We await with calm and respectful silence the supreme judgment of the Holy See, and shall carefully abstain from forestalling the opinion which will by and by be given with authority by those to whom the care has been confided of examining the purely theological question.

It is only on the second question of the Encyclical that we shall permit ourselves to make some observations, because that is a question which belongs to our own especial branch of study, and because that alone has met with a sort of opposition from some Bishops, few in number it is true, but

of grave authority, and—which is of greater importance—for reasons which deserve to be weighed with the most serious attention. This second question relates to the opportuneness and advisableness of such a dogmatic definition under existing circumstances. Now, very excellent prelates have thought that, should this definition be made in order to satisfy the holy desire of pious persons, it might expose the Church to new calumnies on the part of her adversaries, as though she fabricated new dogmas; and, on the other hand, they have thought that at a moment when there seems a universal tendency in all heterodox nations to join themselves to the centre of Catholic unity, it might perhaps be a new obstacle in the way of those heretics who are disposed to be converted, if they were to see the Church impose upon them as of obligation a belief which hitherto she had simply left to the piety of the faithful.

These considerations appear to us the more weighty, inasmuch as this faculty which the Church possesses of defining a truth as of faith, being the greatest power which can be exercised over man, it would seem as though its exercise were not altogether left without limits, and that these limits can only be determined by the precise necessity of preserving intact the deposit of the faith. This is the induction which we seem to draw from the facts of history: for it does not appear that the Church has ever defined a dogma except for the sake of condemning a contrary error; certainly it does not appear that she has ever done it for the sake of honouring any object of fervent devotion, or of satisfying the pious desire of the faithful, however ardent and universal. It might seem, then, as though the very universality and firmness of the belief in this mystery, which are attested by the whole episcopate, so far from calling for a definition, should rather produce the contrary effect; for they prove precisely that this definition is not needed; and, as we have just said, necessity alone, according to our notion, should determine the exercise of this power, the greatest of all that have been accorded by Jesus Christ to his Church.

On the whole, then, it may be said, that there needs some error, some heresy as to this admirable privilege of the Blessed Virgin, to make the dogmatic definition of the privilege itself necessary for the condemnation of such error or heresy. Thus the divine maternity and the perpetual virginity of Mary, though they were firmly and universally believed by the faithful from the earliest times of the Church, would perhaps never have been dogmatically defined by councils, if blasphemers and impure heresiarchs had not been found to combat them.

For the same reason, however ardent may be the desire of the faithful for a dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, the mind shrinks before the question of its present desirableness and opportuneness, or at least it hesitates before deciding in the affirmative. Besides this, in times when the human intellect is going so strangely astray, and the Catholic body is infested by a flood of theoretical and practical errors to a degree which makes one fear a tyranny of error and the invasion of a new barbarism, it would seem to be at least inopportune that the Church should occupy herself with making a definition about a truth which no one denies, and of which the heterodox, the half-Catholic, and the demagogue do not even think; and should the definition be made, it would only cause them to think of it, that they might turn it into ridicule by their sarcasms and their blasphemies.

Such are the reasons which seem to tell against the question of opportuneness; nevertheless (which seems at first sight most strange) the very facts, which, when taken together, give such force to these reasons, namely, the attacks to which the Church is now exposed, are precisely those which induce a great number, we may say the majority, of the Bishops, as well as a very large number of the best instructed and most pious amongst the faithful, to decide in favour of the opportuneness of the desired definition. They believe and affirm that its effect would be to dissipate the darkness of modern errors, to bring back the wanderers to the right road, and to give a mortal blow to the infuriated enemies of Jesus Christ and of his Church. And hence it is incredible what earnest supplications they make to the chair of St. Peter, and by what ardent prayers they implore the supreme Pontiff, to put an end to all delays, and to come at once to the definition they sigh after, and from which they do not hesitate to prophesy the re-establishment of order throughout the world. We are well aware that such a persuasion may have its origin only in a filial confidence towards the Mother of God, the faithful having a firm conviction that the more fervent, devout, and confiding they are in their homage to her, the more generous she will be in her protection of them. It may be, however, that this universal sentiment of deep confidence, knit up (so to speak) with the dogmatic definition of this special privilege, may have some reason more elevated, more mysterious, and more profoundly logical, than the mere general one which we have named, and which would be applicable to *all* homage rendered to our Blessed Lady. If between the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception, and the condemnation *en masse* of all the monstrous errors which in our days infest

the world, there be some close tie and intimate relation, of such a nature that one of these two things cannot take place without the other, should we not be authorised in recognising in this sentiment of the Bishops and the faithful, not only a burst of devotion and an unlimited confidence in the protection of the Blessed Virgin, but also a new proof of what may be called the *supernatural logical sense* with which the Church is gifted, and by which, under the directing action of the Divine Spirit, she sometimes discerns between the diverse truths of the faith that intimate and hidden tie which pious people *feel*, but cannot reason upon, which they affirm with undoubting faith, but of which they have scarcely an explicit or definite consciousness? May we not say too that the terrible circumstances under which the sovereign Pontiff conceived and matured this design, whilst the faithful by their prayers obtained for him greater light, and the Bishops confirmed him in his project by their studies and replies, all in this affair seems conducted by a mysterious providence? In the very moment when the Church was suffering under the practical consequences of the prevailing errors, guided by a hidden hand, she was forging and polishing, as it were, the powerful weapon by which she was at once to condemn and crush them.

Now, if we are not deceived, we recognise in this connexion, this intimate relation between two objects at first sight so different, the dogma of the Immaculate Conception and the condemnation of all the modern errors, a tie not only reasonable but even necessary; so much so, indeed, that the definition of this dogma may be considered as the most powerful and the most opportune barrier which can at the present time be devised to oppose the invasion of heresy, whether open or secret. If this be so, then the doubt as to the opportuneness of the definition vanishes at once, because there would clearly appear to be a real necessity for it. Heretics, far from experiencing in this definition a new obstacle to their conversion, would find in it new encouragement; for they would see by what simple means the Church guards the integrity of the faith against a phalanx of errors, before which not only their own sects, but the whole world seems to stand still and to be silent. Moreover, the sarcastic laugh of the impious ones who scoff at the Church, because, say they, amidst such an outpouring of doctrines she busies herself about Conceptions and Hearts,—this infernal laugh, we repeat, will die away on their lips when they see that yet again this time, according to the promise of God, it is the foot of the lowly Virgin of Nazareth that crushes the head of Lucifer, their chief and master.

But does there really exist between these two objects a tie so intimate, a relation so close, that the dogmatic definition demanded by the faithful necessarily includes that condemnation of errors which is imperatively called for by the condition of modern times? We think so; and we proceed to give the reasons for our conviction, requesting our readers to supply, by their own intelligence and reflection, what may be wanting in the fulness of a demonstration which our limited space precludes us from giving in its fullest development.

II.

Every one knows how for the last three centuries, that is to say, ever since the appearance of Protestantism, the war of Satan against the Church has assumed the most gigantic proportions. The mystery of iniquity goes on developing and manifesting itself more and more with a continually increasing energy and universality, preparing the way for the man of sin, who shall be revealed in the end of time. From this grand heresy has sprung Rationalism; at first, theological Rationalism, then theological and philosophical; by and by, theological, philosophical, and political; and now at last, theological, philosophical, political, and social. The heresy of Luther, the philosophy of the last century, the French revolution, and modern Socialism, are but the four ages, the four epochs, as it were, of one and the same system, which has received no new idea from any one of them, but simply an ulterior development of itself, each later development containing all the characteristics of those which have gone before it. This Rationalism is built upon ideal Pantheism, which it applies to every thing that concerns man in his religious and social capacity, either theoretically or practically; and hence it forms a vast system of error, attacking and corrupting religion and morals, the arts and siences, literature and politics, the family, and, in a word, every thing upon earth; threatening to raze to the very foundations the whole fabric of human society, with the intention of constructing it afresh after some Utopian model, and giving it a new *organisation humanitaire*. The zealous and indefatigable executives, as it were, of this theoretical system of impiety are the innumerable modern sects, who apply themselves in every possible way to realise it, and who may be said to form a priesthood, apostolate, and hierarchy, diametrically opposed to the priesthood, apostolate, and hierarchy of the Catholic Church. The secret societies too, although exclusively political in all outward semblance, have all of them an anti-Catholic tendency more or less explicit, the same that has been mentioned above; for even the sects them-

selves are only blind instruments in the hands of the principal leaders; and these, it may be, have really a religious, far more than a political aim in what they do.

The fundamental principle of this Rationalism in all its thousand forms is this,—the Deification of the human reason, which they raise, first above all dogma, then above truth, and finally identify with God; yes, even with God, whom they liken to the great whole, and who, they pretend, exists principally, and makes a personal revelation of Himself, in mankind collectively, individual specimens of humanity being only minute portions of Him, or finite and transient manifestations of Him. The inevitable consequence of this monstrous system, or rather its necessary logical foundation, is the absolute denial of original sin, the Catholic idea of which is either denied as a pure fable or transformed into a simple myth. According to this system, man is free from corruption, is perfect and holy by nature; consequently there can be nothing in him by nature which is not pure, holy, and perfect. If in process of time he appears miserable and degraded, this is to be attributed to the fault of social and religious laws which have spoilt him; against these, therefore, it is necessary that we should wage war, in order to deliver the whole human race, and to reconstruct it in a state of perfection, according to a new system of morals, a new science, a new Church, a new and universal association of all mankind. Hence it is that they so frequently speak of *the future destinies of mankind*, of *men of the future*, of *a new emancipation*, and even *redemption of mankind*. These forms of speech are absolutely without meaning, unless taken in the sense we have indicated above. They further assert that all the instincts of man, of whatever kind, are good and divine; and consequently that he ought to be wholly disengaged from every trammel, whether material or moral, which would hinder their full development and perfect satisfaction. Hence follows, as a necessary consequence, the entire freedom of the flesh, the unrestrained liberty of woman, and the annihilation of property and of every domestic relation. Man is completely independent; human nature alone is essentially supreme; and the will of mankind, therefore, is the only law that the world ought to recognise: its sovereignty is the only legitimate power; every other sovereignty is mere usurpation and tyranny, from which people should take care to emancipate themselves at all costs. Our ultimate destiny, our highest bliss, is to be found here below, and we shall arrive at it by an indefinite and inevitable progress. Since, then, there was no necessity to redeem man from any fault, Christ was only a human philosopher (*un philosophe humanitaire*), and His mission was purely one of

civilisation, and belonging to this earth. By and by people attributed to Him the prerogatives and characteristics of God-human-nature (*Dieu-humanité*, for this is how they interpret the name of God-Man, or Man-God), in order to make of Him an ideal perfection; consequently His history is a mere collection of myths. This is a faithful summary of the principal dogmas of this diabolical system; and the applications to which it naturally lends itself are most wicked and horrible. If any one doubts this, let him read the writings that have been published by German Transcendentalism and French Eclecticism.*

Side by side with this abominable system there has sprung up a kind of *semi-Rationalism:* it is held by certain pseudo-Catholics of the present day, principally Italians; whether in good or bad faith, we will not inquire. These men, without professing to follow or to encourage the errors of the system already described, have nevertheless many points of contact with it, and teach doctrines which, when rigorously pressed to their logical conclusion, infallibly lead to the same horrible falsehoods as we have just been speaking of.

They do not, indeed, in so many words, deify the human reason, yet they attribute to it a sovereign dignity; and although they profess a desire to reconcile it with faith, yet in fact they give it an absolute supremacy over faith. *In words* they admit a double order of things, the natural and supernatural; but when they come to explain them, they confound and identify the one with the other. They do not deny original sin; but practically they disown its effects, and disapprove of the mortification of the flesh, as well as of every other ascetical exercise which savours of restraint and subjection for the senses of man, or of expiation for his soul. They acknowledge the happiness of the world to come; but they will have it that its principal means and its beginning consist in a search after a material happiness here below. The cause, the source, and the guardian of this happiness is, they say, the Catholic religion; they will not have that religion on any other terms: on the contrary, they are ready to renounce it, if they cannot make it an instrument for procuring this earthly happiness. They recognise a tribunal of

* The narrow limits we have imposed upon ourselves for the present article do not allow us to cite the authors, still less the lengthy extracts which would be necessary to give a complete exhibition of the whole system. But any one who is at all familiar with the writings of the principal modern *Reformers* will not fail to recognise in what we have said the substance at least of all these monstrous and Utopian conceptions. If there were any occasion for it, nothing would be easier than to draw out the whole plan from the very words of its authors and their scholars. The same may be said of the semi-Rationalism of which we are going to speak presently.

truth; but it is nothing else than universal opinion, which they proclaim mistress of the world. They grant that a government is necessary; but they would have it emanate from the people, who should always have the right of taking it away again from those to whom they had entrusted it; or even if they limit this right to certain specific cases, yet they always make the people the sovereign judge in this matter without appeal, and in their will they recognise the only law which exists in the world. They attribute to society the right of punishing crimes; but they take care to remove from it all idea of expiation, and to reduce it to a simple right of self-defence. They reject the fatalism of progress; but they keep the minds of men in a perpetual agitation, by the idea of an unlimited process of perfection, and of a continual advance towards some unknown and uncertain boundary. They foolishly persuade themselves that they shall be able to banish from the world pain, misery, and crime, by means of certain machineries of government and of administration which the unbridled caprice of their imagination is for ever inventing, and which they would fain impose upon the people, even in spite of all their repugnance. They protest that they do not aim at making a new Church different from the Church Catholic; but they wish to have it purified from I know not what stains, and, as they express it, modernised. A Catholicism of this kind, made after their own fashion, they praise and exalt to the skies; but the real and true Catholicism which already exists, and which is professed by the clergy, the episcopate, and by the Roman Pontiff who is its head, this they accuse of being exaggerated, antiquated, too mystical, anti-social, ambitious, and all the other hard words usually applied to Jesuitism. They recognise the redemption of Christ; but they make it consist principally in its merely human and civil effects, which have a tendency towards the political liberation of the multitudes, and the improvement of the material conditions of life.

This mitigated species of Rationalism, which we have called semi-Rationalism, in order to distinguish it from the first, which belongs in a particular manner to France and Germany, is the real sore of Italy. It may be seen in nearly all the *liberal* writings of these latter years, which are framed, for the most part, after the model of the works of Gioberti, who is at once their most zealous promoter and most prolific author.

All who have been led away by either of these forms of error, either by Rationalism or by semi-Rationalism, do in fact disown Jesus Christ and return to Paganism: *blasphemaverunt sanctum Israel, abalienati sunt retrorsum.* And they

return, too, to a Paganism far worse than that of old; for it is a Paganism which arises not from their never having known the Gospel, but from their having known and abjured it; and therefore it is a Paganism that has no hope of a future reconciliation: *impossibile est eos, qui semel sunt illuminati . . . et prolapsi sunt, rursus renovari ad pœnitentiam.*

If we desire to trace these two systems of error to their common source, and to indicate the point of contact whereat they meet, we may say that they are to be found together under the tree of knowledge, so fatal to our first parents of old. Both agree in denying or perverting the idea of original sin: Rationalism denies this sin in its cause; semi-Rationalism in its effects: the one maintains that the word of Lucifer, "Ye shall be as gods," is verified in man; the other denies the word of God which pronounced a penalty upon man for his fault, "Cursed is the earth in thy work; with labour and toil shalt thou eat thereof all the days of thy life; thorns and thistles shall it bring forth to thee." If human nature is God, as Rationalism asserts, then there could not be original sin in man, because man had nobody whom he could obey. If human reason and the natural tendency of man have those prerogatives which semi-Rationalism attributes to them, if men themselves ought to enjoy a terrestrial happiness here below, then the effects and punishment of original sin are annihilated, and consequently original sin itself is not.

From this first principle, whence the two systems of Rationalism and semi-Rationalism set out as from a common centre, arises that close analogy which we observe between their ulterior conclusions. It is true indeed that, by reason of a faulty logic, semi-Rationalism does not draw those conclusions in the same hard and decided way in which Rationalism does; nevertheless the conclusions which it draws are closely analogous; as, for instance, if Rationalism denies Christ by reducing him to a mere idea, semi-Rationalism misconstrues his character and his mission. If Rationalism breaks all bonds, both material and moral, whereby men are commonly restrained, semi-Rationalism certainly relaxes them far more than the laws of right reason and of the faith would allow. If Rationalism denies the Catholic Church, semi-Rationalism accuses it of having erred and forsaken its former purity. If Rationalism annihilates all idea of legitimate government, semi-Rationalism gives it a false origin, by making it depend upon the fickle will of subjects. If Rationalism knows no other happiness than that of this world, semi-Rationalism makes the happiness of the next world to be nothing more than a consequence of present happiness. In a word, both the one and the other

disfigure and misrepresent Jesus Christ, his Church, and man, and tend to the dissolution of all civil and religious society. But there is this difference between them, that one, by the very impudent daring of its theories, puts you on your guard against it; whereas the other, by the mask of moderation which it wears, inspires you with confidence, and so seduces you the more easily. They may differ from one another in the degrees of their intrinsic wickedness, and in the powers they respectively have of doing injury to society and to the Church; nevertheless, it is certain that two systems mutually disowning and condemning one another could not have so many points in common, did they not spring from one common source. For ourselves, after having carefully examined the subject, we are unable to assign to them any other common source but only this, namely, that they both deny the actual state of man upon this earth; his natural corruptness; his destination to a future life, which ought to be the law and rule of his present life; his need of expiation by means of works which he does himself, but which derive all their efficacy from the merits of a Redeemer, Whose idea they have perverted, His mission misconstrued, and radically falsified His character. In short, they deny in substance original sin, either in itself or in the effects which it produces upon man, and consequently in the remedy which has been provided for it by Jesus Christ.

III.

When we consider the extent to which these errors prevail, the mischief which they bring to morals, science, education, politics, and religion, and the activity with which secret associations every where labour to introduce and to propagate them, we cannot but turn our eyes towards the Church to implore from her a prompt and efficacious remedy for so many evils, to supplicate our good Mother to lift up her voice to warn her children who are exposed to such danger, and by her divine light to dissipate the darkness which has fallen upon so many seduced and erring minds. The Church has never failed in this duty: let us remember what she did in other times against the many ramifications of the Manicheans, who, under the names of Cathari, Illuminati, Fratres Parvi, Poor Men of Lyons, Albigenses, Patarini, &c. prepared the way for all modern sects. It is incredible, then, that she should be silent now, when the peril is far greater, when the errors are far more widely spread and more fatal. The eyes of all good men turn towards her, and towards her chief Pastor, to whom our Lord Jesus Christ has confided the care of feeding His flock and of removing it from empoisoned and dangerous pas-

tures. And let it not be said that the condemnation of these errors is already contained in the doctrine of the Church, and in the definitions already made by so many Pontiffs and Councils; for the new forms which these errors have taken, the new applications which have been made of them, the readiness with which in these days we see so many men fall victims to them,—all this shews that the remembrance of ancient definitions no longer suffices, but that there is need of the voice and hand of her whom God has given us for our master and guide to protect us in our pressing need against the snares of our enemies.

Now the evil which these errors have produced is already so great, love has so universally waxed cold, the infatuation of the people has become so profound, that but little effect would be produced even by a solemn and formal condemnation that should only shew the evil principles of these errors. Such a condemnation might serve to enlighten the mind, but it would not kindle the heart. The measure, then, which would seem to us most wise and most opportune in our actual necessities, would be to find some means of condemnation which not only should enlighten the mind, but which should serve at the same time to inflame the hearts of the faithful. This end would be attained by proposing to their devotion an object which is dear to them, whose dogma is closely knit up with the condemnation of the above-mentioned errors, and in which is contained, and as it were personified, the Catholic dogma directly opposed to them. This would be the means the most effective, as it seems to us, for overcoming them, by the power it would have, not only speculative but practical, to excite throughout the world the piety of the faithful and the zeal of their pastors. We think this the more worthy of consideration also, because it is impossible that the condemnation of the two systems should contain any new positive dogmatic definition, since the two fundamental dogmas which are opposed to them, viz. the dogma of original sin, and that of its reparation by our Lord Jesus Christ, have been already defined by the Church. Such a condemnation, then, stopping short at the mere negative side (so to speak) of the question, the generality of the faithful would have no positive object which would serve as a measure whereby they could apprehend the negative side of the error condemned. It is true, indeed, that these two dogmas would be thus confirmed to the eyes of faith; still they would not have any thing new for the faithful; and yet, as we have said, there is an absolute necessity, under existing circumstances, of a new object being proposed to their faith,—an object already believed by the piety of all individually, and embody-

ing in some sort, and representing in a concrete and sensible manner, the truths that are opposed to the condemned errors; an object which, being dear to the people and to their pastors, would have an admirable power to awaken the zeal of the one and the piety and affection of the other.

Now it is this which would be produced by a belief in the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, supposing the Church were to define it as a dogma of faith in a decree which should at the same time condemn these heresies also. The two following propositions will serve to develope and explain this idea.

1*st Proposition.—The Church, by defining that the Blessed Virgin was preserved by the grace of Jesus Christ from original sin, because she was predestined to be the Mother of God, would propose to the faithful an object of dogmatic* cultus; *the belief of which would include under a living and concrete form the condemnation of all the errors of Rationalism and of heterodox semi-Rationalism.*

This proposition is so evident that it does not need explanation. For who does not see the consequences that necessarily flow from this dogma? If Mary, by a singular privilege, was preserved from original sin, then the posterity of Adam is neither pure nor holy in its origin, but corrupted and guilty, and in need of a Redeemer. If Mary was preserved because she was to be the Mother of God, then our Lord Jesus Christ, her son, is not a mere idea, but an historical and real person; then this person is something different from a *philosophe humanitaire;* he is truly God, uniting in the one undivided person of the Word both the human nature and the divine. If it be to the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Redeemer of fallen humanity, that Mary owes her preservation, then the mission of Jesus Christ was not a purely earthly and social mission, but a heavenly and supernatural one, that is to say, the redemption of man from sin, from the death of the soul, and from the slavery of the devil; then the grace which He came to bring us is not political civilisation, but faith, the supernatural life, and the dignity of the adopted sons of God; then the happiness towards which He came to direct us is not the temporal happiness of this life, but the eternal happiness of heaven, and consequently the Church has no mission to procure for us this temporal happiness; she has no sort of obligation in this regard: so false is it, that worldly prosperity ought to be taken as a criterion or as a distinctive characteristic of the true Church. If man, through the sin of our first parent, is fallen from the state of original justice, and if Mary alone has been preserved from this sin, then all that tends to

reform the disorderly passions, to resist the ardours of concupiscence, to supply by the lights of faith the defects of our natural ignorance and the weakness of our obscured reason, to accomplish by works of penance that which our Lord Jesus Christ has left us to do in the way of expiation, *ea quæ desunt passionum Christi* (Col. i. 24),—all these things, I say, are not the exaggerations of the middle ages, the excesses of an ultra-mysticism, but are on the contrary good and sound; then the earth is a place of expiation, of exile, of trial, of combat between the flesh and the spirit,—a place wherein we must strive without ceasing in order that we may merit a better life beyond the tomb. If man has sinned, then he was not naturally independent, but has a law over him which he is bound to obey; then are all those maxims false and erroneous which talk of the pretended absolute liberty of man, of the independence of thought, of the reign of opinion, and of the sovereignty of mankind.

All these truths, and many others which we might enumerate, would be contained in the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, as in a principle or in a common formula; and, which is still more important, they would be continually represented to the minds of the faithful in a lively manner, being personified, as it were, and set before them in a concrete form in the *cultus* that would be paid to this singular and supreme privilege of the august Mother of God: they would be absolutely identified with the belief in this privilege. And this result would be of unspeakable value wherever Rationalism has gained an entrance among a people; for to rekindle a people's faith, there is need of sensible concrete objects, of truths which speak not only to their understandings, but also to their imaginations and senses, being addressed to the heart, and causing themselves to be felt even more than they are understood.

2d Proposition.—The definition of this dogma, joined to a condemnation of the errors we have spoken of, would be a very powerful means of reviving the faith and piety of all Christian people, and of exciting the zeal of their pastors.

The tender devotion of Catholics, both laity and clergy, for this admirable privilege of Mary, is a fact which cannot be denied. Together with this devotion, there is a very ardent and almost universal desire to see this privilege declared an article of the faith by the infallible oracle of the sovereign Pontiff. The ardour and universality of the prayers upon this subject addressed to the Holy See from all quarters, is a fact which has no parallel in the history of the Church. What wonderful effects, then, may we not expect from a definition

so earnestly desired, more especially when men see that it contains, in fact, a condemnation of all those errors which are now devastating society and the Church? Would it not excite a general zeal to repudiate and abhor those errors, by seeing the opposition which they involve to the dearest privilege of Mary? At a time when so many sectarians of different kinds are bound to one another by the most odious oaths, with the intent of perverting society by the diffusion of the errors of Rationalism and the deceitful subterfuges of semi-Rationalism, they would find an impenetrable barrier in this association of all the faithful, knit together in the contrary belief by means of a practical creed, that is to say, by the worship paid to the Immaculate Virgin, who triumphs over these errors. Belief in this mystery would be as a common tie among them, a kind of watchword, a summary profession of the faith, a protest ever fresh and energetic against all these infernal doctrines.

The ardent devotion towards this singular privilege of the Blessed Virgin wherewith the faithful are animated, would excite them to remove from their minds every vestige of these heresies, and to embrace and venerate the opposite truths, which would be defined at the same time with the mystery which they protect, or rather, which are in fact an integral part of that mystery. A short statement, put forth by authority, would explain the Church's definition, and shew in a clear and precise form the errors which it condemns. This being translated into all languages, and distributed by thousands among all nations, would re-establish that unity of belief which has been so grievously impaired by the intellectual anarchy which is the bane of modern society. Add to this the labours of the ministers and preachers of God's word, who would raise up their voices in the midst of the faithful on occasion of the solemnity which would be celebrated in every part of the world; with what force will they not speak? what impression will they not be sure to produce upon men's minds? Thus the Church by a single blow would obtain an immense effect over all modern heresies, and their defeat would be as complete as it was unlooked for. For why should not the effect of this definition at the present day be the same as that which followed the famous definition of the Divine Maternity (Mother of God) pronounced in the first general Council of Ephesus?

These advantages appear to us to be of such great importance, that in order to attain them one should not hesitate to disregard the imputation with which the Church has been so often assailed, and which her new enemies would certainly

bring against her now,—the imputation of forging new dogmas. Then would be verified in very deed what the Bishops and all pious souls continually say, but which at first we could not quite understand; namely, that from the dogmatic definition of the Immaculate Conception would arise the re-establishment of order in the world, the destruction of errors, the remedy of our present evils, and the commencement of a new era, not indeed of perfect bliss, but such as will at least allow the troubles and trials of this life to be tempered by the light of faith and the consolations of hope. Moreover, since it is not likely that the fervent piety of Christian people towards this mystery will grow cool and become extinct, the remedy which it would bring to our present evils would be not only effective and universal, but also in some sense perpetual; for there would be always in the minds of the faithful a lively and vigorous protest against the errors of Rationalism continually kept up by that object of worship in which, as we have said, the contrary doctrines are, as it were, concentrated and personified.

The great number of errors which would be condemned in this way leads us to another consideration, which both redounds to the honour of the Blessed Virgin, and at the same time is full of consolation to the Church. It cannot be denied but that modern Rationalism contains within itself all the heresies that have ever existed up to the present day, not even excepting the old and gigantic heresy of Paganism. Neither, again, can it be denied, that partly through the misfortune of these times, but still more through the secret plotting of sects which envelope the whole world as with one vast net, this Rationalism is spread abroad every where, and that every where its murderous influence is more or less felt. It follows, therefore, that when the Church condemns the errors of Rationalism by defining dogmatically the Immaculate Conception of Mary, those words will be verified which we so frequently address to her, "O holy Virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all heresies in the whole world." Up to the present time, we cannot say that this has been entirely accomplished; but certainly on the present occasion the effect will be complete: for from belief in the privilege of Mary would burst forth the light that shall dissipate the darkness of all modern heresies scattered throughout the whole world; and the fervour and universality of this belief among the faithful would produce, as by a *contre-coup*, an equally strong aversion for these monstrous errors. It might be that not even the Church's enemies would have the boldness to lift up their voice, so clear and palpable would be the practical greatness

of the mystery she has defined, and its intimate connexion with the necessities of a world rushing blindly upon its own ruin. And thus, as we said before, the mocking laugh of the haughty ones would be arrested upon their lips; and those among heretics who are well disposed towards the Church would be inflamed with an ardent desire to be reunited to her fold, when they see the mildness and wisdom whereby she guides her children, and the efficacy which even her least-practical-looking decrees really have in the way of correcting the belief, and purifying and amending the morals, not only of individuals, but also of whole societies.

To all these reasons for the opportuneness at the present moment of publishing the definition we have been speaking of, we will add yet one more, which is intimately connected with the political and social state of Europe, as affected by the new direction which the affairs of France have given to the whole civilised world. In the tremendous struggle that has been going on between society and Socialism, it has pleased the Divine Providence that society should begin to get the upper hand, and that, too, by means as wonderful as they were unlooked for. France, which for more than a century past has given the impulse to revolutions in all countries, is now herself the first to rise up against revolutions; and she who was the first to throw the flaming torch into her neighbour's house is now herself labouring to put it out. This example, fruitful as it is of lessons which other nations too have not failed to apprehend for themselves from the experience of these last years, causes the present time to be peculiarly favourable for the restoration of sound ideas throughout the whole range of truths, both natural and supernatural. We do not say that this age *is* the age of the restoration of ideas, but only that it seems to be specially propitious for such a restoration. For it is very certain that this result is not to be obtained by means of *coups-d'état*, by proscribing secret societies, by putting restrictions on the press and prohibiting clubs, by transporting to Cayenne, by vast organisations of police,—in a word, by means of bayonets and cannon. Only these measures are of service towards giving at least material peace to the world, towards breaking off the thread of the wicked deceits that were going on, towards preventing the teachers of error from making recruits and proselytes from among the wicked and ignorant. In a word, they may be of service towards producing (so to speak) *a great silence* in the world, that so the truth may shew herself in her heavenly purity and brilliancy, and cause herself to be attended to by reason of the powerful attraction of her candour. We may

justly say, therefore, that this age is an age peculiarly propitious for the restoration of ideas.

Whence, then, should we Catholics look for this healing and restorative truth, but from our only mother and mistress, the Church? And what is the truth which we most anxiously expect, and which the Church could most profitably declare, if it be not that which would destroy this immense collection of sophisms, whereby Catholics are so often and so severely beset? and God grant that they may not have been in some measure already injured. And even those who have suffered themselves to be led away by these sophisms, would they not find in the authoritative declaration of the Church a motive sufficiently powerful to call them back to the road they have so unhappily forsaken?

Those who have examined what we have said with serious attention will acknowledge, we think, these two points: first, that there has been no period within the last three centuries in which a word of condemnation from the Church has been more earnestly desired or more favourably received than it would be at the present moment; secondly, that should God move his Church to speak this word, there could not be found perhaps any means of speaking it that would be more worthy of the Church, more complete, more acceptable to all, and more universally desired, than to unite with the definition of the Immaculate Conception an explicit condemnation of Rationalism and semi-Rationalism, two systems built on the same foundation, namely, the denial of original sin, either in itself or in its effects, and consequently a false and perverted idea of the redemption wrought for it.

For ourselves, assuredly we are not daring enough to pretend in these pages to give advice to those for whom we feel the respect that is due to parents and to masters; we think we have gone far enough already in publicly giving form and shape to the general desire: it belongs to the pastors to examine what we have said, and to us to leave the judgment of it in their hands with perfect submissiveness. We feel confident that they will find our desires to be both reasonable and opportune; that they will add to them their own voices and the weight of their authority, and so make them known to the holy Pontiff himself. And in this way we trust to see satisfied the most pressing want and the most tender desire of the present generation of Christians.

Reviews.

PILGRIMAGES TO JERUSALEM.

Journal of a Tour in Egypt, Palestine, Syria, and Greece. By J. Laird Patterson, M.A. London, Dolman.

The Pylgrymage of Sir Richard Guylforde to the Holy Land, A.D. 1506. Edited by Sir Henry Ellis, K.H., &c. Printed for the Camden Society, 1851.

One of these works calls itself a Journal, the other a Pilgrimage; but in truth they are both journals and both pilgrimages. *The Pylgrymage of Sir Richard Guylforde* is really the journal of the chaplain who accompanied that knight in his pilgrimage to Jerusalem in the year 1506; Mr. Patterson's journal is the pilgrimage of himself and another, in the year 1850, travelling in quest of a spiritual home and of religious truth, of which they had long felt the need, and which eventually they both found in the Holy City. The long interval of time which has elapsed between these two publications, and the still greater dissimilarity of circumstances under which they were respectively written, has given an additional interest to our perusal of each.

Mr. Patterson's book is probably already in the hands of very many of our readers. It is a clever and entertaining work, but of very unequal interest. To the reader not deeply versed in classic lore, and having no peculiar taste for such studies, the first two hundred pages will be somewhat heavy and dull. Descriptions of ruined monuments of Pagan antiquity in Upper and Lower Egypt, with the most minute architectural details expressed in proper technical terms, are but feebly enlivened by an occasional amusing incident, or a hearty laugh at some Puseyite vagary; and we fear that many persons will scarcely have had patience to wade through this first portion of the work who would greatly have enjoyed the second, the hundred pages or more which are devoted to an account of the pilgrim's sojourn in Jerusalem and the other holy places of Palestine. Next, we have another hundred pages of semi-classical, semi-political matter *à propos* to our author's return through Greece; and then an Appendix upon the different Catholic rites and hierarchies, as well as the separatist or schismatic communions to be found in the East. To many readers this Appendix will not improbably be the most interesting portion of the whole; certainly it is in some respects the most valuable, for we do not know where else we could find more

precise or more trustworthy information upon these important particulars. It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to criticise too minutely the style and form of a private journal; otherwise we should be disposed to quarrel with the very unnecessary repetition of foreign words and phrases to express ideas which are by no means beyond the compass of the vernacular, as also with the recurrence of such passages as the following, "Drank tea with Mr. ——, and met Sir E. B——, Dr. ——, Mr. ——, and Colonel ——," where the reader's interest in these incognito dashes, even though duly embellished with their respective titles, is more than problematical. On the whole, however, the volume is a most acceptable contribution to English literature, were it only for the sober and religious tone which pervades that part of it in which he speaks of Palestine; for, as the author very truly observes, "those visitors to the East who have recently put forth ingenious and brilliant accounts of their travels, have been mostly such as thought they were doing a service to society by throwing a certain air of intelligent contempt over the sacred places" of that favoured land. We could even have wished that this portion of the work—all that concerns the land of promise, its sacred traditions, its holy places, its Catholic and anti-Catholic inhabitants, and the rest—had been published in a separate form, so as to be accessible to a numerous class of readers, whom it would have deeply interested, but who will not care, or cannot afford, to look for it among so much matter of another and a less attractive nature.

The following extracts will give our readers a fair sample both of the style and subject-matter of these hundred pages, the cream of the volume, and encourage them, we hope, to have recourse to the original for more.

"*Thursday in Easter-week, April 4th.*—In the evening of this day we attended the procession and ceremony of the entombment in the Holy Sepulchre. The procession began at the column of flagellation; a sermon was preached here in Italian by Father Bernardino, a most eloquent preacher. We then moved on to the chapel of the parting of the garments, where Father Louis preached an admirable sermon, in English, on the unity of the Church, typified by the seamless robe of our Lord. On Calvary, a crucifix, with a movable figure, was planted in the very socket in which the cross once was erected. Here Father Antonio preached on the Crucifixion, in French. The image of our Lord was then taken from the cross, and conveyed down Calvary to the neighbouring stone of unction, whereon it was laid, and wrapped in fine linen by the Father guardian. Here a sermon was preached by one of the parochial clergy, which seemed to move the crowd of Arabs very deeply. The argument was, that the sufferings of our blessed Lord indicated a

love not less than divine for mankind, and hence that He was true God as well as true man. At the Holy Sepulchre, whither we next proceeded, and where the image of our blessed Lord was then deposited, a sermon, in Spanish, on the duty of dying with our Lord to sin, and rising to a new life, was preached by another Father. Every nation under heaven seemed present, and the crowd was immense. The devotion and attention of all—except the Greeks, who made every noise and interruption they could—was very striking. Many were deeply moved, and remained in prayer at the holy places long after the service was over.

". . . . On Saturday, 13th, about four o'clock, we went down to the church, and after seeing our cloaks, &c. deposited in two small chambers in the Latin convent attached to the north side of the nave, we passed an hour on Calvary. At five, we attended Compline in the Latin chapel, and then returned to Calvary and the other sacred places. At six, we went into the refectory and dined, the superior and Fra Remigio keeping us company. We then lay down (I cannot say slept, as the Armenians kept up a noisy *funzione*, which from my cell in the triforium I could too plainly hear,) till midnight. We then descended to the choir for Lauds (they were those of the festival of the Holy Sepulchre, which is always kept on the second Sunday after Easter), and a small procession during the Benedictus to the Holy Sepulchre. The stillness and solemnity of this office were most impressive. We then returned to Calvary, where, about half-past one or two, the first Mass is said. The superior said it, and several of the monks communicated. It was the first Mass I had attended on Calvary, and most awful was the privilege. At three, Mass began in the Holy Sepulchre; at the first Mass we communicated. We then heard a second low Mass, and the high Mass, which was celebrated with the usual solemnity. The magnificence and beauty of the service was rendered doubly striking from the hour and the few human eyes which beheld it. Here, indeed, the true idea of worship seemed fully realised; and one could have knelt for ever at such a service in such a place."

Not the least interesting portion of the volume is the information it gives us about the conduct and character of the schismatic Greeks in Jerusalem: we have only space for a single specimen. After vividly describing the blasphemous exhibition of "the miraculous fire," he goes on to say:

"The question has been much mooted, how far this dreadful exhibition is fairly chargeable on the clergy and Church of the Greek schism. Prejudice and feeling apart (for the latter, at least, is much involved in a judgment formed on the spot), I should say that it *is* morally chargeable on them. The upper clergy and the better-informed of the priests here deny that they teach the people to believe in the miracle; it is equally true (for I will not impugn their veracity) that they do not contradict or expose it. The lower and less-instructed priests probably believe, and certainly teach, that

it is a miracle; that is, by referring to it as a *note* of their Church, &c. The excuse of the former is, that they fear the people, and that their faith in other things might be shaken by an exposure; both utterly indefensible. The excuse of the other class is either ignorance or else none at all. As to the poor people themselves, I believe many are actuated by devotion, though certainly their manner of exhibiting it is most superstitious and most unseemly. That the habit of many centuries, and the probable origin of the ceremony (the annual extinguishing of the lights, and the solemn re-consecration of the fire, as of water and other creatures, to the service of its Creator, still practised in the Catholic Church), afford a certain palliation of their offence to the clergy, while speaking of them individually, it would be uncharitable not to admit; but as the allowed public act of a communion, it is in itself a blasphemous profanation not to be excused, and a strong point of condemnation for that communion. Indeed, nothing was more evident than that, while some individuals might be supposably influenced by devotion, the thing itself was a hindrance and a scandal to any but the profoundly ignorant, and engendered even in them a factitious and noxious imitation of a Christian grace. 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' it is written; and nothing could be more striking than the contrast between this exhibition and the Catholic solemnities of the day before. By the latter, even the alien children of the Church, and strangers to her belief, were edified and raised in the scale of moral being; by the former, the very heathen (called in to moderate the excesses of fanaticism) were disgusted and scandalised, and the actors themselves both degraded and the degraders of what they deemed most worthy to be revered."

The pilgrimage of Sir Richard Guildford is in many respects of a very different character from Mr. Patterson's; but as it is not so likely to be within our readers' reach, and as it contains a very lively picture of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem as it was at the beginning of the sixteenth century, we must find room for a few extracts from it. The author dashes at once *in medias res*, beginning his journal thus:

"Firste, the Wednysday at nyght in Passyon weke, that was y^e^ viii day of Apryle, in the yere of our Lorde God MDVI, about ix of y^e^ cloke the same nyght, we shypped at Rye in Sussex, and the nexte day, that was Shyre Thursdaye, about noone, we landed at Kyryell in Normandy, and rode to Depe the same nyght;"

and he goes on throughout the whole in the same hearty simple style.

The pilgrims arrived at Venice on the 16th of May, and remained in that city, or visiting other places in the neighbourhood, until after the feast of Corpus Christi. (We spare our readers' eyes by modernising the good chaplain's orthography.)

"The sumptuous building, the religious houses, and the stablish-

ing of their justices and councils, with all other thing that maketh a city glorious, surmounteth in Venice above all places that ever I saw. . . . . On Corpus Christi day, there was the most solemn procession that ever I saw. There went pageants of the old law and of the new, joining together the figures of the blessed Sacrament in such number and so apt and convenient for that feast, that it would make any man joyous to see it. And over that, it was a great marvel to see the great number of religious folks, and of schools that we call brotherhoods or fellowships, with their devices, which all bore lights of wondrous goodly fashion; and between every of the pageants went little children of both kinds, gloriously and richly dressed, bearing in their hands in rich cups or other vessels some pleasant flowers or other well-smelling or rich stuff, dressed as angels, to adorn the said procession. The form and manner thereof exceeded all other that ever I saw so much that I cannot write it. The duke sat in St. Mark's Church in right high estate, with all the seignyourye, and all the pilgrims were present. The duke thus sitting, the said procession came by him, and began to pass by about seven of the clock, and it was passed twelve or the said procession might come once about, passing by as fast as they might go but one time. There was great honour done to the pilgrims; for we all, most and least, went all there next the duke in the said procession, before all the lords and other estates, with lights also in our hands of wax of the freshest forming, given unto us by the ministers of the said procession."

Venice and Marseilles were the two principal ports from which European pilgrims in those days used to set forth on their voyage to the Holy Land; and though Marseilles enjoyed in some respects superior advantages, Venice was the more frequented, because of this very convenient practice of chartering a vessel every year, immediately after the feast of Corpus Christi, for this only purpose of conveying pilgrims to and from Palestine. A Belgian pilgrim, however,* writing towards the *end* of this same century, warns people against trusting to this arrangement; for "though they still keep up," he says, "the ancient practice of having a procession of pilgrims on Corpus Christi day, each pilgrim carrying a wax candle, and walking with a senator on his left hand, yet by reason of the heretics and the paucity of pilgrims who come (for men have now grown cold for this devotion), the pilgrims' vessel is no longer sent." However, heresy had not yet done its work, when Sir R. Guildford and his company set forth upon their pilgrimage. Accordingly a galley full of pilgrims departed from Venice a few days after the feast; and a second galley full about three weeks afterwards: our author and "his masters" were among the latter convoy; and just before they ar-

* Zuallard, Il Viaggio, &c., p. 40.

rived at Jaffa, they met the earlier ship, with all its pilgrims, returning homewards. On the 18th of August they cast anchor off Jaffa, and

"as soon as we had sight of the Holy Land, we sang Te Deum, and thanked joyously Almighty God, that had given us such grace to have once the sight of that most holy land."

Compare with this the corresponding passage from the journal of Mr. Patterson and his fellow-pilgrim:

"Tuesday, March 26th, being Tuesday in Holy-week, I (most unworthily) had the privilege, never sufficiently to be esteemed, of seeing the Holy City. . . . A few paces forward to assure us of the truth, and then we fell to the ground, while a crowd of thoughts laboured within me, and I strove to collect them into an act of praise and thanksgiving. We struck off from the road, among some palm-trees. When we spoke again, one said, 'Praise be to God!' the other, 'I fear to go on;' and so we walked on in silence, gazing (should a Christian be ashamed to confess it?) with eyes dimmed by tears of joy, on the walls and towers of the holiest place on earth."

There is something in the different tone of these two passages which strikes us as singularly characteristic of the different positions of the writers; the difference will be still more remarkable, if we compare with this last passage from Mr. Patterson the following few words from the *Pilgrimage:*

"This done, the procession proceeded forth, and we followed with prayers and contemplation, *as devoutly as Almighty God gave us grace.*"

How beautifully calm and peaceful is this expression of the Catholic priest! whilst in the journal of "the Anglo-Catholic deacon" there is necessarily—not from any personal failing in the writer, but from the peculiarities of his religious position at that time—a continual *strain* and effort when he gets upon subjects of this kind, which is quite painful. We speak, of course, of the earlier portions of his work, which were written before he was received into the Church. *After* that event, the style of Mr. Patterson too, as we have seen, shews symptoms of the writer having attained to a share of that "peace which passeth all understanding."

But to return to our more ancient pilgrim. As soon as they had cast anchor at Jaffa, "incontinently" they sent to Jerusalem for the father-warden of Mount Sion to come and see them safely conducted to the Holy City, a most inconvenient but indispensable measure of precaution in those days. The pilgrims were detained in the ship for a whole week before the Franciscan arrived; "the cause was, for he could no sooner leave the lords of Jerusalem and Rama to come to us, without

whose presence and conduct there can no pilgrim pass; which lords be all Mamelukes, and under the soldan." And even then they were detained on board two days longer, whilst "the warden aforesaid" was communing with these lords as to the sum which was to be paid as tribute-money for the privilege of debarkation.

"As we came out of the boat, we were received by the Mamelukes and Saracens, and put into an old cave, by name and tale, their scrivener ever writing our names man by man as we entered in the presence of the said lords; and there we lay in the same grot or cave Friday all day, upon the bare stinking stable-ground, as well night as day, right evil intreated by the Moors," &c.

At length they started in real earnest for the Holy City, but by no very rapid means of conveyance, for they were all mounted on donkeys. On the second day, however, in consequence of the sore sickness of Sir Richard Guildford and the Prior of Gisborne (in Yorkshire),

"therefore with great difficulty and outrageous cost we purveyed camels for them, and certain Mamelukes to conduct them in safety to Jerusalem, which intreated us very evil, and took much more for their pain than their covenant was."

On the last day of August they arrived at Jerusalem, and, like Mr. Patterson and his companion, were hospitably received "by the Grey Friars of Mount Sion," and under their kind and efficient guidance visited all the holy places.

"At our first entry into the place of Mount Sion, the friars sang a solemn Mass; and that done, he that sang the Mass made a right holy sermon, and shewed right devoutly the holiness of all the blessed chosen places of the Holy Land, and exhorted every man to confession and repentance, and so to visit the said holy places in cleanness of life, with such devotion as Almighty God would give unto them of his most special grace."

Our space will not allow us steadily to follow this very simple and pleasing anonymous writer through every stage of his pilgrimage, visiting all the holy places both within and without the city "whereat there was clean remission." We cannot omit, however, his account of the watching in the Holy Sepulchre "for three sundry nights, of old custom continued;" where,

"after a little refection with meat and drink, every man gave himself to prayer and contemplation, busily using the holy places aforesaid after their devotion during the whole night; and early in the morning all we that were priests said Mass, some at Calvary, some at our Lady's chapel, and some at the Holy Sepulchre, after our devotion; and the lay pilgrims were houselled (communicated)

at the high Mass which was sung at Calvary, with right great solemnity."

Having at last "sped pilgrimages with great watch, haste, and labour,"

"we made us ready, and by one assent dressed us to return to our galley, and there we took humbly our leave of the holy places, and of the most blessed city of Jerusalem, reckoning ourselves not so happy to see any more the same in all our lives, and thanking Almighty God with all our hearts of the great grace that He gave unto us to see and visit the said blessed places and holy city once in our lives or than we died; and thus with right light and joyous hearts, by warning of our dragomen and guides, we came all to Mount Sion upon the Monday that was the 13th day of September, that was Holy-Rood day, about three o'clock at afternoon, where we found all ready, the lords Mamelukes, as well of Jerusalem as of Rama, and others with their folks to the number of three hundred horsemen, to conduct us to Jaffa; and so there at the said Mount Sion we took our asses and rode forth at the said time, and never we alighted to bait unto time we came to Rama, which is thirty long miles from Jerusalem; and about two hours before day the same night we come to Rama, and alight there at the hospital, being right weary of that journey, for the beasts that we rode upon were right weak, and right simple and evil trimmed to journey with; where we lay all Tuesday and Wednesday all day.

"Thursday, about nine of the clock, we took our asses and came to Jaffa the same day soon after noon, and lay there in the grot all that night, and were right evil intreated by the Saracens in many ways, and in great fear, which were long to write. Friday against night, with great difficulty, with much patience, and also with large departing of our money, we were delivered aboard our galley. And Saturday, the 19th day of September, we made sail homeward with right great joy."

The perils of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, however, were far from being yet at an end; they had "such vexation and trouble homeward by outrageous long living on the sea, and were in so many dangers and perils by the long contrarious winds and exceeding great storms," that they did not reach Venice before the 25th of January: here they remained for the rest of that month "to perform their vows at the Saints and holy places there, and to purvey them at their banks of money for their return;" then five weeks and a day in travelling from Venice to Calais, and on the 9th day of March "we came to Dover; and so we were out of England in our said pilgrimage the space of a whole year save twenty-nine days."

DUTIES AND RESPONSIBILITIES OF WRITERS OF FICTION.

Emily Howard. By Mrs. Dunlop. London, Colburn and Co.

With no class of human actions is the idea of moral responsibility less associated than with the labours of the pen. Idle words are laid up for judgment when they are spoken; evil deeds are condemned already; but written words alone seem to claim an immunity from the sanction of retributive law, at least within the limits which the conventional rules of society permit. The author, in his secret chamber, is so much of an abstraction to the great world without for whom he works, that no one thinks of judging what he writes as one would of what he says or does. The effect is so remote from its cause, the end from the agent and the means, that the link of connexion between them is hardly considered. Has not an author nearly forgotten much of what he has written before a line of it meets the public eye? Is not his existence an ideal one to the great majority of his readers? Dulness, or ignorance, to be sure, are not to be pardoned; if he has nothing clever to offer, or is not competently informed on his subject, no one will read what he has written; but the moral tendency of his humour, or his mode of imparting information, is hardly brought home to him: it is one of the last things, perhaps, that he thinks of himself. If his dialogue is only witty and pointed, its frivolity or want of charity will be very partially judged. Let his story only be full of incident and stirring adventure, and low motives of action, the absence of elevated principle, will escape notice altogether. Subtle poison may flow into the mind from his insidious periods, sapping the life of faith or morality; a brilliant style and graceful language will veil the danger, and warning criticism will be overpowered by universal applause.

Wide and penetrating is this irresponsible influence. The novelist approaches his readers when they are least on their guard; in their moments of ease, when they are little disposed to question too closely the gay provider for the gratification of a careless hour, when the higher powers of the mind are inactive, and to be pleased and amused is the only aim of life. The minds of many young readers are chiefly formed upon the thoughts and principles of the novelist: he has access and influence denied to graver or better-informed men; his smiling address is welcome when the professed moralist might instruct in vain. So much the more powerful is he for good or for evil. So much the more is it to be desired that he should

understand and feel his mission, and that its responsibility shall be present to his mind, even though he acts from afar, and can never witness the results of his labours. He acts not the less, because he is invisible; his written thoughts outlast what is spoken, and live on, for good or ill, beyond the term of his own life.

Mrs. Dunlop can stand the criticism suggested by these considerations. Life is drawn seriously by her pen, and none the less so for all being refined, and even elegant, which passes across the scene. Talent, wealth, leisure, beauty, knowledge, generosity, are things, according to the spirit of *Emily Howard*, which leave a character but poor and inferior in comparison with the possessions which *sorrow* bestows. It is the tempering of the steel; it is the welding and the "subduing" of it which constitute, in this philosophy, the value of the whole result. Character itself, in and for itself, is the object of this novel's fortune-seeking; all the incidents are blows which either shiver the insufficient in moral aim and training, exhibiting their coarse and incoherent grain, or serve to display the temper, edge, and spring of the happier few, at the same time increasing also their excellence. The quiet widow-lady that has suffered *well* is here the point of light,—while the able and even generous man of wealth and opportunity passes, like a poor colourless unsubstantial phantom, before the eye, unless he has learned to bear, to surrender, to forget self, to love wisdom more than life, and to find wisdom where alone it is to be found.

With all these qualities, *Emily Howard* may therefore be pardoned for being a "regular love-novel;" nay, rather it is a higher merit that it should be so; for when does the natural man more nearly approach in *congruity* to higher things than when learning experimentally the love of a pure, devoted, romantic earthly object? Surely it is a higher thing than ambition, and all else that makes up the "battle of life." It is the highest walk of the soul, apart from things absolutely divine; and there are to be found pure joys and profound desolations which, were all the mask removed from the world, would be seen to be oftener the instruments of God to lead souls upwards to Himself, than almost any other class of trial and solicitude. Nothing "disenchants" life like baffled love; nothing so prepares for God and the company of the blessed as the hunger of the soul for love. These observations of course apply only to the pure and nobler acts; but even the more selfish, so they but end in desolations, or at least encounter desolations, are not rarely guided and governed by our guardian angels to wondrously transforming ends. So

treated, welcome to the three-volume love-novel, and therefore welcome to *Emily Howard.*

But there are other merits in this novel which must be briefly stated. It is written as though there had been no such thing as "Papal aggression" or as "Puseyism." It neither panders to the vulgar hate of truth, nor affects a maudlin patronage of it. It is like getting out of a company either vulgar or affected, and joining a circle of quiet, sensible, and educated persons, to get into Mrs. Dunlop's pages. There is an apparent unconsciousness of all the differently-prejudiced eyes of these times. And if a quiet refined charity towards Catholics was a merit in those who shewed it twenty or thirty years ago, it must of course be tenfold so now. But this quiet charity is something infinitely more satisfactory than that shewn in many an olden novel, where Catholic heroes and heroines were found in abundance, and no difficulty made in treating them as pretty fair Christians. In this style Mrs. Radcliffe's personages were Catholics, and a hundred more. There was no more meaning in this sort of absence of prejudice than in introducing a Rhenish church or an Italian oratory in the back scene of a play; both indicate mere indifferentism. Better than this the howls of Exeter Hall in juxta-position with the conversions of Oxford. When we were thought dead, the world could be "genteel" with us. When we are seen to live, the serpent begins to uncoil and hiss at us. Such is our present state; and therefore for one to appear and write, as neither eager friend nor bitter foe, but simply, calmly, and candidly, argues a certain elevation of mind which is as rare as it is praiseworthy.

But let us gather a few stray specimens from this pleasant parterre, neither giving all flower nor all leaf, but striving to give a fair impression of the general character of the whole. First, however, we must express our decided opinion that the parterre has been tended almost too carefully; the several beds, *alias* the chapters and the sentences, are too full. The dialogue is on the whole excellently managed, and half the book may be said to be dramatic. Yet the talk sometimes drags. We detect the over-anxiety of a first attempt in many, perhaps in most, chapters of the book, more especially in the first half of the first volume. For the details of the plot we must refer our readers to the work itself, only observing that we think the scene has been most happily chosen. The English colony in Portugal, and some members of a few leading Portuguese noble families, furnish the greater part of the personages, thus providing us with something which we know to be real, but at the same time something sufficiently strange to interest

and excite. Moreover, throughout the whole story there is the most unmistakable stamp of intimate personal familiarity with every feature both of the country and of the society.

The following may be taken as a fair specimen of the writer's powers:

"They were close to the church of St. Roque; the door was open, with the usual dark curtain drawn across the entrance, and one or two persons passed out as the ladies stopped in front of the building. Margarida looked earnestly, with an inquiring expression, into Emily's countenance, and then said: 'Let us go into the church for a few minutes.'

"As they pushed aside the curtain, she drew back as if hesitating, and then said: 'Emily, there is to be a funeral here to-night.'

"'Is there?' was the only reply, in a wearied tone, and Margarida moved forward with another searching glance in her face.

"The church appeared at first empty, though as they passed up the centre they could dimly discern here and there a kneeling form in the small chapels at each side. The candles on the altar were unlighted, but the single lamp, that speaks so eloquently to every Roman Catholic heart, burnt before it. On the lower step knelt a man, whose face was laid in the folds of a military cloak, and within a few yards of it stood a raised framework, hung with black cloth, on which was placed an uncovered coffin, and within the coffin lay the dead body of a girl.

"Emily started as she approached and pressed Margarida's arm, as if to arrest her steps; but the latter drew her on with gentle firmness. She had resolved to try the effect of a sudden appeal to her affections not associated with her bitter disappointment, and she had known well what they would behold when she brought her friend to that church. It was the corpse of the young and unfortunate Sophia de Vasconcellos that lay there ready for interment!

"It is a custom fraught with solemn lessons to the living, that of leaving the dead uncovered in the church, before being committed to the tomb. How many touching appeals to the careless or the hardened have been made by those inanimate forms, and by 'the sad shrouded eye,' which can weep no more! How often has the spirit of truth reached the still worldly heart through the closed lips of those on whom decay has set its mark, from the fair infant in its 'brilliant bed of flowers,' to the young maiden in her long funereal robes, summoned even in her spring-time, and the aged man, gone to render his account for sins and follies, for idle words and misused blessings, and it may be for *unavailing* trials!

"Perhaps in no case is the appeal more solemn, and at the same time more touching, than in that of a very young person, especially where life has been such a 'tangled web' as was the short career of the beautiful, the rich, the noble, and the broken-hearted Sophia de Vasconcellos. To the most careless it is for the moment

a sermon, with 'Remember thy Creator' as its warning text; and every heart is filled with awe as it endeavours to follow the spirit in its mysterious flight. But all these impressions are heightened by the scene in which they are produced. Whilst the beloved form is still stretched on the bed on which the last sigh was breathed, and the voices of the household still whisper near, it is difficult to believe in a departure so mysterious, or not to think it is 'a living slumber' which presses on the closed eyelids.

"Not so when the deserted body is taken from its earthly home, and left in such unaccustomed solitude in the house of God. There is something in such a spectacle that strikes on the heart with a sense of chilling loneliness; and those who would shrink from a *life* without human ties learn, as they *thus* 'bend o'er the dead,' that even the most loving and beloved must *die* alone.

"They gazed long in silence on the remains of their once brilliant friend. A grey robe enveloped her graceful form, her hands were folded on her bosom, her long black eyelashes rested on a cheek like alabaster; and as Emily noted 'the fixed yet tender traits,' the whole appearance 'so coldly sweet, so deadly fair,' so like and yet so unlike all she had been ere sorrow touched her, she was suddenly overcome by a flood of tenderness, and kneeling beside the corpse, covered her face, and burst into a violent fit of weeping.

* * * * * * *

"It was long ere Emily forgot that solemn scene; and often in another land she recalled as a picture in her mind the still and sombre church, the unlighted altar, with the small lamp suspended from the ceiling, the dead girl looking like a fair monument of beauty, and the noble motionless form of the sorrowing husband, whom they left, as it seemed, sole guard of her who had been a few short hours before surrounded by weeping relatives and dependants in a home of luxury and splendour.

"Yet not *sole* guard, though to the infidel it might so appear, for there was a Presence in that church before which the believing heart bows in humble adoration; and as Emily paused once more near the entrance to cast a farewell look up the dim aisle, a holy calm seemed to steal into her spirit.

"'God of the living and the dead,' she whispered to herself, 'how beautiful is this communion! What matters it that the way is long and thorny, when it has springs of consolation like this?'"

The following life-like portraiture of a less pleasing character is at once delicate and striking:

"Inez was what is called a clear *brunette;* her features were faultless; her rich black hair, folded in luxuriant braids round her small classical head, displayed to advantage her polished brow and the graceful form of her throat; but there was a decision in her upper lip, and a shade of haughtiness in her delicately-chiselled nostril, that might have destroyed much of the charm of her counte-

nance had it not been for the matchless beauty of her dark eyes, which seemed to know no language but that of the softest and happiest feelings. In her moments of gaiety they sparkled with animation; but when Inez wished to be interesting, the expression of her eye was bewitching, and she had a manner of casting down the fringed lids and raising them again with a look of sweetness that few hearts could resist.

"But no one knew their power better than Inez herself, all unconscious as she seemed to be of this or any other charm she possessed. From the period of her mother's death the care of her education had been consigned chiefly to a vain and worldly-minded governess, selected by her aunt the Condessa de Lima, whose husband had left Portugal at that time, owing to a certain political disgust, and lived with all his family in Monsieur de Sampayo's house. An extensive society of the most distinguished persons in Paris were in the habit of constantly meeting in that saloon, where Inez was first admired and petted as a lovely and accomplished child, and where from the age of sixteen she had played her part as a woman, and entered into all the deep interest of what was passing around her.

"*Success in society* was the one great object, the supreme importance of which had been impressed on her by her governess; and all that could in no way tend to promote that was deemed utterly unworthy of attention. Perseverance in her studies, the overcoming of any awkward habit, carefulness in her style of dress, even the cultivation of a virtue or the curing of a fault,—all were alike urged as the means of attaining this end, and no other motive was ever enforced.

"'It always looks graceful in a young lady to be charitable,' was the reason given for assisting the unfortunate.

"'For the love of heaven, never permit yourself to look out of temper, it might mar your success in the world,' was the argument for self-control; whilst religion, or a sense of responsibility, or a desire to promote the pleasure of others, formed no part of this moral training: and unluckily the lessons were bestowed on one whose besetting sin was vanity.

"The most simple actions, that in another might have sprung from the purest feeling, were by her performed for display; dress was exalted into an important science, her talents degraded into a mere trap for applause, and even her affections were reduced to a matter of calculation; so that the gifted Inez, whose genius might have been an innocent source of delight to herself as well as others, whilst it *ought* to have raised her mind far above such mean devices, and whose heart was naturally warm and generous, never seated herself at the piano, never selected a book, never even bestowed a caress on one she loved, without a thought of the admiration that might directly or indirectly be gained by so doing. Yet she was not unamiable by nature; and Heaven had given her a form whose every movement had a charm. She must then have been attractive, even

if she had not studied to be so; and had her education been of a different character, she might have escaped the miserable fault that tarnished her best feelings. The pernicious training of her Parisian life had indeed given her a knowledge of books and of the world possessed by few of her countrywomen; but it had also given her a greater knowledge of evil, and a more selfish principle of action; and it might have been well for Inez had she never left her native land, for it is no small merit in the females of Portugal that they are not only unselfish in their attachments, but that even the daily acts of politeness and courtesy, which in other nations are the result of artificial rules, are produced in them by a natural kindness and delicacy of feeling. They wish to give pleasure rather than excite admiration; and affectation is a fault seldom seen in a Portuguese girl.

"But Inez had the peculiar faults of her countrywomen,—their impetuosity and their want of self-discipline,—without possessing their peculiar virtues. Self was her idol, to which every other object must be sacrificed; and her whole life was one act of affectation,—a profession of ingenuousness and natural impulse where all was studied and artificial."

ANGLICAN SYNODS.

America and the American Church. By the Rev. H. Caswall, M.A. Second edition. London, Mozley. 1851.

A Letter to the Right Rev. W. Skinner, D.D., Bishop of Aberdeen and Primus, on the Functions of Laymen in the Church. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P., &c. London, Murray. 1852.

A Letter to the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. By the Rev. H. Caswall, M.A. London, Mozley. 1852.

When Mr. Caswall's work on *America and the American Church* was first published, in 1839, it was hailed with extreme satisfaction by the High-Church party in this country, because of the evidence which it was supposed to bear to the vitality of the Church of England. They claimed the American Church as a daughter of their own. The Church of England, they said, had borne a living child; therefore she herself lives. This was an immense satisfaction at a time when her existence was of so extremely doubtful and feeble a character, that even her most lively members more than half suspected that she was already dead. "We know that we live;" this was the special rejoicing which English Churchmen experienced from all that they heard and read of this Transatlantic phenomenon, the

infant American Church. Moreover, the child gave symptoms of having a very good kind of life: she was one of the right sort; had inherited the good qualities of her mother without the bad; she was already developing into towers and spires, crockets and finials, pointed arches and painted windows, and all the other details of architectural vitality; she shewed a taste too for handsome services of plate, for silk and velvet, gilding and painting, not in the dining and drawing-rooms of her ministers, but in the house of God; she even occasionally lisped some very pretty nothings about Catholic faith and Catholic unity, and the rest; altogether she was voted to be a very respectable infant, and that her mother might be very proud of her. She is now some ten or twelve years older, and she is again brought forward, almost as a model from which her venerable parent would do well to take a lesson or two. The particular lesson which her mother has never yet learnt, but which Mr. Caswall is of opinion that the daughter can now teach her, is neither more nor less than this,—how to walk alone.

Hitherto the Church of England has been so intimately bound up with the state, that wicked and designing people have dared to say that she was only a particular branch of the secular government of the country, a sort of moral police; that she had no independent existence, and could not take a single step in any direction without leaning on the secular arm, so that if that arm were to be withdrawn, she would immediately collapse and die. The object of Mr. Caswall in republishing this work (which is so materially altered as almost to deserve the name of a new book) is to silence these calumnies, and to teach the Church of England, by the example of America, how she may support her existence independently of a royal supremacy and an alliance with the state.

"The mother Church in England," he says, "is witnessing earnest and faithful efforts, which may terminate in the establishment of diocesan synods and the revival of the ancient ecclesiastical legislature; and the American Church affords much assistance towards the formation of a fair and impartial judgment upon this subject."

Synods, synodical action; this is to be the great panacea of the Establishment's present woes; and many amiable individuals, most devoted in their attachment to the Establishment, are using their best endeavours on all sides to promote this suicidal measure. They really believe that the convulsive struggles that are going on with such fatal activity within that body, which is called (we presume ironically) the *United* Church of England and Ireland, would be for ever set at rest, if only

the conflicting parties could once be brought together into an assembly calling itself a synod, and there discuss the points of difference between them; as though a dead dog could be changed into a living horse through the instrumentality of some galvanic process imparting an unseemly motion to its inanimate limbs, or as though the frog in the fable had improved its defective organisation, and not rather achieved its own destruction, by its ambitious attempts to emulate the form and dimensions of the bull. Mr. Caswall himself scarcely seems to partake of this delusion to the degree in which other of his clerical brethren have been, and still are, blinded by it. He is far from saying with Mr. Bennett (in his pastoral to his rebellious parishioners at Frome), that if only the Church of England could meet and pass decrees in synod, "Romanists and Dissenters would be seen flocking back to her communion;" on the contrary, he acknowledges that,

"although in a perfectly united Church synodical action might be an unmixed benefit, it is very certain that where divisions on matters of principle exist, it does not accomplish so much as sanguine persons might anticipate . . . . At the same time it is infinitely superior to ecclesiastical anarchy, or to anti-church legislation on the part of the state . . . . And though harsh sounds may occasionally proceed from the machine, we hear in those sounds little but the escape through the regular safety-valve of a power which otherwise might produce a destructive explosion."

Mr. Gladstone seems to be much of the same mind, and accordingly both in and out of Parliament he labours to obtain the coveted boon, if not for the Establishment in this country, yet at least for the Church of England in the colonies. But that gentleman is also, it appears, a member of the episcopal communion in Scotland, where synodical government of some kind is already organised and at work. Here, therefore, the honourable M.P.'s ecclesiastical essays take another direction, and he aims, not at introducing the very first elements of Church polity, as in England or in the colonies, but only at improving and perfecting what already exists. With this view, he has addressed a letter to Dr. Skinner, in his official character as Primus of the Scotch episcopal synod, of which that gentleman has requested the publication, in order that its subject may be

"ventilated and discussed, so as to enable us (the Scotch bishops) the better to judge what course we ought to pursue, under the divine guidance, towards the safe carrying out of a measure of such vital interest to the Church."

The particular measure that is being thus "ventilated" under the auspices of Dr. Skinner and Mr. Gladstone, is the

introduction of the "lay element" (to borrow Mr. G.'s own words) into the synodical government of the Church. All the world knows that, as a politician, the learned member for the University of Oxford is a most enthusiastic admirer of the constitutional form of government, and he seems to be so deeply enamoured with this *beau ideal* of perfection in the conduct of civil affairs, that he is now anxious to introduce it into the conduct of ecclesiastical affairs also. He is of opinion that the lay community of the Church ought to have defined and recognised functions in relation to her government; that the habits of freedom and self-direction to which Englishmen are accustomed in their private and political capacities, will not well brook total and systematic exclusion from the exercise of any influence in matters ecclesiastical. He looks upon it as a most important ethical and social principle established by the Reformation, that every man should be his own spiritual director; and the natural correlative of this principle in public and practical life is this, that every man should also be his own ruler, or, if this is too palpably absurd, that the governed should at least enjoy some very considerable share in the work of government. Ecclesiastical government, therefore, by the clergy alone,—that is, by bishops and priests,—is a very imperfect and highly undesirable state of things; it is a system of absolutism; and "all systems, whether religious or political, which rest on a principle of absolutism, must of necessity be, not indeed tyrannical, but feeble and ineffective systems."

We beg to assure our readers that we are not exaggerating Mr. Gladstone's principles and statements for the sake of making a caricature of them; we have but given a faithful representation of them as they stand enumerated in this remarkable letter to Dr. Skinner. He tells us himself that what he aims at providing is "a regular constitutional organisation" for the Church of which he is a member; and instead of looking into the records of Christian antiquity, or studying the actual practice of other branches (as he would say) of the Catholic Church for this purpose, he has recourse to the principles of the British constitution and the practice of British parliaments, until he seems positively incapable of taking in any other idea. The whole letter reads exceedingly like the imperfect programme of some prime-minister about to propose a new reform-bill: he talks of "the steady extension of such machinery and means as we possess;" "an extension of the basis of government, effected through the free choice and the spontaneous boon of those in whom it now resides;" there is to be "lay representation," "a lay representative system;" the franchise is to be ecclesiastical, not pecuniary; a "roll of communi-

cants" is to take the place of the registration-lists, and great care is to be taken "for the preservation and due correction of such lists;" there are to be three houses or chambers, the upper house, or house of bishops, having absolutely and exclusively the initiative of all legislation, and also a peremptory veto;—in a word, the whole scheme is a carefully-adjusted plan of checks and counter-checks, as perfect, perhaps, as the efforts of merely human legislation can make it, but not precisely such as we Catholics are familiar with, or as we should have expected a few years ago from a conspicuous member of the High-Church party.

Our readers will not care to learn all the details of this new patent machine for the government of (what its inventor considers to be) a part of God's Church; one or two of the practical results, however, which are to be anticipated from its working are curious enough to be worth mentioning. The principal result concerns "that much-vexed question of ritual." Mr. Gladstone opines that this is a matter "in which one congregation may lawfully and innocently differ from another;" that the main object should be to secure "a general harmony between the forms of divine service and the tone of feeling, the religious temper, of the different congregations." Now as these last admit of very considerable variations, graduating, by a sort of sliding scale, from the religious temper of the Sion and Bethesda chapels up to that which one may imagine to have pervaded the church of St. Saviour's, Leeds, just before its ministers submitted themselves to the Catholic Church, it is obvious that the allowable varieties in rites and ceremonies contemplated by Mr. Gladstone, and to be authorised by his embryo synod, will be of corresponding magnitude. Nor are we left wholly to our own unassisted imaginations to form a conjecture. The American Church, as described by Mr. Caswall, seems to supply us with a very good practical illustration of what may be expected in this line. It appears that at one of the earliest synodical meetings of the bishops and the clerical and lay deputies of that community, it was decided, amongst other things, that the sign of the cross might be omitted in baptism, if desired by the sponsors; in the Apostles' Creed, the article, "He descended into hell," might be either omitted altogether or some explanatory words substituted in its stead, at the discretion of the officiating minister; a selection of Psalms was made, portions of which might be used instead of those in the daily order, according to the same Lesbian rule, "the minister's discretion;" even in the Ordinal, the words, "Receive ye the Holy Ghost," might be exchanged for another form, "at the discretion of the bishop ordaining;"

and so forth. The result of all these allowable varieties seems to be any thing but satisfactory; to some of the parties concerned, it creates sometimes, Mr. Caswall tells us, "a painful confusion in a very solemn part of the service."

"In my own parish, on one occasion, a bishop performed the services in the morning and two priests in the afternoon and evening. The bishop read the article on the descent into hell, as it stands in the English Prayer-book; the first presbyter read the substitute permitted in America, 'He went into the place of departed spirits;' and the second omitted the article altogether. Very frequently the clergyman says one thing and the congregation another, and occasionally individuals, disapproving of their pastor's choice, repeat with marked emphasis the phrase which he rejects."

Of course, it is not intended that the introduction of "synodal action" into the Established Church of this country should be productive of similar results; on the contrary, Mr. Caswall expressly stipulates, in his letter to Mr. Gladstone, for developments of a totally opposite character. But the question is, how is this direction of results to be practically secured? Mr. Caswall draws a most dismal picture of "the inconsistencies and fictions" under which the Church of England is at present labouring, and which cause her, as he very frankly acknowledges, to be "an object of sarcasm and ridicule" to all, excepting a portion of her own children. He acknowledges too that her case "requires a decisive remedy;" but such a remedy he flatters himself he has discovered in the revival of Convocation. We can only say that we heartily wish he may have an early opportunity of testing the value of his remedy; we suspect he will soon find that it is even worse than the disease, and that not even the charmed name of Synod is a match for that universal law of nature, "a house divided against itself cannot stand."

PAPAL AGGRESSION IN THIBET AND TARTARY.

Travels in Tartary, Thibet, and China, during the years 1844-5-6, by M. Huc. Translated from the French by W. Hazlitt. 2 vols. London, Office of the National Illustrated Library, 227 Strand.

M. Huc and M. Gabet, names familiar to all readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, are two of the spiritual children of St. Vincent of Paul, belonging to the congregation

of St. Lazarus in France, and devoted by it to the noble and most perilous enterprise of preaching the gospel in China. M. Gabet went out to that country in the year 1836, in company with the Rev. Dr. Perboyre, who received the crown of martyrdom there on the 11th of September 1840. M. Huc followed about four years later; and the earliest communication which we remember to have seen of his in the *Annals* already referred to, belongs to the month of January 1841, at which time he was making a temporary sojourn at Macao. Towards the close of the ensuing month he set out for the distant mission of Si-wang, an establishment of Chinese Christians, who had settled within the borders of Mongolia, north of the Great Wall, in order that they might escape those severe storms of persecution to which they were subjected in their own country.

The first priests who, in these latter times, ever penetrated to the Mongolese territory, were despatched by the Rev. Dr. Roux, superior of the French mission at Pekin, and himself also a member of the Congregation of St. Lazarus, in the year 1796. They were sent expressly for the benefit of these Chinese emigrants, confessors of the faith, who were dispersed here and there over the vast uncultivated plains of the Tartars, wherever they could find the means of subsistence and a shelter for the free exercise of their religion. By degrees the missionaries sent in pursuit of these scattered sheep succeeded in gathering together a few small flocks at different points considered most favourable for the purpose; and thus arose the first Christian congregations of what is now an immense apostolic vicariate. In the year 1827 a most important accession was made to these missions by the persecuting decrees which were then published by the Emperor Tao-Kouang. Some of our readers may remember how he expelled all the European missionaries, declared their establishments confiscated to the state, and razed to its foundations the beautiful church that had been built in Pekin; it is not so generally known, however, that the Lazarists, who had heretofore served that mission, then sought refuge in the same direction in which so many of their neophytes had already found it, viz. among the erratic tribes encamped northward of the Great Wall, and that in this way the missions of Mongolia received new life and energy. Si-wang grew rich from the losses of Pekin, and henceforth became the centre of missionary action in those parts, and the school of the native clergy, a seminary being established there with twelve or fourteen Chinese students.

Hither, then, M. Huc was sent; and after a most perilous

journey, traversing the whole of China from one end of the country to the other, at a time when it was death for any European to be found penetrating into the interior of the kingdom, he arrived in safety late in the autumn of 1841. Already there were about seven or eight thousand Christians resident in Mongolia, but scattered over more than two hundred different places; moreover they were not real natives of the country, but, as we have said, almost exclusively Chinese emigrants. The disposition of the natives, however, was sufficiently good, and the prospects of the mission altogether sufficiently encouraging, to induce his Holiness, Pope Gregory XVI., to detach it from the diocese of Pekin, at the same time as he detached Manchouria also, another province of Tartary, and Leao-Tong, a province of China, from the same diocese, and to erect them into two separate vicariates apostolic. This was in the year 1839. On the 8th of November, 1840, Monsignor Verolles was consecrated Bishop of Colombia, and took possession of his vicariate of Manchouria. In 1842, Monsignor Mouly, who had been for some time superior of the Chinese mission, was consecrated Bishop of Fussulan *in partibus infidelium*, and appointed the first vicar apostolic of Mongolia. The tract of country thus subjected to his jurisdiction is the scene of the present travels. It is of immense extent, and comprises a great variety of inhabitants of divers languages and forms of religious worship,—Chinese, Mongols, Thibetians, Turks, Mantchoos, and others. Amongst these, however, by far the most interesting, and holding out the surest hope of a reward to the labours of the Christian missionary, are the real natives of the district, the Mongols and Thibetians, a people of habits singularly frank and simple, and, moreover, in many respects naturally religious. The wandering pastoral life of the Mongol branch of the great Tartar family involuntarily reminds the reader again and again, in the course of the volumes before us, of the manners and customs of the patriarchs of whom we read in the Old Testament; and as to their religion, there are several features in it which bear a sufficient resemblance to the great truths of Christianity to make us hope that it would be comparatively easy to persuade them to embrace the Gospel. They believe in one God, and in a future state where the good shall be rewarded and the wicked punished; they recite public and private prayers, observe fasts and holydays, and, above all, have a religious way of looking at things, judging of things according to religious rules, setting a value upon them only in proportion to their religious character. In this respect they appear in most pleasing colours when compared

with their neighbours the Chinese, who are described by all who know them as a people almost universally sceptical and indifferent to such matters.

To preach the Gospel, then, to the people of Mongolia was the one great object which engaged the attention of the new vicar apostolic. The glad tidings of salvation had indeed been preached to them five hundred years before by Jean de Montcorvin, a Franciscan missionary, made Archbishop of Pekin by Pope Clement V. at the very beginning of the fourteenth century; but not a vestige of what was then done for them now remained.

The first thing that was necessary for the new labourers destined for the work, Messrs. Huc and Gabet, was, that they should become masters of the various Tartar dialects; and for this purpose they made, from time to time during their residence at Si-wang, several excursions into the Land of Grass (as the uncultivated portions of that part of Tartary are designated), and took up their temporary abode beneath the hospitable tents of the Mongols. At length this difficult task was accomplished, and they had translated several little works of Christian prayer and doctrine into the Mongol language. Next, a thorough knowledge of the country, even in its most distant parts, was deemed desirable before the plan of future operations should be finally decided upon. Towards the commencement of the year 1844, the prudent prelate sent instructions to his two chosen missionaries to set out on a very extended travel for this purpose, or rather, for the double purpose of more minutely studying the character and manners of the people, and also of ascertaining as nearly as possible the extent and limits of the vicariate.

It is an account of these wanderings which is now laid before us; and a more lively, entertaining book of travels it has rarely been our lot to meet with. There is a life and freshness about the narrative which sometimes reminds us of the vivid descriptions of *Eöthen,* more particularly, perhaps, in the reports of conversations and official interviews with the native authorities; whilst we need hardly say it is wholly free from every trace of that levity of thought and speech which too often blemish the pages of that clever book; neither is it disfigured by any of that straining after sentiment which in many French works is so offensive to English readers. On the contrary, it is singularly free from affectation of any kind; so that, independently of the very interesting incidents and adventures which it records, there is an air of genuineness and hearty truth-telling simplicity pervading the whole which impart an irresistible charm to every portion of it. Moreover,

it is a book full of information of all kinds: there are numerous facts in history for those whose thirst for that particular branch of human knowledge makes them curious to learn all about the various dynasties that have ever ruled in those distant parts, and the foreign conquests or internal revolutions by which they have been successively deposed; there is an abundance of geographical lore for those whose ardour in such studies is keen enough to bid defiance to the perplexity of a gazetteer full of names like the following, Pié-lié-Keou, Ho-Kiao-Y, Koui-hoa-tcheu, &c. &c.; there are many interesting details of natural history, both about plants, birds, and quadrupeds, not overlooking the habits of the little sparrow, or Kio-nio-eul, bird of the family, as the Chinese call it, and embracing a great variety of productions, both in the animal and vegetable world, that are unknown to Europe; in a word, there is entertainment for all. On every account, therefore, these travels deserve the place that has been given them in a popular National Library; and they will receive an universal welcome, spite of the fact that they are from the pen of two "Romish priests," actively engaged, too, in carrying out a measure of "Papal aggression." We do not know whether the notice in the preface, that the religion of the Mongolese and other Tartars (which is Buddhism) "presents the most singular analogies in its leading features with the Catholicism of Rome," was intended by the editor as a sop to the national Cerberus of anti-Catholic bigotry, and to reconcile the monster's conscience to the papistical feast he was invited to partake of. Anyhow, it is not unlikely to have this soothing effect upon the appetites of some readers; and since the fact is literally true, we are not disposed to be very severe upon the editors for the way in which they have stated it. The subject, however, which it suggests is too vast for us to enter upon at present, even though we should be tempted on some future occasion to return to it. To-day we shall confine ourselves to the secular portions of the work, which are of a lighter kind and more generally entertaining; first premising, however, that there seem to be no grounds whatever for the suspicions in which we observe that some of the literary periodicals have indulged as to the truthfulness of the narrative. These critics complain that a thousand closely-filled pages of "souvenirs" (such being the bulk of the work in its original French), compiled after an interval of four to seven years, can scarcely be expected to be very accurate, and suggest that the authors have probably been indebted to their imagination for the "getting-up" of a considerable portion of the facts in the volumes before us. Had these gentlemen, however, been

readers of the *Annals of the Propagation of the Faith*, they would have seen how little room there was for these injurious suspicions.

The two travellers set out in the autumn of 1844 with a single companion, a young Lama of the vagabond species, with whose erratic and adventurous taste the proposed journey was singularly in harmony. He had been converted to Christianity some time before, and was now attached to the missionaries in a capacity which we cannot better describe than by borrowing a word from the transatlantic vocabulary, and calling him their *help*. He certainly was not their guide, for he knew no more of the wilds of Tartary through which they were about to pass than his European masters; and, moreover, his pig-headed obstinacy often caused them to lose their way when they might otherwise have had some chance of reaching their destination. Neither was he their interpreter, for he belonged to the tribe of the Dchiahours, who have a language of their own, a medley of Mongol, Chinese, and Eastern Thibetian; and, besides, the missionaries could speak the language very well for themselves. He was not their purveyor, or we should not read of M. Gabet riding for some miles with a couple of sheep's livers dangling at his saddle-bow; neither was he their *chef de cuisine*, or M. Huc would not have had to employ himself in the undignified occupation of drawing a fowl. The only two duties which seem to have uniformly devolved upon him are the brewing of the tea, and the saying "sok, sok" to the camels to make them kneel down when it was required. He was "sour, savage, and sometimes saucy," yet with a groundwork of honesty and devotion quite capable, in his masters' opinion—and we don't know that any body else had a right to have any opinion about the matter—of compensating for the perversities of his nature. Such as he was, then, the French travellers took him, "for better, for worse;" and the little cavalcade set out in the following order. Samdadchiemba, the hero whose avocations and character we have been endeavouring to describe, opened the march, "gravely mounted on a black, stunted, meagre mule," and leading two camels, laden with the baggage, tents, pots, and the other thousand and one utensils which are always wanted in a country where taverns are scarce, or, still more frequently, not to be found at all. Then came the two missionaries, MM. Gabet and Huc, mounted, with a due regard to their respective proportions, the former on a tall camel, the latter on a horse. As to the outer man of these two priests, no one could recognise the two young, smooth-faced, yet eminently French countenances which appear on the title-page of the work, to be the

same as those which are presented to us about twenty pages further on, after having undergone the necessary operations for transforming themselves into Thibetian Lamas. They had already undergone one metamorphose in becoming Chinese instead of Europeans; but now a still further change was to be wrought, that they might come out as Tartars. The long pig-tail which they had so carefully cultivated ever since they left their native country, was now ruthlessly severed by the relentless razor of Samdadchiemba, spite of the remonstrances and even tears of their Chinese Christian disciples.

"A long yellow robe, fastened at the right side with five gilt buttons, and round the waist by a long red sash; a red jacket, with a collar of purple velvet, put on over the robe; and a yellow cap, surmounted by a red tuft, completed their new costume,"

which was, in fact, the ordinary secular habit of the Lamas; not that which they wear when actually performing their idolatrous ministry in the pagodas. This dress had the double advantage of giving the travellers an ecclesiastical exterior becoming their sacred character, and also of being in unison with that worn by their young neophyte and attendant, Samdadchiemba, who was dressed like a Thibetian Lama of an inferior order, to which, in truth, he had once belonged. Of this gentleman's personal appearance we have omitted to speak, but it may help our readers to form a more accurate estimate of his capabilities as an agreeable fellow-traveller, if we mention that

"a great flat nose, insolently turned up; a large mouth, slit in a perfectly straight line; thick, projecting lips; a deep bronze complexion; every feature contributed to give to his physiognomy a wild and scornful aspect. When his little eyes seemed starting out of his head from under their lids, wholly destitute of eyelash, and he looked at you wrinkling his brow, he inspired you at once with feelings of dread and yet of confidence."

Such is his portrait as drawn by his companions; and certainly, if the artist has not done him foul injustice, he was quite as unprepossessing as this description of him would lead us to expect.

This, then, was the trio that were launched, alone and without a guide, amid a new world, "without a friend to advise or to aid them, save Him by whose strength they were supported, and whose name they were seeking to make known to all the nations of the earth."

The Chinese Christians from whom they parted were fully persuaded that they would inevitably perish of privation and misery in the deserts of Tartary, even if they did not meet

with some violent death during so long a pilgrimage in a hostile land. And when no intelligence of them had been received for a period of two years and several months, these apprehensions were so far confirmed that they were universally considered to be dead. We ourselves remember to have joined with the vicar apostolic of Manchouria, on the occasion of his visit to Rome in the spring of 1847, in lamenting over the supposed loss of two such young and able missionaries—the one was only thirty-two years old, the other thirty-seven—at a time when, as it afterwards appeared, they had been already restored to the Christian congregations at Macao. During the whole of this time they had been sojourning in Central Asia, and had travelled upwards of 2500 European leagues. At a later period—about three years ago, we believe—M. Gabet died during what was intended to have been a short visit to Europe; and hence the account of their mission, though really the joint production of the two travellers, has appeared under the name of M. Huc only.

The first people with whom the travellers became acquainted, and whose country they traversed for a period of four or five months, were the Mongol Tartars, whose most striking characteristics, it appears, are an extreme simplicity and guilelessness, and a ready generous hospitality; whereas the Chinese, on the contrary, are "a thorough nation of shopkeepers, with hearts dry as a ship-biscuit, and grasping as a monkey, who will not give a traveller even a cup of water except for money or money's worth." The result of these two characters, when brought into contact with one another by the accidents of travel or in the regular intercourse of business, seems to be much the same on the plains of Tartary as in the streets of our own metropolis. Who has not read the following scene (*mutatis mutandis*) a hundred times in the police-reports of our London newspapers?

"So soon as Mongols, simple, ingenuous men, if such there be at all in the world, arrive in a trading town, they are snapped up by some Chinese, who carry them off, as it were, by main force, to their houses, give them tea for themselves and forage for their animals, and cajole them in every conceivable way. The Mongols, themselves without guile, and incapable of conceiving guile in others, take all they hear to be perfectly genuine, and congratulate themselves, conscious as they are of their inaptitude for business, upon their good fortune in thus meeting with brothers, as they say, in whom they can place full confidence, and who will undertake to manage their whole business for them. A good dinner provided gratis in the back shop completes the illusion. 'If these people wanted to rob me,' says the Tartar to himself, 'they would not go to all this expense in giving me a dinner for nothing.'

"When once the Chinese has got hold of the Tartar, he employs over him all the resources of the skilful and utterly unprincipled knavery of the Chinese character. He keeps him in his house, eating, drinking, and smoking, one day after another, until his subordinates have sold all the poor man's cattle, or whatever else he has to sell, and bought for him in return the commodities he requires, at prices double and triple the market value. But so plausible is the Chinese, and so simple is the Tartar, that the latter invariably departs with the most entire conviction of the immense philanthropy of the former, and with a promise to return, when he has other goods to sell, to the establishment where he has been treated so fraternally" (p. 114).

In fact, all the trading towns throughout this whole territory seem to be like so many huge pneumatic pumps stationed at proper intervals for the express purpose of creating a vacuum in Mongolian purses, and to be wonderfully successful in attaining their object. It appears, however, that sometimes the Chinese are victims to their own knavery,

"and we have known even Tartars catch them in a snare. One day a Mongol presented himself at the counter of a Chinese money-changer, with a youen-pao carefully packed and sealed. A youen-pao is an ingot of silver weighing three pounds; in China there are sixteen ounces to the pound, and the three pounds are never very rigorously exacted, there being generally four or five ounces over, so that the usual weight of an ingot of silver is fifty-two ounces. The Tartar had no sooner unpacked his youen-pao than the Chinese clerk resolved to defraud him of an ounce or two, and weighing it, he pronounced it to be fifty ounces. 'My youen-pao weighs fifty-two ounces,' exclaimed the Tartar; 'I weighed it before I left home.' 'Oh, your Tartar scales are all very well for sheep; but they don't do for weighing bullion.' After much haggling, the bargain was concluded; the youen-pao was purchased as weighing fifty ounces; and the Tartar, having first required and obtained a certificate of the stated weight and value of the ingot, returned to his tent with a good provision of sapeks [the small copper coin of the country] and bank-notes. In the evening the principal of the establishment received the usual report from each clerk of the business done in the course of the day. 'I,' said one of them with a triumphant air, 'bought a youen-pao of silver, and made two ounces by it.' He produced the ingot, which the chief received with a smile, soon changing into a frown. 'What have you got here?' cried he; 'this is not silver.' The ingot was handed round, and all the clerks saw that indeed it was base bullion. 'I know the Tartar,' said the clerk who had purchased it, 'and will have him up before the Mandarin.'

"The satellites of justice were forthwith despatched after the roguish Tartar, whose offence, proved against him, was matter of capital punishment. It was obvious that the ingot was base bullion, and on the face of the affair there was clear proof that the Tartar had sold it. The Tartar, however, stoutly repudiated the imputation.

'The humblest of the humble,' said he, 'craves that he may be allowed to put forth a word in his defence.' 'Speak,' said the Mandarin; 'but beware how you say aught other than the exact truth.' 'It is true,' proceeded the Tartar, 'that I sold a youen-pao at this person's shop, but it was all pure silver. I am a Tartar, a poor simple man, and these people, seeking to take advantage of me, have substituted a false for my genuine ingot. I cannot command many words, but I pray our father and mother (*i. e.* the Mandarin) to have this false youen-pao weighed.' The ingot was weighed, and was found to contain fifty-two ounces. The Tartar now drew from one of his boots a small parcel, containing, wrapped in rags, a piece of paper which he held up to the Mandarin. 'Here is a certificate,' cried he, 'which I received at the shop, and which attests the value and weight of the youen-pao that I sold.' The Mandarin looked over the paper with a roguish smile, and then said, 'According to the testimony of the clerk himself who wrote this certificate, this Mongol sold to him a youen-pao weighing fifty ounces; this youen-pao of base bullion weighs fifty-two ounces; this therefore cannot be the Mongol's youen-pao; but now comes the question, whose is it? Who are really the persons that have false bullion in their possession?' Every body present, the Mandarin included, knew perfectly well how the case stood; but the Chinese magistrate, tickled with the Tartar's ingenuity, gave him the benefit of the clerk's dull roguery, and dismissed the charge; but not so the accusers, who were well bastinadoed, and would have been put to death as coiners, had they not found means to appease justice by the present of some ingots of purer metal" (p. 117).

Such being the character of the inhabitants, the next question upon which we feel curious for information concerns the accommodations which the country provides for travellers: Is there "good entertainment for man and horse?"—for, after all, a traveller's (most certainly an English traveller's) comfort depends very materially upon this main circumstance. And we must confess that, according to the account given us by MM. Huc and Gabet, Tartary is about the last place in the world in which John Bull would find himself at ease, or be disposed to make a lengthened tour. A man who "thinks himself prepared for any thing, provided he can but bargain for a clean tablecloth and a good rump-steak every day," would be more thoroughly out of his element in the plains of Tartary than in almost any other country we know of. Most other quarters of the globe have been so far europeanised at least, if not anglicised, by the continually-increasing aggressions of European travellers, as to have some places of public resort and entertainment more or less adapted to their habits and mode of life; but Tartary is wholly untrodden ground; and the interior of a Tartar inn (or rather of a Tartar-Chinese

inn, for almost all the inns in Tartary are kept by Chinese, or Turks, none by the Tartars themselves,) presents as uninviting a spectacle to an untravelled Englishman at the present day as ever it did in the very darkest period of the dark ages.

"They consist almost universally of a large square enclosure, formed by high poles interlaced with brushwood. In the centre of this enclosure is a mud house, never more than ten feet high. With the exception of a few wretched rooms at each extremity, the entire structure consists of one large apartment, serving at once for cooking, eating, and sleeping, thoroughly dirty, and full of smoke and intolerable stench. Into this pleasant place all travellers, without distinction, are ushered, the portion of space applied to their accommodation being a long wide *kang*, as it is called,—a sort of furnace, occupying more than three-fourths of the apartment, about four feet high, and the flat smooth surface of which is covered with a reed mat, which the richer guests cover again with a travelling carpet of felt, or with furs. In front of it, three immense coppers, set in glazed earth, serve for the preparation of the traveller's milk-broth. The apertures by which these monster boilers are heated communicate with the interior of the kang, so that its temperature is constantly maintained at a high elevation, even in the terrible cold of winter. Upon the arrival of guests, the landlord, or, as the Chinese call him, the comptroller of the chest, invites them to ascend the kang, where they seat themselves, their legs crossed tailor-fashion, round a large table not more than six inches high. The lower part of the room is reserved for the people of the inn, who there busy themselves in keeping up the fire under the cauldrons, boiling tea, and pounding oats and buck-wheat into flour for the repast of the travellers. The kang of these Tartar-Chinese inns is, till evening, a stage full of animation, where the guests eat, drink, smoke, gamble, dispute and fight; with night-fall, the refectory, tavern, and gambling-house of the day is suddenly converted into a dormitory. The travellers who have any bed-clothes unroll and arrange them; those who have none settle themselves as best they may in their personal attire, and lie down side by side round the table. When the guests are very numerous they arrange themselves in two circles, feet to feet. Thus reclined, those so disposed sleep; others, awaiting sleep, smoke, drink tea, and gossip. The effect of the scene, dimly exhibited by an imperfect wick floating amid thick, dirty, stinking oil, whose receptacle is ordinarily a broken tea-cup, is fantastic, and to the stranger fearful" (p. 17).

This practice of sitting, eating, and sleeping upon the hob, (for we can call it by no other name that would convey so true an idea of it) seems to prevail universally throughout Tartary, with some few local peculiarities that are worth mentioning; as, for instance, in Kan-Sou, where the said hob is not constructed altogether of brickwork, as is the case in Northern China,

"but the upper flooring consists of movable planks, placed closely beside one another. When they want to heat the kang for sleeping purposes, they remove the planks and strew the interior of the kang with horse-dung quite dry and pulverised. Over this combustible they throw some lighted cinders and then replace the planks; the fire immediately communicates itself to the dung, which once lighted continues to smoulder; the heat and the smoke having no exit, soon warm the planks, and this produces a tepid temperature, which, in consequence of the slow combustion of the material, prevails throughout the night. The talent of the kang-heater consists in putting neither too much nor too little dung, in strewing it properly, and in so arranging the cinders that combustion shall commence at different points in the same moment of time, in order that all the planks may equally benefit by the warmth. Ashamed to have our bed warmed for us like children, we one night essayed to perform this service for ourselves; but the result was by no means happy, for while one of us was nearly broiled to death, the other trembled with cold all night long; the fact being, that owing to our want of skill, the fire had actually caught the planks on one side of the kang, while on the other the fuel had not lighted at all. The host of the Hotel of the Temperate Climates was naturally disgusted at the mischance, and in order to prevent its recurrence, he locked the closing plank of the furnace, and himself came every time to light it" (p. 287).

High-sounding titles like this seem to be the fashion in those parts for houses of public entertainment, as well as for their officers: thus, we read of the Hotel of the Three Perfections, Hotel of the Five Felicities, Tavern of Eternal Equity, &c.; the waiter is the comptroller of the table, the cook the governor of the pot; and so on in proportion. In most of these houses lodging only is provided; food must be sought elsewhere, in eating-houses set apart for the purpose.

"A triangular flag floating before a house in the next street indicated to our joyful hearts an eating-house. A long passage led us into a spacious apartment, in which were symmetrically set forth a number of little tables. Seating ourselves at one of these, a teapot, the inevitable prelude in these countries to every meal, was set before each of us. You must swallow infinite tea, and that boiling hot, before they will consent to bring you any thing else. At last, when they see you thus occupied, the comptroller of the table pays you his official visit, a personage of immensely elegant manners and ceaseless volubility of tongue, who after entertaining you with his views upon the affairs of the world in general and each country in particular, concludes by announcing what there is to eat, and requesting your judgment thereupon. As you mention the dishes you desire, he repeats their names in a measured chant for the information of the governor of the pot. Your dinner is served up with admirable promptitude; but before you commence the meal, etiquette requires that you rise from your seat and invite all the other com-

pany present to partake. 'Come,' you say, with an engaging gesture, 'come, my friends, come and drink a glass of wine with me; come and eat a plate of rice;' and so on. 'No, thank you,' replies every body; 'do you rather come and seat yourself at my table. It is I who invite you;' and so the matter ends. By this ceremony you have 'manifested your honour,' as the phrase runs, and you may now sit down and eat in comfort, your character as a gentleman perfectly established. When you rise to depart, the comptroller of the table again appears. As you cross the apartment with him, he chants over again the names of the dishes you have had, this time appending the prices, and terminating with the sum total, announced with especial emphasis, which, proceeding to the counter, you then deposit in the money-box" (p. 34).

Another peculiarity of the inns in the great towns of Northern China and Tartary is, that each house is devoted to a particular class of travellers, and will receive no other. "The Corn-dealers' Arms" inn, for example, will not admit a horse-dealer, and so on. The inns which devote themselves to the entertainment of mere travellers are called the Taverns of the Transitory Guests. In one place where they rested for a night, the village of Kao-Tan-Dze, and which they describe as "repulsive and hideous beyond all expression," they met with another classification of inns, proceeding upon a totally different principle from that of the business or profession of the guests, viz. their degree of attachment or of indifference to their worldly goods.

"At the first inn where we presented ourselves, we were asked whether we desired to have our animals defended against robbers. This question threw us into utter amazement, and we requested further explanation of a point which struck us as so very singular. We were informed that at Kao-Tan-Dze there are two sorts of inns,—inns where they fight, and inns where they do not fight; and that the prices at the former sort are four times greater than those at the latter. This explanation gave us a general notion of the matter; but still we requested some details. 'How!' said the people, 'don't you know that Kao-Tan-Dze is constantly attacked by brigands?' 'Yes, we know that.' 'If you lodge in an inn where they don't fight, any brigands that come will drive off your animals, for no one has undertaken to protect them. If, on the contrary, you lodge in an inn where they fight, you have a good chance of preserving your property, unless the brigands are the more numerous party, which sometimes happens.' All this seemed to us very singular and very disagreeable. However, it was necessary to make up our minds on the subject. After grave reflection, we decided upon lodging in an inn where they fought. . . . Upon entering the fighting inn to which we had been directed, we found every thing about it on a war-footing. The walls were regularly covered with lances, arrows, bows, and matchlocks. The presence of these wea-

pons, however, by no means rendered us perfectly satisfied as to our safety, and we resolved not to lie down at all, but to keep watch throughout the night" (p. 276).

So much for the Tartar inns; now let us take a hasty glance at the more normal condition of a traveller's existence in those regions, namely, the nomadic life; living on horse-back (or camel-back, as the case may be,) by day, and sleeping under the shelter of a sheet of canvass by night; rising with the first dawn, before the earliest rays of the sun have struck upon the tent; then each man taking a bag upon his shoulders, and starting off in every direction to seek for fuel, that is, for argols, or the dried dung of animals, upon which, by the by, we are favoured with a most profound and discriminating essay, classifying the different animals according to the combustible merits of their argols.

"Those who have never led a nomadic life will, of course, find it difficult to understand how this occupation (of argol-hunting) could possibly develope any enjoyment. Yet when one is lucky enough to find, half-concealed among the grass, an argol recommendable for its size and dryness, there comes over the heart a gentle joy, one of those sudden emotions which create a transient happiness. The pleasure at finding a fine argol is cognate with that which the hunter feels when he discovers the track of game; with which the boy regards, his eyes sparkling, the linnet's nest he has long sought; with which the fisherman sees quivering at the end of his line a large fish; nay, if we may compare small things with great, one might even compare this pleasure with the enthusiasm of a Leverrier when he has discovered a new planet. Our sack, once filled with argols, we returned and piled the contents with pride at the entrance of the tent; then we struck a light and set the fire in movement; and while the tea was boiling in the pot, pounded the meal, and put some cakes to bake in the ashes" (p. 151).

Perhaps our readers will think that all this sounds rather agreeable than otherwise; tea and hot cakes for breakfast is no such great hardship; even the hero of the rump-steak and clean table-cloth might be contented to put up with such fare as this by way of beginning the day; for such a breakfast may reasonably be expected to be the harbinger of a not very contemptible dinner. But, alas! on a closer inspection, the poetry is sadly taken out of the matter; the pleasing illusion altogether vanishes; or rather, there are left in its stead dim visions of a mess the very reverse of savoury. We never tasted hot cakes made of pounded oats and buck-wheat, or, as these sometimes were, of barley-meal; so, for aught we know, this portion of the repast may be very delicious; but our author's description of Tartar tea, especially when made

at a temporary halting-place in the desert, is sufficient, we think, to shake the resolution even of the most determined imbiber of that popular liquid, if ever he should find himself under the painful necessity of choosing between it and the forbidden juice of the grape.

"The tea used by the Tartars is not prepared in the same way as that consumed by the Chinese. The latter, it is known, merely employ the smaller and tenderer leaves of the plant, which they simply infuse in boiling water so as to give it a golden tint; the coarser leaves, with which are mixed up the smaller tendrils, are pressed together in a mould, in the form and of the size of the ordinary house-brick. Thus prepared, it becomes an article of considerable commerce, under the designation of Tartar-tea, the Tartars being its exclusive consumers, with the exception of the Russians, who drink great quantities of it. When required for use, a piece of the brick is broken off, pulverised, and boiled in the kettle, until the water assumes a reddish hue. Some salt is then thrown in, and the effervescence commences. When the liquid has become almost black, milk is added, and the beverage, the grand luxury of the Tartars, is then transferred to the tea-pot. Samdadchiemba was a perfect enthusiast of this tea. For our parts, we drank it in default of something better" (p. 39).

Such was the beverage at the best of times, and when made under the most favourable circumstances. Sometimes, however, "under the denomination of tea, they got a decoction of burned beans." Sometimes they got tea indeed, but only brackish water, or sometimes worse, to make it with.

"The stench of this dirty, muddy water was intolerable; and on the surface of the nauseous stuff we saw floating a sort of oily dross, which infinitely increased our disgust. We had not the courage to raise it to our lips; we were satisfied with its sight, and above all, with its smell. Still we must either drink or die with thirst; we accordingly resolved to make the best we could of this Cistern of the Devil, as it is called by the Tartars. We collected roots which were growing abundantly around it, half buried in the sand; a few moments' labour supplied us with an ample provision of them. Then, first of all, we made some charcoal, which we broke into small pieces; next we filled our kettle with the muddy, stinking water, placed it upon the fire, and when the water boiled, threw in a quantity of the charcoal. While we were engaged upon this chemical operation, Samdadchiemba, seated beside the kettle, kept every moment asking us what sort of soup we intended to make with all those detestable ingredients. We gave him, by way of reply, a complete dissertation upon the discolouring and disinfecting properties of charcoal, ... whereupon he asked, whether by rubbing his face hard with the charcoal he could make it as white as ours. . . . By and by we poured out the liquid thus prepared, and filtered it through an

impromptu linen-sieve. The water realised was not indeed delicious, but it was drinkable, having deposited all its salt and all its odour. We had more than once on our journey used water in no degree superior. We made abundance of tea, and the evening was occupied in drinking it" (p. 233).

After breakfast, Samdadchiemba had to collect the animals which had dispersed during the night in search of pasturage; the tent is soon folded, the animals loaded, and the little caravan again resumes its uniform and monotonous march. About midday they halt for a while under the shelter of some rock to take their repast, which usually consisted of bread and water, "and what bread and water! Dough half baked, and brackish water, which we had to draw up with the sweat of our brow, and to carry about with us during our journey." By way of desert they had a pinch or two of snuff, which, however, was reduced in process of time to smelling at the empty snuff-phials; then "a few minutes of gentle but sound sleep, never interrupted by nightmare or by unpleasant dreams;" and then the march was again resumed, and protracted often to a very late hour in the night before they could find a spot which united all the essential requisites for a resting-place, shelter, fuel, and water. Such was the laborious life of these indefatigable travellers, day after day, week after week, and month after month; and in addition to its fatiguing character, it was attended with many dangers also, from which the Providence of God continually protected them.

We have dwelt so long, however, upon the general characteristics of their journey and mode of existence, that we have only space for one or two short specimens of their more lively conversations or adventures, when they chanced to be thrown into immediate contact with the natives of the country through which they passed. The following remarks upon our own countrymen, and the war in which we were engaged with the Celestial empire, have at least the charm of novelty to recommend them, if nothing else can be said in their favour. It appears that we were at that time known to the Tartars only as "the Rebels of the South;" and when they were summoned from their distant homes to help the Grand Master (the Emperor) whose army of reserve they constitute, the Chinese told them every where that they were marching upon certain and unavailing death.

"What can you do," asked they, "against sea-monsters? They live in the water like fish. When you least expect them, they appear on the surface, and hurl their fire-bombs at you; while the instant your bow is bent to shoot them, down they dive like frogs. Then

they essayed to frighten us; but we soldiers of the Eight Banners know not fear. Before our departure the great Lamas had opened the book of celestial secrets, and had thence learned that the matter would end well with us. . . . The rebels, hearing that the invincible troops of Tchakar were approaching, were seized with fear, and sought peace. The Sacred Master, of his immense mercy, granted it, and we returned to the care of our flocks."

During their residence in Lha-Ssa, the capital of Thibet, they had some tolerably intimate communication with the celebrated Chinese ambassador Ki-Chan, the same who carried on the negociations for peace with Mr. Elliott, the English plenipotentiary, at Canton, and who, for the part he took in those diplomatic proceedings, was degraded by the emperor from all his titles, lost all his decorations, had his property confiscated, his house razed, his wives sold by public auction, and was himself banished to the depths of Tartary.

"Ki-Chan sent for us twice or thrice to talk politics, or, as the Chinese phrase it, to speak idle words. He spoke a good deal about the English and Queen Victoria. 'It appears,' said he, 'that this woman has great abilities; but her husband, in my opinion, plays a very ridiculous part; she does not let him meddle with any thing. She laid out for him a magnificent garden, full of fruit-trees and flowers of all sorts, and there he is always shut up, passing his time walking about. They say that in Europe there are other countries where women rule. Is it so? Are their husbands also shut up in gardens? Have you in the kingdom of France any such usage?' 'No, in France the women are in the gardens, and the men in the state.' 'That is right; otherwise all is disorder.'"

On one occasion, in an hotel in the province of Kan-Sou, our two Frenchmen were mistaken by the Chinese landlord for two of "the sea-devils who were making war at Canton."

"'No, we are not English; nor are we devils of any sort, whether of sea or land.' An idler who was standing by interposed to prevent the ill effect of this awkward question. 'You,' said he to the innkeeper, 'you know nothing of physiognomy. How could you suppose that these people are sea-devils? Don't you know that they have all blue eyes and red hair?' 'You're right,' returned the host; 'I had not thought of that.' 'No,' said we, 'clearly you had not thought at all. Do you suppose that sea-monsters could live as we do, on land, and ride on horses?' 'You're right, quite so; the Ing-Kie-Li, they say, never venture to quit the sea, for when they're on land they tremble and die like fish out of water.'"

Here the cool presence of mind of our practised travellers enabled them to divert an inquiry which might have led to very unpleasant consequences: on another occasion the never-failing *politesse* of a Frenchman came to the rescue, and ex-

tricated them from circumstances which were quite as embarrassing, though not perhaps so positively dangerous, as those we have just described. The missionaries have accepted an invitation to drink tea with some Mongols, whose tents are pitched about a gun-shot from their own: the occasion is a very great festival; the hosts are in easy circumstances; and the company have already partaken of tea and milk, small loaves fried in butter, cheese, raisins and jujubs; presently the patriarch of the family, an old man with a long white beard, calls to a youth seated on the threshold of the tent, and bids him clear away the things, if the mutton is boiled enough: (and perhaps it will enable us more thoroughly to appreciate the scene that follows, if we just call to mind, *en passant*, that the Tartars have a special weakness for mutton that is "very fat *and half boiled*"):

"This command having been executed, the eldest son of the family entered, bearing in both hands a small oblong table, on which was a boiled sheep, cut into four quarters, heaped one on the other. The family being assembled round the table, the chief drew a knife from his girdle, severed the sheep's tail, and divided it into two equal pieces, which he placed before us. With the Tartars the tail is considered the most delicious portion of their sheep, and accordingly the most honourable. These tails of the Tartarian sheep are of immense size and weight, the fat upon them alone weighing from six to eight pounds. [In one of his private letters M. Gabet states their weight as sometimes reaching fifteen or twenty pounds.] The fat and juicy tail having thus been offered a homage to the two stranger-guests, the rest of the company, knife in hand, attacked the four quarters of the animal, and had speedily each man a huge piece before him. Plate or fork there was none; the knees supplied the absence of the one, the hands of the other—the flowing grease being wiped off from time to time upon the front of the jacket. Our own embarrassment was extreme. That great white mass of fat had been given to us with the best intentions; but, not quite clear of European prejudices, we could not make up our stomachs to venture, without bread or salt, upon the lumps of tallow that quivered in our hands. We briefly consulted in our native tongue as to what on earth was to be done under these distressing circumstances. Furtively to replace the horrible masses upon the table would be imprudent; openly to express to our Amphitryon our repugnance to this *par excellence* Tartarian delicacy was impossible, as wholly opposed to Tartar etiquette. We devised this plan: we cut the villanous tail into numerous pieces, and insisted, on that day of general rejoicing, upon the company's partaking with us of this favourite dish. There was infinite reluctance to deprive us of the treat; but we persisted, and by degrees got entirely clear of the abominable mess, ourselves rejoicing instead in a cut from the leg, the savour of which was more agreeable to our early training" (p. 64).

Justice to the character of these enduring missionaries re-

quires that we should not conclude this article without giving our readers a specimen or two of the darker side of the picture represented to us in these entertaining volumes. One shall be their passage of the Bourhan-Bota, a mountain noted for the pestilential vapours in which it is constantly enveloped.

"At the foot of the mountain the caravan halted for a moment, as if to poise its strength; every body measured with his eyes the steep and rugged paths of the lofty ascent, gazed with anxiety at a light thin vapour, which we were told was the pestilential vapour in question, and for a while the entire party was completely depressed and discouraged. After having taken the hygeianic measures prescribed by tradition, and which consist in masticating two or three cloves of garlic, we began to clamber up the side of the mountain. Before long, the horses refused to carry their riders, and all, men as well as animals, advanced on foot and step by step; by degrees our faces grew pale, our hearts sick, and our legs incapable of supporting us; we threw ourselves on the ground, then rose again to make another effort; then once more prostrated ourselves, and again rose to stumble on some paces further: in this deplorable fashion was it that we ascended the famous Bourhan-Bota. Heavens! what wretchedness it was we went through; one's strength seemed exhausted, one's head turning round, one's limbs dislocated; it was just like a thoroughly bad sea-sickness; and yet, all the while, one has to retain enough energy, not only to drag one's self on, but moreover to keep thrashing the animals, which lie down at every step, and can hardly be got to move. One portion of the caravan, as a measure of precaution, stopped half way up the mountain in a gully where the pestilential vapours, they said, were not so dense; the other portion of the caravan, equally as a measure of precaution, exerted their most intense efforts in order to make their way right up to the top, so as to avoid being asphyxiated by that dreadful air, so completely charged with carbonic acid. We were of the number of those who ascended the Bourhan-Bota at one stretch. On reaching its summit our lungs dilated at their ease. The descent of the mountain was mere child's play, and we were soon able to set up our tent far from the murderous air we had encountered on the ascent."

This was bad enough; but worse was yet to come. Their most continual and dangerous enemy was the cold. Even in Tartary the winter is most severe, lasting for nine months; the earth freezing to the depth of seven or eight feet, and the thermometer constantly descending to thirty degrees below zero. But this was nothing to the cold which they encountered when crossing the mountains which separate Tartary from Thibet.

"It was on Mount Chuga that the long train of our miseries really began. The snow, the wind, and the cold there set to work

upon us with a fury which daily increased. The deserts of Thibet are certainly the most frightful country that it is possible to conceive. The ground continuing to rise, vegetation diminished as we advanced, and the cold grew more and more intense. Death now hovered over the unfortunate caravan. The want of water and of pasturage soon destroyed the strength of our animals. Each day we had to abandon beasts of burden that could drag themselves on no farther. The turn of the men came somewhat later. The aspect of the road was of dismal auspice. For several days we travelled through what seemed the excavations of a great cemetery. Human bones, and the carcasses of animals, presenting themselves at every step, seemed to warn us that, in this fatal region, amidst this savage nature, the caravans which had preceded us had preceded us in death. . . . . To give something like an idea of this cold—the reality of which, however, can never be appreciated except by those who have felt it—it may suffice to mention a circumstance which seemed to us rather striking. Every morning, before proceeding on our journey, we ate a meal; and then we did not eat again until the evening, after we had encamped. As tsamba (barley-meal mixed with tepid water) is not a very toothsome affair, we could not get down, at a time, as much as was required for our nourishment during the day; so we used to make three or four balls of it with our tea, and keep these in reserve, to be eaten from time to time on our road. The hot paste was wrapped in a piece of hot linen, and then deposited in our breast. Over it were all our clothes; to wit, a thick robe of sheep-skin, then a lamb-skin jacket, then a short fox-skin cloak, and then a great wool overall. Now, upon every one of the fifteen days in question our tsamba cakes were always frozen. When we took them out, they were merely so many balls of ice; which notwithstanding we were fain to devour, at the risk of breaking our teeth, in order to avoid the greater risk of starvation.

"The animals, overcome with fatigue and privation, had infinite difficulty in at all resisting the intensity of the cold. The mules and horses, being less vigorous than the camels and long-haired oxen, required especial attention. We were obliged to pack them in great pieces of carpet, carefully fastened round the body, the head being enveloped in rolls of camel's hair. Under any other circumstances, this singular costume would have excited our hilarity; but just then we were in no laughing mood. Despite all these precautions, the animals of the caravans were decimated by death.

"To the mortality of the animals was now added that of the men; who, hopelessly seized upon by the cold, were abandoned yet living, on the road. One day, when the exhaustion of our animals had compelled us to relax our march, so that we were somewhat behind the main body, we perceived a traveller sitting on a great stone, his head bent forward on his chest, his arms pressed against his sides, and his whole frame motionless as a statue. We called to him several times; but he made no reply, and did not even indicate, by the slightest movement, that he heard us. 'How absurd,' said we to

each other, 'for a man to loiter in this way in such dreadful weather! The wretched fellow will assuredly die of cold.' We called to him once more, but he remained silent and motionless as before. We dismounted, went up to him, and recognised in him a young Mongol Lama, who had often paid us a visit in our tent. His face was exactly like wax; and his eyes, half-opened, had a glassy appearance; icicles hung from his nostrils and from the corners of his mouth. We spoke to him, but obtained no answer; and for a moment we thought him dead. Presently, however, he opened his eyes, and fixed them upon us with a horrible expression of stupefaction: the poor creature was frozen; and we comprehended at once that he had been abandoned by his companions. It seemed to us so frightful to leave a man to die, without making an effort to save him, that we did not hesitate to take him with us. We took him from the stone on which he had been placed, enveloped him in a wrapper, seated him upon Samdadchiemba's little mule, and thus brought him to the encampment. When we had set up our tent, we went to visit the companions of this poor young man. Upon our informing them what we had done, they prostrated themselves in token of thanks, and said that we were people of excellent hearts, but that we had given ourselves much labour in vain, for that the case was beyond cure. 'He is frozen,' said they, 'and nothing can prevent the cold from getting to his heart.' We ourselves did not participate in this despairing view of the case; and we returned to the tent, accompanied by one of the patient's companions, to see what further could be done. When we reached our temporary home the young Lama was dead.

"More than forty men of the caravan were abandoned still living in the desert, without the slightest possibility of our aiding them. They were carried on horseback and on camelback so long as any hope remained; but when they could no longer eat, or speak, or hold themselves up, they were left on the wayside. The general body of the caravan could not stay to nurse them in a barren desert, where there was hourly danger of wild beasts, of robbers, and, worse than all, of a deficiency of food. Yet it was a fearful spectacle to see these dying men abandoned on the road! As a last token of sympathy, we placed beside each a wooden cup and a small bag of barley meal, and then the caravan proceeded mournfully on its way. As soon as the last straggler had passed on, the crows and vultures that incessantly hovered over the caravan would pounce down upon the unhappy creatures, who retained just enough of life to feel themselves torn and mangled by these birds of prey."

SHORT NOTICES.

"The immensely learned" Mr. Greswell (as Mr. Morris has very justly called him) has published the first four volumes (together with a quarto volume of tables) of a work intended, we believe, to reach to more than double this size; *Fasti Temporis Catholici et Origines Kalendariæ* (University Press, Oxford). It is, in fact, a History of Time, beginning from we know not when, and *coming down to the creation* and subsequent events. Our readers will be somewhat startled at hearing that he has ascertained the date of the fall of the angels by geological phenomena; that he fixes the Paradisaic period at three years, during which time Cain was born, and Abel conceived, &c. &c.

The first of a series of essays under the somewhat obscure title of *The Restoration of Belief* (Macmillan, Cambridge,) has just appeared. It seems to be the work of a young but thoughtful writer, with wit enough to see that, "during the last few years, a progress towards disbelief has become a marked feature in English literature and society," but scarcely with wit enough, we fear, to provide a remedy for the evil. It would be premature to enter into any detailed criticism of his essay until we shall have seen some of the successive parts; but one thing is clear, that the author's notions of Christianity are somewhat extraordinary. We have often heard foreigners commenting on the intolerable arrogance exhibited by English Protestants on all questions that concern religion; but this writer out-herods Herod. We could not have believed it possible that an educated man in the latter half of the nineteenth century could have penned the following sentences: "It is the English people alone, alone in the old world, that is now Christian. . . . One might almost say that, just now, the British people stands among the nations as the surviving trustee of Christianity, or as the residuary legatee of its benefits. . . . Christianity, in its migrations through eighteen centuries, has betaken itself to the British People, as if these were *its own* [the capitals and italics are the author's own], and that these, under its influence and at its inspiration, have become such as they are, if not the most highly educated among the nations, yet the most effective, the most beneficent, the most humane, and the people to whose purposes and labours the world looks for whatever is good and hopeful. . . . As to the old world, and forgetting the new, the question of Christianity is almost an insular question—it is a British interest!!!"

The *March of Intellect, or the alleged Hostility of the Catholic Church to the Diffusion of Knowledge examined; a Lecture delivered to the Members of the Catholic Literary and Scientific Institute in Birmingham, by the Rev. H. Formby* (London: Dolman; Burns and Lambert), opens, rather than exhausts, a very wide subject. It is one which is becoming more and more important; and we propose therefore to take an early opportunity of examining it somewhat

more in detail. Meanwhile we recommend Mr. Formby's Lecture to the attention of our readers, not as pledging ourselves to a perfect agreement with it, but as thinking it well deserving a careful perusal.

The Rev. M. O'Donnell, Leeds, has delivered a lecture on a kindred subject before a similar institution in that city, *The Catholic Church favourable to the Progress of Education in all Ages* (Leeds, Bradley; London, Richardson, Dolman, and Jones). It has been published together with a sermon by the same author, preached on the laying of the foundation-stone of St. Patrick's Church, Bradford, on St. Patrick's day, and will be found to contain many interesting and important facts on the subject of which it treats.

We observe that Catholic Institutes are springing up also on the other side of the Atlantic; and if the lectures delivered before them are always of the same character as the two specimens that have just reached us, we shall augur great good from their establishment. *The Catholic Chapter in the History of the United States* by Dr. Hughes, the Archbishop of New York, and *Pius VII. and Napoleon* by the Rev. Aug. J. Thebaud, S.J. (New York, Dunigan), are lectures delivered before the Catholic Institute of New York about three months ago. May we soon hear similar lectures amongst ourselves; in many of our large towns they would be most useful.

From the same publishers we have a new edition of the *Glories of Mary*, translated from the Italian of St. Alfonso, and now for the first time published in America. It is very handsomely got up; but what is the meaning of the illuminated border, enclosing the mystical words *Presented by?* Do the publishers take it for granted that such works are only bought to be given away?

The Church Manual (Burns and Lambert) is a cheap and comprehensive prayer-book; its contents faithfully correspond to its title, for it certainly contains all that is commonly said or sung in churches. It is in fact a reprint of the *Vade Mecum*, with a larger number of hymns, and a complete ritual. This last is a most useful addition; and the book will be a most valuable boon to all whose means are limited.

The Jesuit in India (Burns and Lambert) is a most interesting and authentic account of one of the most laborious missions we know of,—the Mission of Madura in South India, where one out of every three priests has died during the last ten years, in consequence of the privations they have had to undergo. We forbear making any extracts, hoping that our readers will procure the book for themselves, and thereby contribute something towards the assistance of forty-two labourers in that portion of the Lord's vineyard, who at present have literally not the means to procure the necessaries of life.

To those of our readers who are interested in the subject of animal magnetism we desire to recommend *Illustrations and Inquiries relating to Mesmerism*, by the Rev. S. R. Maitland, &c. (London, Stephenson, 1849). Like every thing else that comes from that au-

thor, it is well worth reading. His conclusions are ours, and, in part, his premises also; but the way in which he handles isolated texts of Holy Scripture is, of course, essentially Protestant.

The Editors of the Clifton Tracts have just put forth *A few plain Reasons for continuing to protect Religious Women from officious and impertinent Intrusion on their Domestic Privacy;* by an Englishman and a Catholic (Burns and Lambert). They are very much to the point, and should be extensively circulated wherever the compulsory inspection of convents is being made a subject of public agitation, in anti-Catholic meetings, lectures, and the like.

The controversial conversations in *Agatha, or the Trials of a Catholic, by a Convert* (Leeds, Bradley; London, Richardson), are somewhat out of proportion with the slender character of the tale with which they are interwoven; otherwise the tale itself is prettily conceived, and not badly written.

The spirited Editor of the *Lamp* (Leeds, Bradley) has published, in a supplementary number to the March monthly part, the productions of the successful candidates for the prizes which he had offered for the best essays written by members of the working class upon subjects selected by himself. We do not know how much is to be understood by the Editor's announcement that he has *compressed* them, nor what is meant by the asterisks which are met with so abundantly in the course of their composition; but if the essay on Papal aggression, as it stands in the pages of the *Lamp*, is the *bonâ fide* production of a working man, it is one of the most creditable compositions of its class that we ever remember to have read.

In the *Virgin Mother and the Child Divine* (Duffey) the authoress of *Lost Genevieve* has embodied what we know from Scripture and Tradition of the life of our Blessed Lady, in a style adapted for Catholic children. The idea is a happy one, and is carried out with much success and great fervour of devotion and feeling. We think the style a trifle too florid; but nevertheless the book will be a very useful and acceptable present for the young Catholic.

In cases where, unhappily, controversy is forced upon the youthful mind, a little story, *Annie and her Aunt* (New York, Dunigan), may be found a useful book to put into the hands of a child. In other cases we do not think it generally advisable to initiate the growing mind into the details of petty persecution and the perversities of domestic heresy.

The Life of St. Jane Frances de Chantal (Richardson and Son), in the Oratorian series of the lives of Modern Saints and Servants of God, is one of the most interesting and useful that has yet appeared. It has also a long and valuable introduction by the Abbé Boulangé, and an extremely interesting memoir of the foundation of the convent of her order (the Visitation of the Blessed Virgin Mary) in England in 1804, now at Westbury-on-Trym, near Bristol.

The circumstances of the *Controversy on the Infallibility of the Church of Rome and the Doctrine of Article VI. of the Church of England, between the Right Rev. Dr. Brown, Bishop of Newport, and the Rev. J. Baylee, Principal of St. Aidan's College, Birkenhead* (Richardson and Son), are already familiar to all our readers. The Controversy, as now published (and published too at a very low price, in order to secure an extensive circulation, which we sincerely trust it will obtain), is a monument of the Bishop's patience and of the Protestant professor's dishonesty. We cannot use a milder word. His misquotations are *extraordinarily* dishonest even for Protestant controversialists, which is saying a great deal, and his refusal to correct them perfectly scandalous. Dr. Brown deserved a better opponent, and for the sake of Protestants we wish he had found one; even as it is, the volume cannot fail to be of great use to all who are really in earnest in their inquiries after truth.

A Letter to the "Times" and its "Englishman," by Charles Cholmondeley, Esq. (Dolman, London), is intended to *show-up* the unprincipled conduct of that journal in all that concerns Catholics. To remonstrate, however, with the unknown quantity represented by "the conductors of the *Times*" is at best an unprofitable occupation.

Reasons for leaving the Church of England, by Mr. Crawley, late Curate of St. Saviour's, Leeds (York, Stutter; London, Richardson), are plain and simple, and may be safely recommended for distribution among that class of persons for whom they are written, viz. the poor and uneducated parishioners of any zealous *Anglo-Catholic* minister.

The Authority of the Pope in England (York, Stutter; London, Richardson) consists of very copious extracts from larger works on the same subject, more particularly "The See of St. Peter," by Mr. Allies.

The Second Part of *The Choir* (Burns and Lambert) maintains the promise of the first. The pieces given are all good in themselves, of a good style, and within the power of tolerably well-trained choirs. Three of them are by living English writers, and so far have a peculiar interest of their own. Mr. Richardson's *Jubilate Deo* and *Laudate Dominum* display a facility in employing the resources of science, an ear for melody, and a correctness of taste, hitherto too seldom found among our Catholic organists. Dr. Crookall's *Magnificat*—a simple and pleasing little work—concludes with a *Gloria* based on one of the most magnificent of Palestrina's inspirations—the eighth tone for the Psalms harmonised for five voices. Were this superb piece of harmony *well* performed by four or five hundred voices, we believe that its effect would be such as few persons can conceive.

Levey, Robson, and Franklyn, Great New Street, Fetter Lane.